

THE

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## A SINGULAR LIFE.

### XXVII.

THE Professor threw himself into the situation with a fatherly tenderness which went to Bayard's heart; but the theologian was disconcerted by this glimpse into real life. He had been so occupied with the misery of the next world that he had never investigated the hell of this one. He was greatly perplexed.

"As man to man, Bayard," he said, "you must tell me the exact amount of truth in those womanly alarms which agitate my daughter's heart, and to which I allowed myself to yield without, perhaps, sufficient reflection. I find it difficult to believe that any harm can actually befall you in a New England town. That Windover would really injure you? It seems to me, in cool blood, incredible."

"*Windover* would not," replied Bayard, smiling. "They don't love me, but they don't mob a man for that. *Windover* won't harm me. Did you ever hear a phrase, common along the coast, here, Professor — '*Rum done it*'?"

The Cesarea Professor shook his head. "I am not familiar with the phrase," he urged; "it lacks in grammar" —

"What it gains in pith," interrupted Bayard; "but it sums up the situation. A business that thrives on the ruin of men is not likely to be sensitive in the direction of inflicting unnecessary suffering. I have successfully offended the liquor interests of the whole vicinity. The new chapel represents to them the growth of the only power in this town

which they have found reason to fear. That's the amount of it."

"But the churches, Bayard — the Christian classes? The ecclesiastical methods of restraining vice?"

"The ecclesiastical methods do not shut up the saloons," said Bayard gently. "Angel Alley is not afraid of the churches."

"I am not familiar with the literature of the temperance movement," observed the Professor helplessly. "It is a foreign subject to me. I am not prepared to argue with you."

"You will find some of it on my library shelves," said Bayard; "it might interest you some time to glance at it."

"When my manuscript on the New Version is completed, I shall take pleasure in doing so," replied the Professor politely; "but the point *now* is, just what, and how much, do you fear from the state of things to which you refer? Helen is a level-headed girl. I take it for granted that she has not wrought herself into a hysterical fright without basis. I have acted on my knowledge of my daughter's nature. I understand *that*, if I am uninstructed in the temperance agitation."

"Helen has not been misinformed, nor has she overestimated anything," returned Bayard quietly.

"Is it a mob you fear?"

"Possibly; but probably nothing of the kind. My chief danger is one from which it is impossible to escape."

"And that is" —

"Something underhanded. There is a personal element in it."

Bayard rose, as if he would bring the conversation to a check.

"There is nothing to be done," he said, "nothing whatever. Everything shall go on, precisely as it is arranged. I shall not run from them."

"You do not think wise to defer the dedication — for a time?"

"Not an hour! The dedication will take place a week from Sunday."

The Professor was silent. He found it a little difficult to follow the working of this young man's mind.

"And yet," he suggested anxiously, "after the marriage — to-morrow — you will take the temporary absence, the little vacation which your friends advise? You will not think better of that, I hope, for Helen's sake?"

"I shall leave Windover for a week, for Helen's sake," replied Bayard gravely.

In his heart he thought that it would make but little difference; but she should have it to remember that everything had been done. He would not be foolhardy or obstinate. The sacred rights of the wife over the man had set in upon his life. She should be gratified and comforted in every way left to the power of that love and tenderness which God has set in the soul abreast of duty and honor. He would give the agitation in Angel Alley time to cool, if cool it could. He would give himself — oh, he would give himself —

Helen, in the next room, sat waiting for him. She ran her fingers over the keys of the piano; her foot was on the soft pedal; she sang beneath her breath: —

"Komm beglücke mich?  
... Beglücke mich!"

Bayard sought her in a great silence. He lifted her tender face, and looked down upon it with that quiver on the lower part of his own which she knew so well; which always meant emotion that he did not share with her. She did

not trouble him to try to have it otherwise. She clung to him, and they clasped more solemnly than passionately.

Around the bridegroom's look in Bayard's face the magic circle of the seer's loneliness was faintly drawn.

If God and love had collided — but, thank God! He and Love were one.

"Lord, I have groped after Thee, and to know Thy will, and to do it if I could. I never expected to be happy. Dost Thou mean this draught of human joy for *me*?"

So prayed Bayard, while her bright head lay upon his breast with the delicate and gentle surrender of the girl who will be wife before another sun goes down.

Out upon the piazza of the Flying Jib the Professor was entertaining visitors, by whose call the lovers were not disturbed. The Reverend George Fenton had unexpectedly and vaguely appeared upon the scene. He was accompanied by a lean, thoughtful man, with clerical elbows and long rustic legs — being no other than Tompkinson of Cesarea and the army cape. Professor Carruth had taken his two old students into the confidence of the family crisis. The Reverend Mr. Fenton looked troubled.

"I had a feeling that something was up. I have been impressed for days with a sense that I ought to see Bayard — to help him, you know — to offer him any assistance in my power. He is in such a singular position! He leads such a singular life, Professor! It is hard for a man situated as I am to know precisely what *to do*."

"The only thing that can be done for him, just now, that I see," suggested the Professor dryly, "is to find him a supply for Sunday. His marriage to my daughter will, of necessity, involve a short absence from his missionary duties."

"I wish I could preach for him!" cried Fenton eagerly. "I should like nothing better. I should love to do so much for him. He never has any supplies or vacations, like the rest of us.

Now I think of it, nobody has been near his pulpit for three years, to help him out — I mean nobody whom *we* should recognize. I've half a mind to consult my committee. The First Church" —

"I will preach for Bayard," interrupted Tompkinton, with his old, slow manner. "My church is so small — we are not important across the Cape, there — it is not necessary for me to consult my committee. I will preach for him with all my heart: in the evening, at all events; all day, if the Professor here will find me a supply of some sort."

"Thank you, gentlemen," observed the Professor quietly. "I will accept your offer, Tompkinton, for the evening. I shall myself occupy Mr. Bayard's pulpit in Windover town hall on Sunday morning."

"You, Professor?"

Fenton turned pale. Tompkinton gave that little lurch to his shoulders with which, for so many years, he had jerked on the army cape in cold weather. Tompkinton was well dressed now, well settled, well-to-do, but the same simple, manly fellow. There was the gentleman in this grandson of the soil, this educated farmer's boy; and an instinct as true as the spirit of the faith which he preached in the old, unnoticed ways, and with the old, unobserved results. Tompkinton spent his life in conducting weekly prayer-meetings, in comforting old people in trouble, and in preaching what he had been taught, as he had been taught it. But he was neither a coward nor a cad for that.

"If I had had a little time to think of this," protested Fenton. "My committee are, to a man, opposed to this temperance movement, and our relation to Bayard is, of course, — you must see, Professor, — peculiar! But perhaps" —

"Oh, Tompkinton and I can manage," replied the Professor, not without a twinkle in his deep eyes. "I don't suppose the First Church has ever heard of us, but we will do our humble best."

Now, as the event fell out, the Pro-

fessor and Tompkinton changed their programme a little; and when the time came to do Bayard this fraternal service, — the first of its kind ever offered to him by the clergymen of the denomination in which he was reared, — the Professor drove across the Cape in the hot sun, ten miles, to fill the Reverend Mr. Tompkinton's little country pulpit, and Tompkinton took the morning service for his classmate.

In the evening the Professor of Theology from Cesarea Seminary occupied the desk of the heretic preacher in Windover town hall. The hall was thronged. George Fenton preached to yawning pews; for the First Church, out of sheer, unsanctified curiosity, lunched over, and sixty of them went to hear the eminent Professor. Bayard's own people were present in the usual summer-evening force and character.

The Professor of Theology looked uncomfortably at the massed and growing audience. He was sixty-six years old, and in all his scholarly and Christian life he had never stood before an audience like this. He opened his manuscript sermon, — he had selected a doctrinal sermon upon the Nature of the Trinity, — and began to read it with his own distinguished manner.

The audience, restrained at first by the mere effect of good elocution and a cultivated voice, were respectful for a while; they listened hopefully, then perplexedly, then dully. Sentence after sentence, polished, and sound as the foundations of Galilee or Damascus Hall, fell softly from the lips of the Cesarea Professor upon the ears of the Windover fishermen. Doctrine upon doctrine attacked them, and they knew it not. Proof-text upon proof-text besieged them in vain.

The Professor saw the faces of his audience lengthen and fall; across the rude, red brows of the foreign sailors wonder flitted, then confusion, then dismay. Drunkards, and reformed men, and wretched girls, and the homeless,

wretched people of a seaport town stood packed in rows before the Professor of Theology, and gaped upon him. Restlessness struck them, and began to run from man to man.

"Shut up there!" whispered Job Slip, punching a big Swede. "Be quiet, can't ye, for common manners! You'll disgrace Mr. Bayard!"

"Be civil to the old cove, for the parson's sake!" commanded Captain Hap, hitting a Finn, and stepping on the toes of a Windover seiner, who had presumed to snicker.

"Why don't he talk English, then?" protested the fisherman.

A dozen men turned and left the hall. Half a dozen followed. Some girls giggled audibly. A group of Norwegians significantly shuffled their feet on the bare floor.

The Professor of Theology laid down his manuscript. It occurred to him, at last, that his audience did not understand what he was saying. It was a dreadful moment. For the first time in his honored life he had encountered the disrespect of a congregation which he could not command. He laid down his sermon on the Nature of the Trinity, and looked the house over.

"I am afraid," he said distinctly, "that I am not retaining the interest of this congregation. I am not accustomed to your needs, or to the manner in which your pastor presents the Truth to you. But for his sake you will listen to me, I am sure."

"Lord, yes," said the seiner in an audible whisper; "we'd listen to Bunker Hill Monument for *him*."

This irreverence did not, happily, reach the ears of the Professor of Theology, who, with his famous ease of manner, proceeded to say:—

"My discourse is on the Nature of the Trinity; and I perceive that my thoughts on this subject are not your thoughts, and that my ways of expression are not your ways, and that an in-

terpreter is needed between this preacher and his audience. . . . I have been thinking, since I stood at this desk, about the name which you give to the beautiful new chapel which your pastor will dedicate for you, God willing, next Sunday"—

From a remote corner of the hall a sound like that of a serpent arose, and fell. The Professor did not or would not hear it (no man could say which), and went firmly on:—

"Christlove you call your chapel, I am told. You may be surprised to know it, but the fact is that the sermon which I have been preaching to you, and the thing which the tender and solemn name of your chapel signifies, are one and the same."

"I don't see how he figgers that," muttered the seiner.

"I will try to show you how," continued the Professor, as if he had heard the fisherman.

He abandoned his manuscript on the Trinity, and plunged headlong—not in the least knowing how he was to get out again—into a short extempore talk upon the life of Christ. The fishermen listened, for the old preacher held to it till they did; and as soon as he had commanded their respect and attention, he wisely stopped. The service came to a sudden but successful end; and the exhausted Professor thoughtfully retired from his first, his last, his only experience in the pulpit of the Unsound. The most depressing part of the occasion was that his wife told him it was the best sermon she had heard him preach in thirty years.

But Bayard and Helen knew these things not, nor thought of them. They had been married, as it was decided, upon that Saturday, the day before. Helen's father married them. There was no wedding party or preparation. Helen had a white gown, never worn before; Jane Granite sent some of her



mother's roses, and Mrs. Carruth, who distinguished herself by abnormal self-possession, fastened one of the roses at Helen's throat. It was thought best that Windover should know nothing of the marriage until the preacher and his bride had left the town; so it was the quietest little wedding that love and the law allow.

And Bayard and Helen went to her old home in the glory and the blossom of the Cesarea June. And the great cross came out upon the Seminary green, for the moon was up that week.

"It used to divide us," she whispered; "it never can again."

She wondered a little that he did not answer, but that he only held her solemnly, in the window where they stood to see the cross.

Helen's happy nature was easily queen of her. She had begun to feel that her anxiety for Bayard's sake was overstrained. Tragic Windover slipped from her consciousness, almost from her memory. She felt the sacred right of human joy to conquer fate, and trusted it as royally as she had trusted him. In spite of himself, he absorbed something of her warm and brilliant hopefulness. When she gave herself, she gave her ease of heart. And so the worn and worried man came to his Eden.

## XXVIII.

Helen's happy heart proved prophet; so they said, and smiled. For there was no mob. Sunday dawned like a dream. The sun rode up without cloud or fire. The sea carried its cool June colors. The harbor wore her sweetest face. The summer people, like figures on a gay Japanese fan, moved brightly across the rocks and piers; Bayard and Helen looked out of the windows of the Flying Jib, and watched them with that kindness of the heart for the interests of strangers which belongs to joy alone. A motion-

less fleet lay in the harbor, opening its silvery wings to dry them in the Sunday sun.

The fishermen had hurried home by scores to witness the dedication. Everybody had a smile for the preacher's bride — the boarder on the rocks, the fisherman from the docks. Every child or woman to whom she had ever done a kindness in her inexperienced, warm-hearted fashion remembered it and her that day. She wore the unornamented cream-white silk dress in which she had been married; for Bayard asked it.

"The people will like to see you so," he said. "It will give them a vision."

All the town was alive and alert. The argument of success, always the cogent one to the average mind, was peculiarly effective in Windover. People who had never given the mission a thought before, and people who had given it many, but never a kindly one, looked at the doors of the new chapel, smothered in wild Cape roses for the solemn gala, and said, "That affair in Angel Alley seems to prosper, spite of everything. There may be something in it, after all."

It was expected that the churches themselves, though reserved on the subject, would be better represented at Christlove, that evening, than they cared to be; for the young people were determined to see the dedication, and would pair off in scores to Angel Alley, leaving their elders behind, to support the ecclesiastical foundations in decorum and devotion, as by the creed and confession bound.

The attendance of other audiences was not encouraged, however, by the pastor in Angel Alley; his own would more than fill the chapel. All the little preparations of the people went on quietly, and he brought them, as it was his will to do, without weariness or worry, to the evening. He wished the dedication of his chapel to be free from the fret and care which turn so many of our religious festivals into scrambles — I had

almost said shambles, for the harm they do to exhausted women and to careworn men.

The day passed easily. Bayard himself, though moving under deep excitement, gave no evidence of it. He was as quiet as the St. Michael in the picture, whose foot was on the dragon, and whose head was in the skies.

The day went uneventfully. The evening was one of Windover's fairest and most famous. The sky gave the ethereal colors of transparent rose-clouds, and the harbor returned them delicately. There was a slight, watery line in the northwest, but the oldest sailors scarcely noticed it. Nothing had happened in any way to hinder the movement of the ceremonial, or to mar its success. There was no mob, nor threat of any. There was no mass, no riot, no alarm. Angel Alley was decorous — if one might say so, obtrusively decorous. Captain Hap, and Job Slip, the special police, and the officers of the mission looked out of narrow lids at Angel Alley, and watched guardedly.

Not a misdemeanor disturbed the calm of this, to all appearance, now law-abiding — nay, law-adoring street. Saloon after saloon that Bayard had closed presented locked front doors to the thirstiest sailor who swaggered from the wharves in search of what he might swallow. Nameless dens that used to flourish the prosperity of their sickening trade were shut.

Old Trawl's door was barred. The Trawls themselves were invisible. There would be no mob. So said the treasurer of the chapel. So said the Windover police. So thought the anxious Professor and his tearful wife. So said Helen, sparkling with the pretty triumph of love and joy.

"Dear! You see we were mistaken. They *do* love you here, in rough old Windover — bless it, after all! We were too anxious — I was worried; I own it, now. I was afraid because you

were so precious to me. And I could not be with you . . . if anything . . . went wrong. But *now*" —

"Now," he said, "nothing *can* go wrong. For you are mine, and I am yours, and this is forever."

"I am glad to hear you speak so cheerfully," she said, catching at the lighter note in the chord of his words.

He did not answer her; and when she looked up, she was surprised at the solemn expression of his face.

"Love," he said, "it is time to go. Kiss me, Helen, before we start."

They stood at the window in her own little room in the summer cottage.

The tide was rising, and it gained quietly upon the beaches and the pier. Bayard looked out upon the sea for a moment, out to the uttermost horizon's purple curve. Then he took his wife to his heart, and held her there: within a clasp like that no woman speaks, and Helen did not.

The Professor and his wife passed down Angel Alley. The Reverend Mr. Tompkinson, and that dear old moderator, the very orthodox but most Christian minister who had always done a brother's deed by the heretic pastor when he could, followed the great Professor. These officers of the evening's ceremony entered the chapel, and — not staying to leave Mrs. Carruth in a front pew, but leading her with them — passed on to the platform.

Whispers buzzed about.

"The minister! Where's the minister? Has anything happened to Mr. Bayard?"

For the chapel was already full. Captain Hap trotted impatiently down the aisle. Job Slip looked at the policeman in the vestibule in a worried way. But the officer stolidly signaled that all was well; and Captain Hap and Job Slip and scores of watchers breathed again.

The congregation increased quietly. Angel Alley was unprecedentedly still.

The audience was serious and civil. All of Bayard's own people were there, many citizens of Windover, and the young folks from the churches, as expected.

Then, came the throng from the wharves. Then, came the crowd from the streets. Then, came the rough, red faces from foreign ports, and from the high seas, and from the Grand Banks and Georges'. There, came all the homeless, neglected, tossed, and tempted people whom Bayard loved, and who loved him. There, came the outcast, and the forgotten, and the unclean of heart and body. There, came the wretches whom no one else thought of, or cared for. There, came the poor girls who frequented no other house of worship, but were always welcomed here. There, came the common people, who heard him gladly; for to them he spoke, and for them he lived.

The preacher walked down Angel Alley with his wife, in her white dress, upon his arm. The alley was thronged with spectators who did not or who could not enter the chapel. Two policemen stepped forward to escort the minister, but he waved them back. He and Helen walked quietly to the chapel steps, and were about to enter, when a slight disturbance in the crowd, at their immediate side, caused Bayard to look round. A girl was struggling with an officer, to get near enough to speak to the minister.

"Get back there!" commanded the policeman. "Keep back, I say! This is no place nor time for the likes of *you* to pester the minister!"

"Let her come!" ordered Bayard authoritatively. For it was Lena. The girl was pale, and her handsome eyes had a ferocious look.

"I've got something to tell him," announced Lena, with calm determination. "It's important, or I would n't bother him, is it likely? I ain't no such a fool nor flat."

She approached, at Bayard's beck,

and said a few words in a tone so low that even the wife upon his arm did not understand them.

"Lena still feels a little anxious," said Bayard aloud, distinctly. "Have you any wishes to express, Helen?"

But Helen, smiling, shook her head. She felt exalted and not afraid. She would have gone with him to death; but she did not think about death. She did not believe that his angels would suffer a pebble of Windover to dash against him, nor that a curl of his gold-brown head would come to harm. His mood ruled her utterly. His own exaltation, his beauty, his calm, his spiritual power, made clouds before her eyes, on which he moved as a god.

So they entered the chapel together. As they did so, Bayard turned, and looked back. Before all the people there, the preacher lifted his hat to Lena, and passed on.

The girl's dark face dropped upon her breast, as if she made obeisance before him; then she lifted it with the touching pride of lost self-respect regained. Her lips moved. "He thinks I'm fit, at last," said Lena.

The preacher and his young wife passed through the rose-wreathed door, and into the chapel. Roses were there, too; their pale, pink lamps burned all over the chapel, wherever hand could reach or foot could climb. This was the decoration chosen to welcome the June bride to Windover—the people's flower, the blossom of the rocks and downs.

It was a pleasant chapel. The library, the gymnasium, the bowling-alley, opened from the prayer-room. Pictures and books and games and lounging-places for tired fellows were part of Bayard's Christianity. Many a fisherman, smoking in the room below, where an oath turned a man out and a coarse phrase was never heard, would listen to the singing of old hymns, above him, and lay his pipe down, and wonder what the music meant, and catch a line he

used to hear his mother sing, and so steal up to hear the rest, and sing the loudest of them all, perhaps, before the hymn was done.

Bayard moved up among his silent people to his place. His wife went with him, and he led her to her mother's side, at his right hand.

"In any event," he thought, "I could reach her in a moment."

His eyes sought hers for that instant. She neither blushed nor paled, but had her sweet composure. In her bridal white she looked like the lily of his life's work, the angel of his worried heart. It seemed to him as if peace and hope came with her, as purity and honor dwelt in her presence. He felt happier and stronger for knowing that she was so near him now, and with a brightening brow he gave the signal for opening the evening's service.

It was a short and pleasant service. The eminent Professor, cordially recognized by the rough audience that he had not allowed to conquer him last Sunday, contributed his most distinguished manner, his best good sense, and the least possible evidence of his theology to the dedicating hour. The old moderator and the pastor's classmate from across the Cape added their heartiest help. Most of the congregation omitted to notice that the clergymen from the city were not present. They were not missed. Who could say if they had been invited to dedicate Emanuel Bayard's chapel? He had pulled along without them for three years. He was incapable of resentment, but it was still possible that habit had its way with the missionary, and that in his hour of success he had simply forgotten them, as in his time of distress and failure they had forgotten him. Who could blame him?

But all the little trouble of the past had melted from his mind and heart; both were clear and happy when he rose at last to address his people. His delicate lips had but parted to speak to them

when there started such a storm of welcome from the fishermen as well-nigh swept his self-possession from him. He was not prepared for it, and he seemed almost disturbed. From aisle to aisle, from wall to wall, the wind of sound rose and rolled upon him. At last it became articulate, and here and there words defined themselves.

"God bless him!"

"Bless our dear young parson!"

"Windover fishermen stand by him every time!"

"Blessin's on him, anyhow!"

"Christlove's good enough for us!"

But when he smiled upon them, they grew quiet, as they had done once before — that evening after the wreck and rescue off Ragged Rock; for these two were the only occasions when the applause of his people had got the better of their pastor.

When he began to speak, it was not without emotion, but in a voice so low that the house had to hold its breath to hear him.

He began by thanking the fishermen of Windover for their trust and their friendship. Both, he said, he valued, and more than they would ever know. Of his own struggles and troubles, of the bitter years that he had toiled among them, he said no word. He spoke of the kindness of Windover, not of its neglect. He spoke of the strength and the goodness of the city rather than of its weakness and its wrong. He spoke of the warm heart of the people, of their readiness to help any need which they understood and in whose claim they believed. He told how generous they were in emergencies. "You give money," he said, "more lavishly than any town I have ever known. When the gales have struck, and the fleets gone down, and when, with widows and orphans starving on my heart and hands, I have asked for bread, Windover has never given them a stone. Your poor have spent themselves utterly upon your poorest,

and your rich have not refused. Windover gives gloriously," said Bayard, "and I am glad and proud to say so."

Their faults, he told them, they had, and he was not there to condone what he had never overlooked. One, above the rest, they had to answer for; and what that was — did he need to name?

"It is not your sin alone," he said firmly. "It is the sin of seaport towns; it is the sin of cities; it is the sin of New England; it is the sin of the nation; — but *it is the sin of Windover*, and my business is with Windover sins. I have fought it since I came among you, without an hour's wavering of purpose, and without an hour's fear of the result; and at all costs, at any cost, I shall fight it till I go from you. For God has set me among you, not to minister to your self-satisfaction, but to your needs."

Bayard paused here, and regarded his people with a long look. Their faces blurred before him for a moment, for his heart was full. He saw them all, in the distinctness with which the public speaker perceives familiar sights; every trifle upon the map of his audience started out.

He saw Captain Hap, anxious and wrinkled, doing usher's duty by the door — Captain Hap, neither pious nor godless, but ready to live for the parson or to die for him, and caring little which; the good fellow, true with the allegiance of age and a loyal nature — dear Captain Hap!

Bayard saw Job Slip, pale with the chronic pallor of the reformed drunkard — poor Job, who drank not now, neither did he taste, but bore the thirst of his terrible desert, trusting in the minister and God Almighty, in the succession of the phrase.

Mari was there, incapable and patient, her face and figure stamped with the indefinable something that marks the drunkard's wife. And Joey, serious and old — little Joey! Bob was there,

and Jean, and Tony, and all the familiar faces from the wharves. Mrs. Granite, in her rusty black, sat tearfully on a front settee, with Jane beside her. Jane looked at the minister, before all the people, as she never ventured to look at home. But nobody noticed Jane. Bayard did but glance at her pinched, adoring face; he dared not dwell upon it.

Ben Trawl was not to be seen in the audience. But Lena was. She stood the service through, for she had come in too late to find a seat; she stood behind Johnny's mother, who wore Helen's crape bonnet and veil, poor old lady, with a brown bombazine dress. Lena had a worried look. She did not remove her eyes from the preacher. Lena sang that day, when the people started "the minister's hymn:" —

"I need Thee every hour,  
Stay Thou near by."

Her fine voice rose like a solo; it had a certain solitariness about it which was touching to hear.

"Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh."

The melody of the hymn died away into the hush in which Bayard rose again, for it came to his heart to bless his people and his chapel in one of his rare prayers.

"Lord," he said, "Thou art the God of the sea and its perils, of the land and its sorrow. Draw near to these sea-people who tread upon the shore of Thy mercy. I dedicate them to Thee. Father, take them from my hands! Lift them up! Hold them, that they fall not. Comfort their troubles. Forgive their sins. Take them! Take my people from my heart! . . . Lord, I consecrate this house of worship, for their sakes, and in Christ's name, and for Christ's love, to Thee, and to Thy service. . . . Father! Thou knowest how I have loved this people" —

Bayard's voice broke. It was the only

time in all those years. His prayer remained unfinished. The sobs of his people answered him; and his silence was his benediction upon them.

The audience moved out quietly. It was now dark. The lights in the chapel had been noiselessly lighted. The jets of the illuminated words above the door were blazing.

The Professor and the clergymen and Helen's mother stepped apart and out into the street; none of them spoke to Bayard, for his look forbade them. The Professor of Theology was greatly moved. Signs of tears more natural than evangelical were on his aged face. Bayard, lingering but a moment, came down the aisle with his wife upon his arm.

"Love," she whispered, "it is over, and all is well."

"Yes," he answered, smiling, "it is over, and it is well."

They came down and out upon the steps. Bayard stood uncovered beneath the white and scarlet lights, which spelled the words—

"THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

He gave one glance down Angel Alley. It was packed; his people were massed to protect him. Beyond them, marshaled into the darkness and scarcely distinguishable from it, hovered certain sullen groups of frowning men. Not a hand was raised. Not a cry was heard. No. There was to be no mob. He had to meet, not violence, but mute and serried Hate.

Helen clung to his arm with a start. She looked up into his face. Its more than earthly radiance hushed the cry upon her lips. He was transfigured before her. For that moment, all the people—they who loved and they who loved him not—saw him glorified, there, beneath the sacred words whose pure and blazing fires seemed to them the symbol of his soul.

Then, from the darkest dark of Angel Alley a terrible oath split the air. Something struck him; and he fell.

## XXIX.

Half a thousand men gave chase; but the assailant had escaped to the common shelter of the coasting town. He had taken to the water.

It was now quite dark; clouds had gathered; the wind had risen suddenly; thunder was heard. A fierce gust tore the dust of Angel Alley, and hurled it after the fleeing criminal; as if even the earth that he trod rejected him. In this blinding and suffocating whirlwind the pursuers stumbled over each other, and ran at haphazard. The police swept every skulking-place, dividing their forces between the alley and the docks. But their man, who was shrewd enough, had evaded them; it was clear that he had marked out an intelligent map of escape, and had been able to follow it.

The baffled police, thinking at least to pacify the angry people behind them, kept up that appearance of energy, with that absence of expectation, for which their race is distinguished.

An officer who was stealthily studying the docks far to the westward, and alone, suddenly stopped. A cry for help reached him; and it was a woman's cry. The voice kept up an interrupted iteration:—

"Police! Help!—Murder! Sergeant!—Help! Help!" as if choked off, or strangled in the intervals.

The sergeant, following the sound as well as he could, leaped down the long, empty wharf from whose direction the cry seemed to come, and peered over the slimy edge. The storm was passing noisily up the sky, and the darkness was of the deepest.

Out of its hollow a girl's voice uprose: "Sergeant! Sergeant! He's drowning me! But I've got him!" and bubbled away into silence.

At that moment there was lightning, and the outlines of two figures struggling in the water could be distinctly seen.



These two persons were Lena and Ben Trawl. They seemed to have each other in a mutual death-grip. The girl's hands were at the man's throat. He dashed her under and under the water. But her clutch did not relax by a finger. He held her down. But Lena held on.

"After I've strangled you!" gasped Lena.

"—— you!" muttered the man. "Drown, then!"

Her head went under; her mouth filled; this time she could not struggle up; her ears rang; her brain burst. But the little fingers on the big throat clutched on. Then she felt herself caught from above — air came, and breath with it — and Ben swore faintly.

"Undo your hands, Lena," said the sergeant. "We've got him. You don't want to hang him before his time."

Another flash of lightning revealed the sea and sky, the docks and the officers, and Ben, purple and breathing hard, stretched upon the wharf. Lena heard the snap of the handcuffs upon his wrists; and then she heard and saw no more.

The sergeant touched the girl's dripping and unconscious figure with a respect never shown to Lena in Windover police circles before.

"She might not come to, yet," he said; "she's nigh enough to a drowned girl. Get a woman, can't you, somebody?"

"The man's all we can manage," replied a brother officer. "Get him to the station the back way — here! Give a hand there! Quick! We'll have lynch law here in just about ten minutes, if you ain't spry. Hark! D'ye hear that?"

A muffled roar came down the throat of Angel Alley. It grew, and approached. It was the cry of all Windover raging to avenge the Christian hero whom it learned, too late, to honor.

"Anyhow, he'll hang for it," muttered Lena, when she came to herself in her

decent room. Johnny's mother was moaning over her. Lena pushed the old woman gently away,<sup>1</sup> and commanded the retreating officer: —

"Say, won't he? Out with it!"

"Well," replied the officer in a comfortable tone, "a good deal depends. Liquor men ain't skerce in this county. He'd get twenty witnesses to swear to an alibi as easy as he'd get one."

"Let 'em swear," said Lena. "I see him do it. I saw him heave the stone."

"That might alter the case, and again it might n't," said the officer; "it would depend on the value of the testimony — previous reputation, and so on."

Lena groaned.

"But I caught him by the arm! I stood alongside of him. I was watching for it. I thought I'd be able to stop him. I'm pretty strong. I grabbed him — but he flung me off and stamped on me. I see him heave the rock. See! there's the mark, where he kicked me. Then he ran, and I after him. I can swear to it before earth and heaven. I see him fling that rock!"

"You see," observed the officer, "it ain't a case of manslaughter just yet. The minister was breathing when they moved him."

They carried him to his own rooms, for it was not thought possible to move him further. He had not spoken, or stirred, but his pulse indicated that a good reserve of life remained in him. The wound was in the lung. The stone was a large and jagged one, with a cruel edge. It had struck with malignant power, and by one of those extraordinary aims which seem to be left for hate and chance to achieve.

His wife had caught him as he fell. She had uttered one cry; after that her lips had opened only once, and only to say that she assented to her father's proposal for the removal of her husband to Mrs. Granite's house, and that she entreated them to find some gentle method

of transportation over the rough road. For Windover was a town of many churches, but of no hospital.

Oddly, the only quite coherent thought she had was of a man she had heard about, a carpenter, who fell from a staging on the other side of the Cape. He was put into an express cart and driven home, a seven-mile gallop, over the rudest road in the State, to his wife; naturally, he was dead when he got there. Bayard had been called to see the widow.

Captain Hap stepped up (on tiptoe, as if he had been in a sick-room), and whispered to the surgeon who had been summoned to Angel Alley.

"That will do," said the surgeon. "It has never been tried that I know of, but it is worth trying — most modern ideas are — if practicable."

"The fishermen hev cleared the car, the company has cleared the track, and the motorman is one of his people," said Captain Hap; "an' there's enough of us to carry him from here to heaven so — so lovin'ly, he'd never feel a jolt."

The old captain made no effort to wipe the tears which rained down his wrinkled cheeks. He and Job Slip, with Mr. Bond and Bob and Tony, took hold of the stretcher; they looked about, to choose, out of a hundred volunteers, the sixth strong hand.

The Reverend George Fenton, agitated and trembling, forced his way through the parting crowd, and pleaded piteously to be allowed to offer his assistance in carrying his wounded classmate.

"I have never lifted a hand to help him since I came to Windover!" cried Fenton, in the voice of a man who would rather that the whole world heard what he said and knew how he felt. "Let me have this chance before it is too late! . . . I'm not worthy to touch his bier," added Fenton brokenly.

They gave way to his pleading, and it was done as he asked. Then the wounded man was carried gently to the electric

car — "the people's carriage." The fishermen, as the captain said, had captured it; they stood with bowed heads, as the stretcher passed through them, sobbing like children. Throngs of them followed the slowly moving car, which carried Bayard tenderly to his own door. It was said afterwards that scores of them watched all night outside the cottage, peering for some sign of how it fared with him; but they were so still that one might hardly tell their figures from the shadows of the night.

The wind had continued to rise, but the thunder had passed on, and the shower was almost over when Bayard's bearers lifted him across the threshold of Mrs. Granite's door. At that moment one belated flash ran over earth and sea and sky. It was a red flash, and a mighty one. By its crimson light the fishermen saw his face for that last instant; it lay turned over on the stretcher, quietly, towards his wife. The red color dyed her bridal white, and the terrible composure of her attitude was revealed; her hand was fast in his; she seemed to communicate, God knew how, with the unconscious man.

The flash went out, and darkness fell again.

"Then God shut the door," muttered an old and religious fisherman who stood weeping by the fence, among the larkspurs.

The wind went down, and the tide went out. Bayard's pulse and breath fell with the sea, and the June dawn came. The tide came in, and the wind arose, and it was evening. Then he moaned, and turned, and it was made out that he tried to say, "Helen? — was Helen hurt?" Then the soul came into his eyes, and they saw her.

He did not sink away that day, nor the next, and the evening and the morning were the third day in the chamber where death and life made duel for him.

He suffered, it is hard to think how much; but the fine courage in his habit of living clung on. The injury was not, necessarily, a fatal one. The great consulting surgeon called from Boston said, "The patient may live." He added, "But the vitality is low; it has been sapped to the roots. And the lung is weak. There has been a strain some time; the organ has received a lesion."

Then Job Slip, when he heard this, thought of the minister's cough, which dated from that battle with the surf off Ragged Rock. And the value of his own cheap life, bought at a price so precious, overwhelmed the man. He would have died a hundred deaths for the pastor. Instead, he had to do the harder thing. It was asked of him to live, and to remember.

In all those days (they were eight in number) Jane Granite's small, soft eyes took on a strange expression; it was not unlike that we see in a dog who is admitted to the presence of a sick or injured master. God was merciful to Jane. The pastor had come back. To live or to die, he had come. It was hers again to work, to watch, to run, to slave for him; she looked at the new wife without a pang of envy; she came or went under Helen's orders; she poured out her heart in that last torrent of self-forgetful service, and thanked God for the precious chance, and asked no more. She had the spaniel suffering, but she had the spaniel happiness.

For seven days and nights he lay in his shabby rooms, a royal sufferer. The Christ above his bed looked down with solemn tenderness; in his moments of consciousness (but these were few) he glanced at the picture.

Helen had not left his room, either day or night. Leaning upon one arm on the edge of the narrow bed, she watched for the lifting of an eyelid, for the motion of a hand, for the ebbing or the rising of a breath. Sometimes he

knew her, and seemed to try to say to her how comforting it was to him to have her there, in the dreary old rooms, where he had dreamed of her sumptuous presence, where they meant to begin their life and love together.

But he could not talk. She found herself already anticipating the habit of those whom the eternal silence bereaves, recalling every precious phrase that his lips had uttered in those last days; she repeated to herself the words which he had said to her on Sunday morning — "Nothing *can* harm us now; for you are mine, and I am yours, and this is forever."

As the seventh day broke he grew perceptibly stronger. Helen yielded to her father's entreaties, and for a moment absented herself from the sick-room — for she was greatly overworn — to drink a breath of morning air. She sat down on the step at the front door of the cottage. She noticed the larkspur in the garden, blue and tall; bees were humming through it; the sound of the tide came up loudly. Jane Granite came and offered her something, she could not have said what; Helen tried to drink it, but pushed the cup away, and went hurriedly upstairs again.

A cot had now been moved in for her beside Bayard's narrow bed. She sat down on the edge of it, between her father and her husband. The Professor stirred to step softly out.

"Dear Professor!" said Bayard suddenly. He looked at the Christ on the wall, and smiled. "We meant — the same thing — after all," he whispered.

Then he put his hand in his wife's, and slept.

It came on to be the evening of the eighth day. He had grown stronger all the day, but he suffered much.

"Folks are keepin' of him back by their prayers," said the religious old fisherman who leaned every day upon the garden fence. "He can't pass."

But Job Slip and Captain Hap, who

sat upon the doorsteps, listening from dawn to dark for any sign from Bayard's room, said nothing at all.

It came to be evening, and the tide had risen with the wind. The sea called all night long. Helen sat alone with her husband.

He did not wander that night, but watched her face whenever he was not asleep.

"Kiss me, Helen," he sighed at midnight.

She stooped and kissed him, but her lips took the air from him, and he struggled for it.

"You poor, poor girl!" he said.

The wind went down, and the tide went out. The dawn came with the ebb. Bayard fell into a sleep so gentle that Helen's heart leaped with hope. She stole out into the study. Captain Hap was there; his shoes were off; he stepped without noise. The sunrise made a rose-light in the rooms.

"It is real sleep," breathed Helen. "Don't wake him, Captain."

But when the old sailor-nurse would have taken her place for the morning watch, she shook her head. She went back and lay down on the cot beside her husband; he moved his hand as if he groped for hers, and she was sorry that he had missed it for a moment.

"It shall not happen again," she thought.

Then exhaustion and vigil overcame her, for she had watched for many nights, and, thinking that she waked, she slept.

When she came to herself it was broad, bright day. Her hand had a strange feeling; when she tried, she could not move it, for he held it fast. There were people in the room — her father, her mother, Captain Hap. She stirred a little, leaning towards her husband's pillow.

"Dear, are you better this morning?"

But some one came up, and gently laid a hand upon her eyes.

## XXX.

Job Slip went down to the water, and it was dark. He walked apart, and took himself into that solitary place on the wharves which he remembered, where he had knelt in the rain, one night, and said "God," for Mr. Bayard.

A mackerel keg was there, the same one, perhaps; he overturned it, and sat down, and tried to understand. Job had not been able to understand since Mr. Bayard was hurt. Thought came to him slowly, and with pain like that caused by the return of congested blood to its channels.

"He is dead," said Job. "Lord A'mighty, he ain't alive! Seems I could n't get it into my head. They've killed him. He's goin' to be buried."

Job clenched his gnarled hands together, and shook them at the sky; then they dropped.

"Seems like shakin' fists at *him*," thought Job. "I ain't a-goin' to. S'posen he's up yander? That's the idee. Lord A'mighty, what do you mean by it? You did n't stop to think of us reformed men, did you, when you let this happen? . . . For Christ's sake. Amen," added Job, under the impression that he had been giving utterance to a prayer.

"Mr. Bayard?" called Job aloud. He slipped off the keg and got upon his knees. As he changed his position, the fisherman vaguely noticed the headlight of the schooner on which he was to have taken his trip, that night. "There goes the Tilly E. Salt," he said, interrupting himself; "she's got to weigh without me, this time. I'm guard of honor for the — the — I can't *say* it!" groaned Job. "It's oncredible, him bein' in a — him put in a — Lord! he's the livin'est man I ever set my eyes on; he CAN'T die! . . . Mr. Bayard? *Mr. Bayard, sir?*"

Job paused, as if he expected to be answered. The water dashed loudly

against the old pier. The distant cry of the buoy came over the harbor. The splash of retreating oars sounded faintly somewhere, through the dark.

"He's livin' along," said Job, after some thought. "He can't get fur out of Angel Alley. He would n't be happy. He'd miss us, someways; he's so used to us. He's hoverin' in them hymn-toons and that gymnasium he set so much by. I'll bet he is. He's lingerin' in us poor devils he's spent three year makin' men of. . . . He's a-livin' *here*."

Job struck his own broad breast, and then he struck it again. A shudder passed over his big frame; and then came the storm. He had not wept before since Mr. Bayard died. The paroxysm wearied and weakened him, and it was the piteous fact that these were the next words which passed the lips of the half-healed drunkard: "God A'mighty, if I only had a drink!"

Two hours afterwards Job Slip came up the wharves; he came as he went, alone; he walked with a steady step; he held his head high in the dark. He whispered as he walked:—

"I did n't — no, I did n't do it. . . . Bein' left so — I've alwers had you, sir, before, you know. It makes a sight o' difference when a man hain't anybody but God. He's a kinder stranger. I did n't know one spell there — but I was goin' under. . . . You won't desert a fellar, will you — yander? I'll do you credit, sir, see if I don't. I won't disgrace you, —d if I will!"

At that moment Job shied suddenly, like a horse, clear from one side of the wharf to the other. He cried aloud, —

"Why, why, what's here? What's got me?"

Fingers touched him, but they were of flesh; little fingers, but they were warm, and curled confidingly in Job's big hand.

"Joey? *You?* Little Joey! Why,

father's sonny boy! You come just in the right time, Joey. I was kinder lonesome. I miss the minister. I ain't — just feelin' right."

"Fa—ther," said Joey pleasantly, "Marm said to find you, for she said she fought you'd need you little boy."

"And so I do, my son, and so I do!" cried Job.

With Joey's little fingers clasped in his, Job walked up Angel Alley, past the doors of the dens that were closed, and the doors that were open still; and if the ghost of the dear, dead minister had swept visibly before Job and Joey, no man could have tempted or disturbed them less.

In his own chapel in Angel Alley Bayard lay in state. It was such state as the kings of the earth might envy, and its warriors and its statesmen and its poets do not know. It was said that his was the happiest dead face that ever rebuked the sadness of the living, and the fairest that they who wept for him had ever seen. Death had not marred his noble beauty; and in death or life there was no comelier man. All the city thronged to show him reverence who had lived among them, baffled, doubted, and sick at heart; and it appeared that those who had done the least for him then would have done most for him now: the people of ease; the imitators; the conformers, and the church members who never questioned their own creeds or methods; the summer strangers playing at life upon the harbor coast, and visitors from a distance where the preacher had his fame.

But when these superior and respectable persons crowded to give their tardy tribute to him, they were told that there was no room for them in the chapel; nay, they could scarcely find footing in the dust of Angel Alley. For they were held back by the sacred rights of "nearest mourners;" and Bayard's mourners claimed him. It was said that

hundreds of sunburnt men had stood waiting in the street since midnight for the opening of the doors, and the chance to enter. Then there had passed up the steps of Christlove Chapel the great mass of the neglected and the poor, the simple and the sodden and the heart-broken, and those who had no friends but only that one man; and God had taken him. The fishermen of Windover and the poor girls, the widows of Windover and her orphaned children, the homeless foreign sailors and the discontented laborers from the wharves, poured in; and the press was great.

He lay among them royally, wrapped in his purple pall. And he and Helen knew that her bridal roses withered forever out of mortal sight upon his breast. But she had given him up at this last hour to his people; he was theirs, and they were his, and what they willed they did for him, and she did not gainsay them. They covered him with their wild flowers, after the fashion of the Cape; and clumsy sailors brought big hothouse bouquets flaring on wires and splashed with tears, "to give the minister." And his dead heart, like his living one, was found large enough to hold them all.

One poor girl brought no flowers to Bayard's burial. Lena brought only sobs instead, and watered his pall with her tears, and hid her face, and passed on with her hands before it.

Now, around the bier there stood a guard of honor strange to see; for it was chosen from the Windover drunkards whom the pastor had saved and cured. Among them, Job Slip stood

proudly in command at the minister's head: the piteous type of all that misery which Bayard had died to lessen, and of that forgotten manliness which he had lived to save.

There was no dirge sung at Christlove Chapel when he was borne from it. A girl's voice from a darkened corner of the gallery started "the minister's hymn," but trembled, and broke quite down. So the fishermen took it up, and tried to sing —

"I need thee every hour."

But they too faltered, for they needed him too much; and in silence, trying not to sob, with bared, bowed heads they passed out gently (for his spirit was upon them), thinking to be better men.

One of the summer people, a stranger in the town, strolling on the beach that day, was attracted by an unusual and impressive sight upon the water, and asked what that extraordinary display of the signs of public mourning meant.

An Italian, standing by, made answer: —

"The Christman is dead."

The man tried to explain further, but choked, and pointed seaward, and turned away.

For, from every main in the harbor, as far as eye could see, the flags of Windover floated at half-mast. The fishermen had done him this honor, reserved only for the great of the earth and for their own dead mates, and most sacred for these last.

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*



## THE GENIUS OF JAPANESE CIVILIZATION.

## I.

WITHOUT losing a single ship or a single battle, Japan has broken down the power of China, made a new Korea, enlarged her own territory, and changed the whole political face of the East. Astonishing as this has seemed politically, it is much more astonishing psychologically; for it represents the result of a vast play of capacities with which the race had never been credited abroad, and capacities of a very high order. The psychologist knows that the so-called "adoption of Western civilization" within a time of thirty years cannot mean the addition to the Japanese brain of any organs or powers previously absent from it. He knows that it cannot mean any sudden change in the mental or moral character of the race. Such changes are not made in a generation. Transmitted civilization works much more slowly, requiring even hundreds of years to produce certain permanent psychological results.

It is in this light that Japan appears the most extraordinary country in the world; and the most wonderful thing in the whole episode of her "Occidentalization" is that the race brain could bear so heavy a shock. Nevertheless, though the fact be unique in human history, what does it really mean? Nothing more than rearrangement of a part of the preëxisting machinery of thought. Even that, for thousands of brave young minds, was death. The adoption of Western civilization was not nearly such an easy matter as unthinking persons imagined. And it is quite evident that the mental readjustments, effected at a cost which remains to be told, have given good results only along directions in which the race had always shown capacities of special kinds. Thus,

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the appliances of Western industrial invention have worked admirably in Japanese hands, — have produced excellent results in those crafts at which the nation had been skillful, in other and quainter ways, for ages. There has been no transformation, — nothing more than the turning of old abilities into new and larger channels. The scientific professions tell the same story. For certain forms of science, such as medicine, surgery (there are no better surgeons in the world than the Japanese), chemistry, microscopy, the Japanese genius is naturally adapted; and in all these it has done work already heard of round the world. In war and statecraft it has shown wonderful power; but throughout their history the Japanese have been characterized by great military and political capacity. Nothing remarkable has been done, however, in directions foreign to the national genius. In the study, for example, of Western music, Western art, Western literature, time would seem to have been simply wasted. These things make appeal extraordinary to emotional life with us; they make no such appeal to Japanese emotional life. Every serious thinker knows that emotional transformation of the individual through education is impossible. To imagine that the emotional character of an Oriental race could be transformed in the short space of thirty years, by the contact of Occidental ideas, is absurd. Emotional life, which is older than intellectual life, and deeper, can no more be altered suddenly by a change of *milieu* than the surface of a mirror can be changed by passing reflections. All that Japan has been able to do so miraculously well has been done without any self-transformation; and those who imagine her emotionally closer to us to-day than she may have

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been thirty years ago ignore facts of science which admit of no argument.

Sympathy is limited by comprehension. We may sympathize to the same degree that we understand. One may imagine that he sympathizes with a Japanese or a Chinese; but the sympathy can never be real to more than a small extent outside of the simplest phases of common emotional life, — those phases in which child and man are at one. The more complex feelings of the Oriental have been composed by combinations of experiences, ancestral and individual, which have had no really precise correspondence in Western life, and which we can therefore not fully know. For converse reasons, the Japanese cannot, even though they would, give Europeans their best sympathy.

But while it remains impossible for the man of the West to discern the true color of Japanese life, either intellectual or emotional (since the one is woven into the other), it is equally impossible for him to escape the conviction that, compared with his own, it is very small. It is dainty; it holds delicate potentialities of rarest interest and value; but it is otherwise so small that Western life, by contrast with it, seems almost supernatural. For we must judge visible and measurable manifestations. So judging, what a contrast between the emotional and intellectual worlds of West and East! Far less striking that between the frail wooden streets of the Japanese capital and the tremendous solidity of a thoroughfare in Paris or London. When one compares the utterances which West and East have given to their dreams, their aspirations, their sensations, a Gothic cathedral with a Shintō temple, an opera by Verdi or a trilogy by Wagner with a performance of *geisha*, a European epic with a Japanese poem, how incalculable the difference in emotional volume, in imaginative power, in artistic synthesis! True, our music is an essentially modern art; but in looking back through all our

past the difference in creative force is scarcely less marked, — not surely in the period of Roman magnificence, of marble amphitheatres and of aqueducts spanning provinces, nor in the Greek period of the divine in sculpture and of the supreme in literary art.

And this leads to the subject of another wonderful fact in the sudden development of Japanese power. Where are the outward material signs of that immense new force she has been showing both in productivity and in war? Nowhere! That which we miss in her emotional and intellectual life is missing also from her industrial and commercial life, — largeness! The land remains what it was before; its face has scarcely been modified by all the changes of Meiji. The miniature railways and telegraph poles, the bridges and tunnels, might almost escape notice in the ancient green of the landscapes. In all the cities, with the exception of the open ports and their little foreign settlements, there exists hardly a street vista suggesting the teaching of Western ideas. You might journey two hundred miles through the interior of the country, looking in vain for large manifestations of the new civilization. In no place do you find commerce exhibiting its ambition in gigantic warehouses, or industry expanding its machinery under acres of roofing. A Japanese city is still, as it was ten centuries ago, little more than a wilderness of wooden sheds, — picturesque, indeed, as paper lanterns are, but scarcely less frail. And there is no great stir and noise anywhere, — no heavy traffic, no booming and rumbling, no furious haste. In Tōkyō itself you may enjoy, if you wish, the peace of a country village. This want of visible or audible signs of the new-found force which is now menacing the markets of the West and changing the maps of the far East gives one a queer, I might even say a weird feeling. It is almost the sensation received

when, after climbing through miles of silence to reach some Shintō shrine, you find voidness only and solitude, an elfish, empty little wooden structure, mouldering in shadows a thousand years old. The strength of Japan, like the strength of her ancient faith, needs little material display: both exist where the deepest real power of any great people exists, — in the Race Ghost.

## II.

As I muse, the remembrance of a great city comes back to me, — a city walled up to the sky and roaring like the sea. The memory of that roar returns first; then the vision defines: a chasm, which is a street, between mountains, which are houses. I am tired, because I have walked many miles between those precipices of masonry, and have trodden no earth, — only slabs of rock, — and have heard nothing but thunder of tumult. Deep below those huge pavements, I know there is a cavernous world tremendous: systems underlying systems of ways contrived for water and steam and fire. On either hand tower façades pierced by scores of tiers of windows, — cliffs of architecture shutting out the sun. Above, the pale blue streak of sky is cut by a maze of spidery lines, — an infinite cobweb of electric wires. In that block on the right there dwell nine thousand souls; the tenants of the edifice facing it pay the annual rent of a million dollars. Seven millions scarcely covered the cost of those bulks overshadowing the square beyond, — and there are miles of such. Stairways of steel and cement, of brass and stone, with costliest balustrades, ascend through the decades and double-decades of stories; but no foot treads them. By water-power, by steam, by electricity, men go up and down; the heights are too dizzy, the distances too great, for the use of the limbs. My friend who pays rent of five thousand dollars for his rooms in the fourteenth

story of a monstrosity not far off has never trodden his stairway. I am walking for curiosity alone; with a serious purpose I should not walk, — the spaces are too broad, the time is too precious, for such slow exertion; — men travel from district to district, from house to office, by steam. Heights are too great for the voice to traverse; orders are given and obeyed by machinery. By electricity far-away doors are opened; with one touch a hundred rooms are lighted or heated.

And all this enormity is hard, grim, dumb; it is the enormity of mathematical power applied to utilitarian ends of solidity and durability. These leagues of palaces, of warehouses, of business structures, of buildings describable and indescribable, are not beautiful, but sinister. One feels depressed by the mere sensation of the enormous life which created them, life without sympathy; of their prodigious manifestation of power, power without pity. They are the architectural utterance of the new industrial age. And there is no halt in the thunder of wheels, in the storming of hoofs and of human feet. To ask a question, one must shout into the ear of the questioned; to see, to understand, to move in that high-pressure medium, needs experience. The unaccustomed feels the sensation of being in a panic, in a tempest, in a cyclone. Yet all this is order.

The monster streets leap rivers, span seaways, with bridges of stone, bridges of steel. Far as the eye can reach, a bewilderment of masts, a web-work of rigging, conceals the shores, which are cliffs of masonry. Trees in a forest stand less thickly, branches in a forest mingle less closely, than the masts and spars of that immeasurable maze. Yet all is order.

## III.

Generally speaking, we construct for endurance, the Japanese for impermanency. Few things for common use are made in Japan with a view to durability. The straw sandals worn out and replaced

at each stage of a journey; the robe consisting of a few simple widths loosely stitched together for wearing, and unstitched again for washing; the fresh chopsticks served to each new guest at a hotel; the light *shōji* frames serving at once for windows and walls, and repaired twice a year; the mattings renewed every autumn, — all these are but random illustrations of countless small things in daily life that illustrate the national contentment with impermanence.

What is the story of a common Japanese dwelling? Leaving my home in the morning, I observe, as I pass the corner of the next street crossing mine, some men setting up bamboo poles on a vacant lot there. Returning after five hours' absence, I find on the same lot the skeleton of a two-story house. Next forenoon I see that the walls are nearly finished already, — mud and wattles. By sundown the roof has been completely tiled. On the following morning I observe that the mattings have been put down, and the inside plastering has been finished. In five days the house is completed. This, of course, is a cheap building; a fine one would take much longer to put up and finish. But Japanese cities are for the most part composed of such common buildings. They are as cheap as they are simple.

I cannot now remember where I first met with the observation that the curve of the Chinese roof might preserve the memory of the nomad tent. The idea haunted me long after I had ungratefully forgotten the book in which I found it; and when I first saw, in Izumo, the singular structure of the old Shintō temples, with queer cross-projections at their gable-ends and upon their roof-ridges, the suggestion of the forgotten essayist about the possible origin of much less ancient forms returned to me with great force. But there is much in Japan besides primitive architectural traditions to indicate a nomadic ancestry for the race.

Always and everywhere there is a total absence of what we would call solidity, and the characteristics of impermanence seem to mark almost everything in the exterior life of the people, except, indeed, the immemorial costume of the peasant, and the shape of the implements of his toil. Not to dwell upon the fact that even during the comparatively brief period of her written history Japan has had more than sixty capitals, of which the greater number have completely disappeared, it may be broadly stated that every Japanese city is rebuilt within the time of a generation. Some temples and a few colossal fortresses offer exceptions; but, as a general rule, the Japanese city changes its substance, if not its form, in the lifetime of a man. Fires, earthquakes, and many other causes partly account for this; the chief reason, however, is that houses are not built to last. The common people have no ancestral homes. The dearest spot to all is, not the place of birth, but the place of burial; and there is little that is permanent save the resting-places of the dead and the sites of the ancient shrines.

The land itself is a land of impermanence. Rivers shift their courses, coasts their outline, plains their level; volcanic peaks heighten or crumble; valleys are blocked by lava-floods or landslides; lakes appear and disappear. Even the matchless shape of Fuji, that snowy miracle which has been the inspiration of innumerable artists for centuries, has been changed since my advent to the country, and not a few other mountains have in the same short time been changed much more. Only the general lines of the land, the general aspects of its nature, the general character of the seasons, remain fixed. Even the very beauty of the landscapes is largely illusive, — a beauty of shifting colors and moving mists. Only he to whom those landscapes are familiar can know how their mountain vapors make mockery of real changes

which have been, and ghostly predictions of other changes yet to be, in the history of the archipelago.

The gods, indeed, remain, — haunt their homes upon the hills, diffuse a soft religious awe through the twilight of their groves, perhaps because they are without form and substance. Their shrines seldom pass utterly into oblivion, like the dwellings of men. But every Shintō temple is necessarily rebuilt at more or less brief intervals; and the holiest, — the shrine of Ise, — in obedience to immemorial custom, must be demolished every twenty years, and its timbers cut into thousands of tiny charms, which are distributed to pilgrims.

From Aryan India, through China, came Buddhism, with its vast doctrine of impermanency. The builders of the first Buddhist temples in Japan — architects of another race — built well; witness the Chinese structures at Kamakura that have survived so many centuries, while of the great city which once surrounded them not a trace remains. But the psychical influence of Buddhism could in no land impel minds to the love of material stability. The teaching that the universe is an illusion; that life is but one momentary halt upon an infinite journey; that all attachment to persons, to places, or to things must be fraught with sorrow; that only through suppression of every desire — even the desire of Nirvana itself — can humanity reach the eternal peace, certainly harmonized with the older racial feeling. Though the people never much occupied themselves with the profounder philosophy of the foreign faith, its doctrine of impermanency must, in course of time, have profoundly influenced national character. It explained and consoled; it imparted new capacity to bear all things bravely; it strengthened that patience which is a trait of the race. Even in Japanese art — developed, if not actually created, under Buddhist influence —

the doctrine of impermanency has left its traces. Buddhism taught that nature was a dream, an illusion, a phantasmagoria; but it also taught men how to seize the fleeting impressions of that dream, and how to interpret them in relation to the highest truth. And they learned well. In the flushed splendor of the blossom-bursts of spring, in the coming and the going of the cicadæ, in the dying crimson of autumn foliage, in the ghostly beauty of snow, in the delusive motion of wave or cloud, they saw old parables of perpetual meaning. Even their calamities — fire, flood, earthquake, pestilence — interpreted to them unceasingly the doctrine of the eternal Vanishing.

*“All things which exist in Time must perish. The forests, the mountains, — all things thus exist. In Time are born all things having desire.*

*“The Sun and Moon, Sakra himself, with all the multitude of his attendants, will all, without exception, perish; there is not one that will endure.*

*“In the beginning things were fixed; in the end again they separate: different combinations cause other substance; for in nature there is no uniform and constant principle.*

*“All component things must grow old; impermanent are all component things. Even unto a grain of sesamum seed there is no such thing as a compound which is permanent. All are transient; all have the inherent quality of dissolution.*

*“All component things, without exception, are impermanent, unstable, despicable, sure to depart, disintegrating; all are temporary as a mirage, as a phantom, or as foam. . . . Even as all earthen vessels made by the potter end in being broken, so end the lives of men.*

*“And a belief in matter itself is unmentionable and inexpressible, — it is neither a thing nor no-thing: and this*



*is known even by children and ignorant persons."*

## IV.

Now it is worth while to inquire if there be not some compensatory value attaching to this impermanency and this smallness in the national life.

Nothing is more characteristic of that life than its extreme fluidity. The Japanese population represents a medium whose particles are in perpetual circulation. The motion is in itself peculiar. It is larger and more eccentric than the motion of Occidental populations, though feebler between points. It is also much more natural, — so natural that it could not exist in Western civilization. The relative mobility of a European population and the Japanese population might be expressed by a comparison between certain high velocities of vibration and certain low ones. But the high velocities would represent, in such a comparison, the consequence of artificial force applied; the slower vibrations would not. And this difference of kind would mean more than surface indications could announce. In one sense, Americans may be right in thinking themselves great travelers. In another, they are certainly wrong; the man of the people in America cannot compare, as a traveler, with the man of the people in Japan. And of course, in considering relative mobility of populations, one must consider chiefly the great masses, the workers, — not merely the small class of wealth. In their own country, the Japanese are the greatest travelers of any civilized people. They are the greatest travelers because, even in a land composed mainly of mountain chains, they recognize no obstacles to travel. The Japanese who travels most is not the man who needs railways or steamers to carry him.

Now, with us, the common worker is incomparably less free than the common worker in Japan. He is less free be-

cause of the more complicated mechanism of Occidental societies, whose forces tend to agglomeration and solid integration. He is less free because the social and industrial machinery on which he must depend reshapes him to its own particular requirements, and always so as to evolve some special and artificial capacity at the cost of other inherent capacity. He is less free because he must live at a standard making it impossible for him to win financial independence by mere thrift. To achieve any such independence, he must possess exceptional character and exceptional faculties greater than those of thousands of exceptional competitors equally eager to escape from the same thralldom. In brief, then, he is less independent because the special character of his civilization numbs his natural power to live without the help of machinery or large capital. To live thus artificially means to lose, sooner or later, the power of independent movement. Before a Western man can move he has many things to consider. Before a Japanese moves he has nothing to consider. He simply leaves the place he dislikes, and goes to the place he wishes, without any trouble. There is nothing to prevent him. Poverty is not an obstacle, but a stimulus. Impedimenta he has none, or only such as he can dispose of in a few minutes. Distances have no significance for him. Nature has given him perfect feet that can spring him over fifty miles a day without pain; a stomach whose chemistry can extract ample nourishment from food on which no European could live; and a constitution that scorns heat, cold, and damp alike, because still unimpaired by unhealthy clothing, by superfluous comforts, by the habit of seeking warmth from grates and stoves, and by the habit of wearing leather shoes.

It seems to me that the character of our footgear signifies more than is commonly supposed. That footgear represents in itself a check upon individual



freedom. It signifies this even in costliness; but in form it signifies infinitely more. It has distorted the Western foot out of the original shape, and rendered it incapable of the work for which it was evolved. The physical results are not limited to the foot. Whatever acts as a check, directly or indirectly, upon the organs of locomotion must extend its effects to the whole physical constitution. Does the evil stop even there? Perhaps we submit to conventions the most absurd of any existing in any civilization because we have too long submitted to the tyranny of shoemakers. There may be defects in our politics, in our social ethics, in our religious system, more or less related to the habit of wearing leather shoes. Submission to the cramping of the body must certainly aid in developing submission to the cramping of the mind.

The Japanese man of the people — the skilled laborer able to underbid without effort any Western artisan in the same line of industry — remains happily independent of both shoemakers and tailors. His feet are good to look at, his body is healthy, and his heart is free. If he desire to travel a thousand miles, he can get ready for his journey in five minutes. His whole outfit need not cost seventy-five cents; and all his baggage can be put into a handkerchief. On ten dollars he can travel for a year without work, or he can travel simply on his ability to work, or he can travel as a pilgrim. You may reply that any savage can do the same thing. Yes, but any civilized man cannot; and the Japanese has been a highly civilized man for at least a thousand years. Hence his present capacity to threaten Western manufacturers.

We have been too much accustomed to associate this kind of independent mobility with the life of our own beggars and tramps, to have any just conception of its intrinsic meaning. We have thought of it also in connection

with unpleasant things, — uncleanness and bad smells. But, as Professor Chamberlain has well said, "a Japanese crowd is the sweetest in the world." Your Japanese tramp takes his hot bath daily, if he has a fraction of a cent to pay for it, or his cold bath, if he has not. In his little bundle, there are combs, tooth-picks, razors, toothbrushes. He never allows himself to become unpleasant. Reaching his destination, he can transform himself into a visitor of very nice manners, and faultless though simple attire.

Ability to live without furniture, without impedimenta, with the least possible amount of neat clothing, shows more than the advantage held by this Japanese race in the struggle of life; it shows also the real character of some weaknesses in our own civilization. It forces reflection upon the useless multiplicity of our daily wants. We must have meat and bread and butter; glass windows and fire; hats, white shirts, and woolen underwear; boots and shoes; trunks, bags, and boxes; bedsteads, mattresses, sheets, and blankets: all of which a Japanese can do without, and is really better off without. Think for a moment how important an article of Occidental attire is the single costly item of white shirts! Yet even the linen shirt, the so-called "badge of a gentleman," is in itself a useless garment. It gives neither warmth nor comfort. It represents in our fashions the survival of something once a luxurious class distinction, but to-day meaningless and useless as the buttons sewn on the outside of coat-sleeves.

V.

The absence of any huge signs of the really huge things that Japan has done bears witness to the very peculiar way in which her civilization has been working. It cannot forever so work; but it has so worked thus far with amazing success. Japan is producing without capital, in our grim sense of the word.

She has become industrial without becoming essentially mechanical and artificial. The vast rice crop is raised upon millions of tiny, tiny farms; the silk crop, in millions of small poor homes; the tea crop, on countless little patches of soil. If you visit Kyōtō to order something from one of the greatest porcelain-makers in the world, one whose products are known better in London and in Paris than even in Japan, you will find the factory to be a wooden cottage, in which no American farmer would live. The greatest maker of *cloisonné* vases, who may ask you two hundred dollars for something five inches high, produces his miracles behind a two-story frame dwelling containing perhaps six small rooms. The best girdles of silk made in Japan, and famous throughout the Empire, are woven in a house that cost scarcely five hundred dollars to build. The work is, of course, hand-woven. But the factories weaving by machinery — and weaving so well as to ruin foreign industries of far vaster capacity — are hardly more imposing, with very few exceptions. Long, light, low one-story or two-story sheds they are, about as costly to erect as a row of wooden stables with us. Yet sheds like these turn out silks that sell all round the world. Sometimes only by inquiry, or by the humming of the machinery, can you distinguish a factory from an old *yashiki*, or an old-fashioned Japanese school building, unless indeed you can read the Chinese characters over the garden gate. Some big brick factories and breweries exist; but they are very few, and even when close to the foreign settlements they seem incongruities in the landscape.

Our own architectural monstrosities and our Babels of machinery have been brought into existence by vast integrations of industrial capital. But such integrations do not exist in the Far East; indeed, the capital to make them does not exist. And supposing that in the course of a few generations there should

form in Japan corresponding combinations of money power, it is not easy to suppose correspondences in architectural construction. Even two-story edifices of brick have given bad results in the leading commercial centre; and earthquakes seem to condemn Japan to perpetual simplicity in building. The very land revolts against the imposition of Western architecture, and occasionally even opposes the new course of traffic by pushing railroad lines out of level and out of shape.

Not industry alone still remains thus unintegrated; government itself exhibits a like condition. Nothing is fixed except the Throne. Perpetual change is identical with state policy. Ministers, governors, superintendents, inspectors, all high civil and military officials, are shifted at irregular and surprisingly short intervals, and hosts of smaller officials scatter each time with the whirl. The province in which I passed the first twelvemonth of my residence in Japan has had four different governors in five years. During my stay at Kumamoto, and before the war had begun, the military command of that important post was three times changed. The government college had in three years three directors. In educational circles, especially, the rapidity of such changes has been phenomenal. There have been five different ministers of education in my own time, and more than five different educational policies. The twenty-six thousand public schools are so related in their management to the local assemblies that, even were no other influences at work, constant change would be inevitable because of the changes in the assemblies. Directors and teachers keep circling from post to post; there are men little more than thirty years old who have taught in almost every province of the country. That any educational system could have produced any grand results under these conditions seems nothing short of miraculous.

We are accustomed to think that some degree of stability is necessary to all real progress, all great development. But Japan has given proof irrefutable that enormous development is possible without any stability at all. The explanation is in the race character, — a race character in more ways than one the very opposite of our own. Uniformly mobile, and thus uniformly impressionable, the nation has moved unitedly in the direction of great ends; submitting the whole volume of its forty millions to be moulded by the ideas of its rulers, even as sand or as water is shaped by wind. And this submissiveness to reshaping belongs to the old conditions of its soul life, — old conditions of rare unselfishness and perfect faith. The relative absence from the national character of egotistical individualism has been the saving of an empire; has enabled a great people to preserve its independence against prodigious odds. Wherefore Japan may well be grateful to her two great religions, the creators and the preservers of her moral power: to Shintō, which taught the individual to think of his Emperor and of his country before thinking either of his own family or of himself; and to Buddhism, which trained him to master regret, to endure pain, and to accept as eternal law the vanishing of things loved and the tyranny of things hated.

To-day there is visible a tendency to hardening, — a danger of changes leading to the integration of just such an officialism as that which has proved the curse and the weakness of China. The moral results of the new education have not been worthy of the material results. The charge of want of "individuality," in the accepted sense of pure selfishness, will scarcely be made against the Japanese of the next generation. Even the compositions of students already reflect the new conception of intellectual strength only as a weapon of offense, and the new

sentiment of aggressive egotism. "Impermanency," writes one, with a fading memory of Buddhism in his mind, "is the nature of our life. We see often persons who were rich yesterday, and are poor to-day. This is the result of human competition, according to the law of evolution. We are exposed to that competition. We must fight each other, even if we are not inclined to do so. With what sword shall we fight? With the sword of knowledge, forged by education."

Well, there are two forms of the cultivation of Self. One leads to the exceptional development of the qualities which are noble, and the other signifies something about which the less said the better. But it is not the former which the New Japan is now beginning to study. I confess to being one of those who believe that the human heart, even in the history of a race, may be worth infinitely more than the human intellect, and that it will sooner or later prove itself infinitely better able to answer all the cruel enigmas of the weird Sphinx of Life. I still believe that the old Japanese were nearer to the solution of those enigmas than are we, just because they recognized moral beauty as greater than intellectual beauty. And, by way of conclusion, I may venture to quote from an article on education by Ferdinand Brunetière, which I found in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: —

"All our educational measures will prove vain, if there be no effort to force into the mind, and to deeply impress upon it, the sense of those fine words of Lamennais: '*Human society is based upon mutual giving, or upon the sacrifice of man for man, or of each man for all other men; and sacrifice is the very essence of all true society.*' It is this that we have been unlearning for nearly a century; and if we have to put ourselves to school afresh, it will be in order that we may learn it again. Without such knowledge there can be no society and no education, — not, at

least, if the object of education be to form man for society. Individualism is to-day the enemy of education, as it is also the enemy of social order. It has not been so always; but it has so become. It will not be so forever; but it is so now. And without striving to

destroy it — which would mean to fall from one extreme into another — we must recognize that, no matter what we wish to do for the family, for society, for education, and for the country, it is against individualism that the work will have to be done.”

*Lafcadio Hearn.*

### THE COUNTESS POTOCKA.

THE marriage of the youthful Princess Hélène Massalski with the Prince Charles de Ligne was the result of a long process of social diplomacy, conducted by the Marquis de Mirabeau and the ladies of the De Ligne family through their agent, a certain Madame de Pailly, who played the part of a general pacificator and go-between. The easy-going rules of the Abbaye aux Bois, which allowed its more favored pupils frequent opportunities of seeing and being seen at juvenile balls and fêtes, had brought the beautiful and well-dowered little Pole to the notice of various great ladies with sons to “establish;” and before the child had attained her fifteenth year, matrimonial proposals, of different degrees of importance and advantage, had been made for her.

Among these was the Duc d’Elbeuf, second son of the Comte de Lorraine, Grand Ecuyer of France, and of almost royal blood. This alliance would naturally have gratified the pride of Hélène’s guardian, the Prince Bishop of Wilna, but, influenced by her, he rejected it. Young as she was, she had a secret preference for a suitor far less desirable in position and character. This was the Prince Frédéric de Salm, whom she had met at a child’s party, and whose beauty of person and gayety of manner had captivated her fancy.

The prince, though not yet thirty years of age, was already deeply in debt,

and a libertine of the most pronounced kind. Neither of these facts weighed very seriously in the society of those times; the evil odor which attached to his name arose from a more damaging accusation. He lay under the suspicion of lacking personal courage. There was an ugly story afloat of a duel with one of the king’s officers, when M. de Salm appeared in a cloak which he refused to remove, and under which was concealed a steel cuirass. This fact was not discovered until his opponent, making a rapid pass, encountered the cuirass with his sword; the recoil threw him to the ground, and the seconds had great difficulty in preventing the prince from running him through then and there, before he could recover his footing!

Of all this, however, the little convent-bred heiress could know nothing. She saw in the Prince de Salm only an elegant courtier, the inheritor of a great name, and, what was even more important, a splendid family hôtel on the Quai d’Orsay. Parisian to her finger-tips in all her instincts and desires, a residence in Paris seemed of more consequence to her than the husband who should share it with her; and actuated by this double motive, she worked upon her uncle to reject one suitor after another, in the hope that with time his objections to the one chosen by herself might be overcome.

While she thus objected and temporized, the Prince Charles de Ligne, on

his side, exhibited a similar coldness with regard to the proposed match. His indifference verged on reluctance. Twelve years the senior of Hélène, serious and studious in his tastes, with a passion for art, music, and science, for humanitarian projects and military tactics, there was little to excite his enthusiasm in the prospect of becoming the husband of an untrained and half-educated child of fifteen. His heart was, moreover, filled with the image of another woman, and hints had not been wanting as to Hélène's preferences in the De Salm matter.

"The little person in question," he writes icily to his aunt, "as it seems to me, is rather decided in her views, for so young a girl; and certainly not over-delicate in her tastes, since her liking seems to be for the Prince Frédéric de Salm, with his abominable reputation. I dare say the affair will come to nothing. It appears to take a long time to get an answer out of the uncle."

But the likings or dislikings of boys and girls were insignificant factors of great marriages in the eighteenth century. Notwithstanding the disinclination of the Princess Hélène and the indifference of the younger Prince de Ligne, the negotiations went on. Madame de Pailly came and went, explaining, protesting, promising. Hélène's imagination was skillfully fired by descriptions of the splendor of the château of the De Lignes in the Pays-Bas, of the almost royal state of their residence in Brussels, of the diamonds and the equipages which would be hers; and hints were dropped as to the ease with which the Prince Charles might be persuaded to spend the winters in Paris, where his father was in high favor and a chosen intimate of the queen's coterie. These arguments at last prevailed. The youthful pair gave consent, the prince bishop gave consent, the De Ligne connection were delighted, and on the 25th of May, 1779, the contract of marriage was duly signed at Versailles, in the presence of

Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the assembled court. The Princess Hélène received by way of dowry three palaces and a château in Poland, a number of *terres considérables*, 1,800,000 roubles, and a revenue of 60,000 livres in *rentes*; the prince bishop, furthermore, making himself responsible for all expenses whenever the young couple chose to sojourn in Paris. It is easy to suppose that this last article was dictated and suggested by the bride. The Prince de Ligne, on his part, settled on his son an income of 30,000 livres, which he engaged to double in case children should be born of the marriage; he also undertook to provide a residence for the Prince and Princess Charles, either at the château of Bel Œil or in his palaces at Brussels or Vienna. The future thus secured, the marriage ceremony took place four days after the signing of the contract, at the Abbaye aux Bois; the Duchesses de Choiseul, de Mortemart, de Chatillon, and various other great ladies attending in the capacity of witnesses.

Hélène had previously been allowed one interview with her fiancé, — under decorous surveillance, of course. She kept her eyelashes modestly lowered, but this did not hinder her from sketching his portrait afterward, at full length, for the benefit of her comrades of the convent: "He is fair. His figure is slender. He resembles his mother, who is very handsome and has an aristocratic air; but there is something German about him, which I cannot exactly describe, but which does not quite please me."

Her trousseau was, to her thinking, infinitely more interesting than the bridegroom. It was valued at 100,000 crowns, beside lace, jewels, and a superb *corbeille* presented by the De Lignes. There were certain diamond bracelets and *girandoles*, — the latter enormous earrings, of great value, for wear on state occasions, — on which her mind was intent; and one of her chief anxieties was that they might not arrive from Flanders in time for the



wedding. They came, however; so did Prince Charles, and his father, who fell in love at once with his daughter-in-law, who was "adorably pretty" in her *toilette de mariage*. Her *attitude décente* and *pleine de sensibilité* gave great satisfaction to all her "witnesses." The bride presented each of her companions in the *Classe Rouge* with a pretty trinket, and the prince bishop treated the whole school, even the little Blues, to a magnificent collation "with ices," beside the largesse to each of a charming bag of bonbons. Under these joyous auspices, the newly wedded pair departed, at the conclusion of the ceremony, in a post-chaise with six horses and postilions in pink and silver, and took the road to Brussels at a triple gallop.

A splendid fête at Bel Œil followed their arrival. For a whole day, the peasants on the vast estate, costumed *à la Watteau* as shepherds and shepherdesses, disported themselves on the lawns, amid a brilliant crowd of gentry and nobility. There were music, dancing, puppet shows, a theatre, a vast banquet for everybody, and in the evening an illumination and a display of fireworks. The prince seemed to be greatly pleased with the beauty and precocious talent of his young wife, and his mother writes to her sister-in-law a month after the marriage: "Our new child is charming, sweet, and docile. She seems to have no will of her own, and is pleased with everything. She is, in short, all that we could desire in a daughter, and every one who has met her since she came is delighted."

It is sufficiently amusing to hear Hélène spoken of as possessing "no will of her own." She was, in fact, as her history proves, headstrong and willful to the last degree; "as obstinate as the Pope's mule," her biographer frankly confesses.

It was an oddly assorted family of which she now found herself a member. There was her husband, the eldest son, his brief liking for his inconsequent bride soon cooling into reserve and alienation.

His sister Christine, the Princess Clary, the favorite of her father, who was accustomed to call her his *chef d'œuvre*, was a graceful, gracious creature, full of tact and judgment, who might have been a valuable friend and guide to her young sister-in-law, had it not been for the insistent jealousy of her mother, who felt that she, and she alone, had the right to "form" her son's wife, and would brook no interference.

To be "formed" by the elder Princess de Ligne could scarcely have been an agreeable process. She was a dominant influence in her family, but this was from the rigidity of her morals and the firmness of her will rather than from the attachment she inspired in her husband and children. The Prince de Ligne frankly acknowledged her merits, and treated her always with a charming courtesy. "My wife is an admirable woman," he was accustomed to say; "she is sometimes out of humor, but this quickly passes, drowned in the tears which fill her eyes, and does no harm to any one, because she has an excellent heart."

It was easy for the prince to bear his wife's humors, because, personally, they caused him no inconvenience whatever. He was never long at home, and she was always at her best in his company. It was during his long absences that her sterner qualities exhibited themselves, when, intent on repairing the breaches which his extravagance had made in their fortunes, she put the establishment on the most economical footing, and pared and scraped, to the discomfort of everybody, only to have her amiable prodigal return in due time and resume his favorite pastime of "flinging millions out of the windows." Hélène, who had a born gift as *ménagère*, would gladly have assisted in these thrifty intervals, but her offers of help were resented and dryly refused. Economy *per se* could scarcely be palatable to a pleasure-loving child of sixteen, and, repulsed and wearied by her mother-in-law's stern tute-



lage, she welcomed her spouse and his father back from their long absences as a prisoner welcomes freedom.

It was with her father-in-law that she felt most in sympathy, among these new relatives. Their natures and their tastes were in many ways accordant. The elder Prince de Ligne was one of the most agreeable men of his time. Possessed of great personal beauty, with manners full of grace, a tender and penetrating voice, and that indefinable quality which we call "charm;" gay, entertaining, full of wit, of good nature, he was also a deep thinker, and a close reasoner on men and manners. He was equally a favorite with the court circles of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, with the gentry and peasantry of his own Low Countries, with Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa, and the great Catherine herself; in fact, his influence with the latter lady was so great as to lead to the suspicion that, at one time or another, he may have figured in the list of her innumerable lovers. He was of her company when, in 1784, she made that famous journey to the Crimea which had for its secret object the meeting with the Emperor Joseph of Austria, which later led to the first partition of Poland.

"I felt as if dreaming," writes the Prince de Ligne in one of his brilliant letters, "when I found myself in the depths of an enormous coach big enough for six, — a coach which was a real car of triumph, ornamented with devices in precious stones, and drawn by sixteen Tartar horses, — seated between two personages, the heat of whose august shoulders nearly stifled me, and heard, as in a dream, one say to the other, 'They tell me I have thirty millions of subjects, counting males only,' and the other reply, 'And I have twenty-two millions, all included.' Then they fell to work, disposing, in the course of their conversation, of towns, cities, and even provinces, changing them about without seeming to consider it anything at all, till at last I

said, 'Your Majesties are only putting wretchedness in the place of misery;' whereupon the Emperor replied, addressing the Empress, 'Madame, we are spoiling him. He has not the least respect for either of us.' "

It was during this journey of Catherine's that Potemkin, the then reigning favorite, arranged a series of theatrical effects along the route, by which smiling villages were made to appear at stated intervals, with here and there, at greater distances, towns and even cities, — the latter, erections of painted canvas, — while *figurantes* from the opera, appropriately dressed, played the part of a contented peasantry, living happily among their fields and dancing on the green. The imperial cortège rolled by over the heavy roads, and hey, presto! the village with its cheerful inhabitants was whipped up, hurried over roundabout ways, and set down a few miles farther on, to rejoice the eyes of the deceived Empress, and confirm her opinion that Russia was a land of ideal prosperity, and that statements to the contrary must be held as vexatious and unwarrantable. So easily are the great ones of the earth juggled and befooled by lesser creatures whom they reckon their puppets and tools.

But, delightful as was the Prince de Ligne in imperial and royal circles and the great world of fashion, he was no less so in the bosom of his own family. His infidelities and extravagances were forgotten and condoned the moment he appeared. It was easy to blame during his absence; even his severe wife could find nothing to reproach him with when he was present. His coming animated the household like the breaking out of the sun. The sparkle of his talk, the magic of his good humor, waked every one to joy and laughter. With his arrival, fêtes, balls, amusements of all sorts, recommenced; the dull surface of everyday life shone and scintillated. He professed a preference for Brussels over any

other city, and a passion for living on his estate. "What a beautiful life is mine spent at my beloved Bel Œil!" he would cry rapturously; and twenty-four hours later he would be off full whirl for Paris, Vienna, London, wherever his vagrant fancies led him, to return no more for months.

For Marie Antoinette the Prince de Ligne professed a *vrai culte*. "Who could see her without adoring her?" he wrote, thirty years after her death. But his true culte, the passion of his heart, was for his oldest son Charles, the husband of H  l  ne. His own boyhood had been most unhappy, under the rule of an august, capricious, and unloving father; he avenged himself on past sorrow by lavishing a double measure of tenderness on his own child, together with a romantic admiration which made him more like a lover than a parent. "*Mon brave Charlot,*" "*mon g  nie,*" "*mon excellent ouvrage,*" he calls him; nothing could be more intimate than their relations. There is one charming description of a skirmish between the Prussian and Austrian troops in 1778, when the father and son rode to the charge hand in hand, and the elder said to the younger, "It would be pleasant to be wounded by the same ball, would it not, my boy?" "Charlot is so brave that it is a joy to see him," he writes; and in another place comes this message: "*Embrasse ta m  re pour avoir eu l'esprit de me faire un fils comme toi.*"

It was through the influence of this *volage* father-in-law that the Princess H  l  ne, five years after her marriage, achieved the desire of her heart, a home in Paris. In September, 1784, her husband purchased a handsome h  tel on the Rue Chauss  e d'Antin, and here, two years later, their first and only child was born, a daughter, to whom was given the name Sidonie.

It is needless to say with what delight H  l  ne found herself once more a dweller in her beloved Paris. Many

of her old schoolfellows of the abbaye, who had married into illustrious families, were leaders of the world of fashion; she lost no time in renewing acquaintance, and everywhere was received with effusion. Her beauty and *esprit*, the splendor of her equipages and appointments, her natural coquetry and desire to please, her extravagance, the very levity and inconsequence of her character, exactly fitted her to shine in the glittering court circle of the period. It was never more brilliant or more reckless of expense or consequences. Already the menacing shadows of the Revolution were dimming the outer edges of the brightness, but, heedless of impending fate, the gay crowd fluttered and buzzed, unconscious as a flight of gauzy-winged insects on the brink of a whirlpool.

The lessons inculcated by her mother-in-law, the tastes which her studious husband had set himself to foster, melted as in a moment from the memory of H  l  ne. She spent her days in a whirl of enjoyments, returning home only to dress or sleep, and scarcely ever seeing her husband, who, absorbed in his own pursuits, rarely accompanied her into society. A crowd of admirers surrounded her; she knew how to retain them without distinguishing any one with a compromising preference. The gravity of Prince Charles de Ligne and his literary and artistic tastes seemed to set him widely apart from the world of fops and flatterers in which she lived; they voted him a bore, and she soon learned to regard him as an insignificant person, upon whom occasional raillery, and even ridicule, could be safely lavished.

It was not a pleasant position for a young man of spirit, that of husband to a reigning beauty whose circle regarded him with well-bred contempt; and it is not to be wondered at that his dislike of the Paris *m  nage* increased with every month of their stay. He took advantage of the brief *rapprochement* which followed the birth of their little daughter to

persuade Hélène to return to Bel Œil for the summer, and departed with his father for Russia at the command of the imperious Empress, leaving her there.

A good deal of inevitable friction attended this long summer sojourn. The elder Princess de Ligne had decided views as to the management of infants. Hélène was not suffered to interfere in the smallest particular, and, thwarted and set aside, grew to feel that her child belonged to the De Lignes rather than to herself, and took little interest in it. Nor was the winter more to her taste. The insurrection which had broken out in Flanders made Brussels an unsafe residence, and the entire family removed to the palace in Vienna, where the regiment of Prince Charles happened to be stationed. It had been for years one of the homes of the De Lignes. The Princess Clary and her sisters had grown up there, and all the prettiest women of the court were their early playmates, and as intimate with their brothers as with themselves. Prince Charles probably did not dislike the opportunity of showing his disdainful wife that whereas in Paris he was neglected and undervalued, in Vienna he ranked as a person of consequence; and she, resenting every difference in custom and etiquette between the two courts, and finding that of Austria formal and provincial, made scornful comparisons. There was, beside, the Countess Kinsky.

This beautiful young woman, as fascinating as she was beautiful, had a strange and romantic history. Born Countess Diedrichstein, her parents and those of the Count Kinsky had arranged a union between them while she was still in earliest youth. She saw her bridegroom for the first time when he arrived for the marriage ceremony. At its conclusion, he escorted her courteously to her home, and said, "Madame, we have obeyed our relations. It pains me to leave you, but it is my duty to explain that I have for a long time past

been attached to a lady without whom it would be impossible for me to support life. I am now about to rejoin her." He then kissed her hand, sprang into a post-chaise which stood waiting, and departed at a gallop. She never saw him again.

Left thus in this singular position of being neither maid, wife, nor widow, the young countess developed, under the shadow of her cruel destiny, into one of the chief ornaments of the Austrian court. Of exquisite beauty, with great loveliness of nature and an intellect of more than common strength and cultivation, she combined every quality which would naturally attract and rivet the affections of a man as capable of a strong devotion and as fastidious as the Prince Charles de Ligne. That she was the dominating influence of his life there seems no room to doubt; and no doubt, also, the subtle instinct of Hélène detected the relation. She might not love her husband, but she could easily be jealous of him.

With the spring came the question of return to Bel Œil, which the unquiet state of political affairs in the Netherlands rendered unsafe. Prince Charles departed with his regiment, which was under orders to rejoin its army corps; leaving the question still under discussion. Scarcely had he gone when he received a letter from his wife asking leave to make a visit to Poland, that she and her uncle might have the opportunity to talk over a variety of business affairs. The permission was granted without demur, on the condition that the little Sidonie should be left behind in the care of her grandmother; and early in September Hélène left Vienna for Warsaw, where at that time the prince bishop was living. It was the final parting between the husband and wife, though neither of them had a suspicion of the fact.

Warsaw presented a spectacle of extraordinary splendor. The king and court were there in attendance on the

meeting of the Diet, and the little city was crowded with illustrious and picturesque figures. In dress and equipage the Polish nobility of that day were the most superb in Europe. A half-barbaric splendor distinguished their entertainments. The fantastic customs of ancient chivalry were still to a great degree preserved. At a banquet, it was nothing unusual for a knight to fill his lady's slipper with champagne or tokay, and carry it from one to the other round a glittering circle as a drinking-cup, from which the health of the fair owner was enthusiastically quaffed by all present.

The Princess Charles made her appearance on this dazzling scene preceded by a reputation for beauty and wit which at once lent her vogue, and she was speedily on intimate terms with all who were best worth knowing in the court circle. Enchanted with her liberty, with her native land, she gave herself up to unrestrained enjoyment. She forgot the past, her husband and her child. The Princess Charles de Ligne existed no longer; she was once more *Hélène Massalski*.

The winter flew as on wings. Spring came, summer was at hand; no slightest sign did she give of a desire to return to her home or family. The De Lignes, hurt and angered at her prolonged absence, disdainfully forbore to urge her. Indifferent to their opinions, she came and went, as the sittings and adjournments of the Diet dictated, between Warsaw and her uncle's country-seat at Werky, and asked no better than to have her present existence continue forever.

An influence as sudden as it was powerful had taken possession of her life. She had made the acquaintance of a man who was to rule all her future fate. This was the Count Vincent Potocki, grand chamberlain to the king, great-nephew to Stanislaus Leszczyński, his predecessor, and, as a consequence, cousin-german to Maria Leszczyńska, wife of Louis XV., and former queen of France. To this illustrious descent Count Potocki, who

was at that time thirty-seven years of age, added extraordinary personal attractions. His portrait is thus sketched by his biographer:—

"The Count Vincent was remarkably handsome, distinguished, and elegant, his manners affable and fascinating at the outset; but on a closer view one discovered in him more of subtlety than frankness, more of egotism than devotion, and a great dryness of heart. He lacked firmness in his decisions, and he was easily influenced by his subordinates. His immense fortune, always involved in speculations or risky commercial enterprises, was not nearly as remunerative as he would fain have had the world believe, and this fact often threw him into ill temper."

The grand chamberlain had been twice married. From his first wife, Ursula Zamoyski, he had been promptly divorced, after the easy-going Polish fashion, which at that day regarded such separations as lightly as in some parts of our own country they are regarded now. His second wife, Anna Mycielska, who was passionately devoted to him, had borne him two sons. The younger was but a few weeks old when Count Potocki made *Hélène's* acquaintance, and the countess, detained by the state of her health, was still at their country-place in the Ukraine.

The attraction was mutual, but evidenced in very different ways. Count Vincent's emotions were by no means so violent as to deprive him of reasoning power. *Hélène's* great fortune had its weight with him as well as her charms of person and the flattering preference which she evinced for his society. He understood perfectly how to play upon her impetuous and undisciplined nature: he affected a cautious reserve, a distant admiration, held back as if fearful of compromising her or himself, and by this avoidance stimulated her passion as fuel stimulates flame.

She, for her part, took absolutely no

thought of convention or the opinion of the world. She loved for the first time; loved with the fiery ardor of her youth and her race, and without reserve abandoned herself to the new and powerful emotion. Her one imperative desire was to win full response from the man she loved. For his sake, she altered all her habits, dropped out of society, professed a preference for quiet, and let fall a word now and then as to the evils of modern dissipation and its waste of time! The world, quick to guess at the reasons for this remarkable change, laughed in its sleeve — and out of it; and still the exigent lover kept aloof, told his feelings with his eyes rather than with his tongue, and bewildered Hélène with his coldness and discretion.

It is droll to hear that her disquiet and suspense led her to make a confidante of his first wife, now remarried to the Count de Mniseck. She, delighted at the chance of avenging herself on the rival who had supplanted her, lent her aid to establishing an understanding between her late husband and this new object of his affections. Letters flew to and fro, in which the word *amitié* continually occurred, but never the word *amour*. Little by little the intimacy strengthened. The grand chamberlain became Hélène's business adviser. This led to constant interviews, always conducted, with due regard to propriety, in the presence of secretaries and ladies in waiting; till the day came, as such days always will, when, half by accident, half by design, a private meeting took place, in which the boundary between love and friendship was overstepped, and each made to the other an avowal of attachment. After this, sure of his ground, Count Potocki took on masterful airs. He exacted that Hélène should burn her husband's letters and those of all her early friends; he regulated her visitors and intimacies, and little by little confined her to a narrow circle in which he rejoiced with undisputed authority.

Just at this crisis the Countess Potocka rejoined her husband at Warsaw. Rumors had already reached her, and, with the sharpened perception of jealous love, she at once detected in her husband a change which confirmed her apprehensions. Cut to the heart and wounded in her tenderest affections, she reproached him for his unfaithfulness, and firmly refused to make the acquaintance of her rival.

"It is of no use to argue," she told him. "I cannot and will not receive a woman who, whatever your relations may be, has robbed me of your heart."

In vain the count expostulated, protested, explained. The indignant wife continued inexorable, and the Princess de Ligne, when she presented herself, found the door of the countess closed against her.

Deeply wounded by this affront, Hélène gave way to the natural violence of her temper. She demanded of Count Potocki that he should force his wife to atone for an insult which dishonored her in the eyes of the world. In vain he sought to appease her; she refused to listen, and, after a stormy scene, they parted in anger.

Ardent and undisciplined natures are most subject to swift reactions. Penitence trod closely on the heels of Hélène's wrath. Broken-hearted at the misunderstanding with her lover, she wrote to him next day, in a letter which agitation rendered almost illegible: —

"I am alone in the world. I have alienated all my friends at your command, and broken all my old ties. I had only you left, and yesterday you canceled and took back every expression of affection which you ever uttered to me. How little there is left for me to live for you can easily imagine. Farewell, dear Vincent. Whatever happens, you are the object of my eternal love; of my eternal regret, if indeed we are parted forever.

"If you are quite decided not to see me again, send back my letters, and write at the end of this the one word 'Adieu.'"



This letter, dispatched by a trusty messenger, was returned unopened by the Countess Potocka, with this brief indorsement: "The count left this morning for Niemirow." This news flung Hélène into a tumult of despair. She realized the situation. Her weak and selfish lover had fled, to escape the embarrassments of their equivocal position, leaving her alone and unaided to confront the world and the triumphant malice of the Countess Potocka. But she was not a woman to sit tamely down under such an affront. Madame Potocka little knew the impetuosity of her rival, or she would have thought twice before driving her to extremes. In five minutes Hélène had made up her mind; and with her, to resolve and to act were identical impulses. She ordered a post-chaise, and in half an hour after the return of her note she was on the road to Niemirow, attended by a single maid. The postilions were urged to utmost rapidity; and a few hours after his own arrival on his estates, Count Potocki was startled by the unexpected apparition of his abandoned lady-love.

His sensations were probably tinged with dismay rather than with delight, but her beauty, her emotion, the very indiscretion which evinced the strength of her attachment, combined to complete the conquest of his vacillating affections. His wife, his children, every other duty and claim vanished from his mind; Hélène reigned supreme; and after the first transport of reconciliation had subsided, it was agreed between them that steps should at once be taken to secure a divorce from their respective partners, after which they would be free to marry.

Letters were accordingly dispatched post-haste to the Countess Anna, the Prince Charles de Ligne, and the Prince Bishop of Wilna. In the first, Count Potocki offered his wife the guardianship of her two sons and a considerable settlement, if she would join him in effecting the annulment of their marriage; in the

second, Hélène boldly demanded of her husband her freedom, her fortune, and her daughter; in the third, they united in imploring the intervention of the bishop in securing the accomplishment of their wishes.

It does not seem to have occurred to the writers of these letters that any one could object to their projects. Divorce was an every-day affair in Poland, and what we intensely desire we are apt to consider proper and reasonable. The replies proved unexpectedly disappointing.

"Have you forgotten," wrote the Countess Anna, "that we married because of the strong mutual attraction between us, and not merely because our relatives wished it? Such a union should be eternal; God has set his seal of approval upon ours by giving us children. You may look upon it more lightly, but I shall be faithful to our vows, convinced that not my duty only, but my happiness as well, lies in so doing."

"Have you forgotten how, when our little François was born, you knelt in the next room, praying that God would spare me and our child? You loved me then; look closely into your own soul, and I think you will find that you love me still. My own feeling for you is ineffaceable. I have shown you my heart without disguise; now read your own. A single word will secure my pardon and forgiveness for all; that word I await with the utmost impatience."

Prince Charles de Ligne dryly and formally refused to consent to a divorce or to relinquish the guardianship of his daughter. The elder prince wrote to the Prince Bishop of Wilna as follows:—

"I am persuaded that a woman enslaved by a silly and tyrannical Pole can have no power to influence her guardian, who is the granduncle of Sidonie as well, from paying over the moneys which by right and agreement, and with the full consent of all parties concerned, were reserved for lifting the mortgages on the estates in Galicia. She neither can have



nor ought to have any control over such property so long as she is living under the influence of a man who is openly managing her affairs to the detriment of her daughter and rightful heiress.

"As I am firmly persuaded that should the Princess Charles marry Count Potocki she would be far more wretched than she is now, I, as well as her husband, utterly refuse to consent to a divorce.

"The diamonds and other property of the princess shall at once be sent after her, and she is requested to forward to Pradel the various engravings and drawings belonging to the Prince Charles which are in her possession."

Many articles of value belonging to Hélène had been left behind, at the hurried departure of the family from Brussels, three years previously, and some debts had been left unpaid, from the difficulty of calling in the bills at such short notice. Madame de Ligne took advantage of this circumstance to address to her daughter-in-law the following bitter and insulting letter : —

BRUSSELS, *February 24, 1791.*

Your husband has written me, madame, that it is his desire that all the property belonging to you in this house should be forwarded to Poland, with the exception of some of the books. I was on the point of complying with his wishes, when your creditors, getting wind of my intentions, put in an objection. Not being able, as they state, to get any reply from you to the letters they have written, they very naturally object to the removal of the articles which serve as their sole security. It is only out of respect for me, and because I have pledged myself to write to you on the subject, that they have consented to be patient a little longer, till sufficient time has elapsed for you to receive this letter and return an answer.

I must therefore request, madame, that if you wish to save yourself from the scandal of having your effects sold

at public auction, you will at once forward an order on the bank, so that by the first of April I may be in a position to satisfy these claims. The bills that have been sent in, together with others of which I have knowledge, amount to 5000 florins of our money. As I do not propose to remain in Brussels later than the 15th of April, I hereby give you notice that if by the first of that month I have not received money from you, I shall send your belongings to be sold for whatever they will bring, for the satisfaction of your creditors, after which I shall concern myself no longer with your affairs.

The prince bishop's reply was dry and evasive. He answered, through his secretary, that the matter required consideration, and he could take no decided step till he had thought it over.

These letters left Hélène in a painful position. She was living at Niemirow, in a small château belonging to Count Potocki, which bordered on the larger estate of Kowalowka, where his sons with their attendants were domiciled. To save appearances so far as was possible, he had left the place pending the result of their applications, so the blow fell upon her when she was quite alone. With the easy optimism which was part of her character, she had persuaded herself that all would go well; now she saw herself discredited with her relations, compromised in the eyes of the world, whose sympathies were with the Countess Anna, and, in spite of her large income, pinched for money. She had never for a moment entertained the idea of becoming the mistress of Count Potocki, but having, under a rash impulse, placed herself in opposition to conventional law, she now felt its sting. She had burned her bridges; she could not return to her old life; all her hope lay in the loyalty and fidelity of the man for whom she had sacrificed so much, and on these, as she instinctively felt, she could not rely. She knew that his affection would not

stand the strain of adverse circumstances and threatened disgrace, and his coldness and changed manner during his brief visits confirmed her fears. The climax of her misfortune seemed to be reached when the count fell ill of a putrid fever, and for three months lay between life and death at Kowalowka, — close to her, but inaccessible; for she only ventured to penetrate to his sick-room disguised and at long intervals, to assure herself that he was properly cared for by the nurses who had him in charge. It was truly a terrible time, and she had not a single friend at hand to help her to endure it.

Count Potocki recovered at last, and, after a tedious convalescence, departed for Galicia. His shallow heart had been touched by Hélène's devotion and solicitude, and he went away renewing his vows of fidelity, and swearing to leave no stone unturned toward the accomplishment of the coveted divorce. His promises tranquilized her, but a heavy sadness hung over her spirits which nothing seemed able to dissipate. It was exactly at this moment of depression, when hope was at its lowest ebb, that, in the twinkling of an eye, all the circumstances of her life were changed and every impediment to happiness was removed. She received news of the death of her husband.

The Prince Charles de Ligne had been struck by a ball, and instantly killed, in an engagement between the French and Austrian forces on September 14, 1792. His brilliant military courage had won him distinction, and to every one but his wife his loss was a cause of profound regret. To her it brought nothing but the sense of joyful deliverance. Not an impulse of pity or sorrow dampened her delight.

"I am free!" she wrote exultantly to the grand chamberlain. "It is the divine will. *That cannon was loaded from all eternity.*" The last sentence is a quotation from Madame de Sévigné.

Naturally, the blow fell most heavily on the heart of the bereaved father. Years

afterward, in alluding to the loss of almost his entire fortune, he said, "When the soul has once been crushed by the death of what it holds most dear, it can defy the storms of Fate. Persecution, injustice, ruined fortune, — all, all seem insignificant."

Prince Charles de Ligne left a will, in which he ordered that his heart should be buried separately from his body, and wrapped in a handkerchief which had been used by "her whom I love, and who during my life has possessed all my heart. I beg of her goodness that she will embroider in my hair on the handkerchief, upon the first corner the word 'Alona,' on the second 'Tendresse Délicieuse,' on the third 'Indissoluble,' and on the fourth 'From the 21st of May, 1787, to —,' the date of my death, whatever it may be." He requested that the portraits of his intimate friends should be hung together in a tower at Bel Œil, with his bust in the middle, "*the face turned toward the portrait of Madame de Kinsky,*" and that over the door should be inscribed these words, "Chambre des Indissolubles." To Madame de Kinsky, also, he bequeathed his favorite dog, "who has been to me what I have been to her, a good dog and always faithful." Eighty thousand florins were left to a child frankly designated as "*ma fille bâtarde, Christine,*" of whom he made his sister, the Princess Clary, the personal guardian. There was no mention of his wife in the will, except in one bitter sentence when devising to his daughter Sidonie her mother's portrait, "with the proviso that she shall take pains in no respect to imitate or resemble her." It was the Countess Kinsky who placed in the coffin the handkerchief with the four embroidered corners, "*pour lui obéir autant que possible.*"

"As if death had received from heaven the cruel mission of removing all obstacles to Hélène's wishes," the loss of Prince Charles was almost immediately followed by that of the younger son of

the Countess Anna, who died at Kowalowka of a malignant sore throat, and so suddenly that she could not be summoned to take leave of him. Almost at the same moment Hélène received tidings of the death of her brother, the Prince Xavier Massalski, which left her heiress of another enormous fortune. The impediments to her marriage, which had seemed so insurmountable, melted in a moment into thin air. The Countess Anna, heart-broken at the loss of her child, withdrew all objections to the divorce, stipulating only that she should have the guardianship of the older boy, and that the marriage should be formally annulled by the papal court at Rome. This last clause involved a considerable delay, and it is not impossible that the countess hoped that with time the vagrant heart of her spouse might swing back to its original allegiance.

Hélène made haste to apprise her uncle of the happy change in her fortunes. That easy-going prelate was persuaded without difficulty to see that Count Potocki living could be made infinitely more useful by way of a nephew than Prince Charles de Ligne dead. He accordingly withdrew all opposition to the match, and invited his niece to join him at Werky, his country-seat, where he was then residing, and await under his protection the papal authorization needed for the legalization of her second marriage. Three months later, he was further persuaded by the impatient lovers to allow of its immediate celebration without waiting longer to hear from Rome, an irregularity for which his niece and her husband were to suffer heavily in later years. The ceremony took place at midnight, in the chapel of the Bernardine convent, in the neighborhood of Werky.

As Hélène entered the church, she experienced a strange and sudden emotion of fear and anguish. Sinking upon her knees, she remained for some moments motionless, with her eyes fixed on the ground. The count offered his hand

to raise her; she recoiled from him with a look of terror. A fearful hallucination had taken possession of her mind. Three dark biers seemed to shape themselves, over which she must pass on her way to the altar. Terrified by her paleness and the expression of her eyes, Count Potocki asked in a low tone what was the matter. At the sound of his voice the vision fled; she rose, firmly mounted the three steps of black marble which had simulated the sinister shapes of her dream, and the ceremony proceeded. At its close the newly married couple returned to Werky, and in the bliss of their long-deferred union that momentary anguish was speedily forgotten.

After a prolonged stay in Lithuania the Count and Countess Potocki went back to the Ukraine, and Hélène was triumphantly installed mistress of Kowalowka, upon whose outskirts she had passed the most humiliating months of her life, — disregarded, unhappy, and alone. The sorrows of the past were forgotten, and, tenderly and joyously, she wrote her husband, absent from her for a few days: —

“To-morrow I hope to see you, and to find you exactly the same as when you left me; for there is no smallest particular in which I would have you changed. Mind, temper, talents, faults even, are exactly pleasing to me. If you were to become more perfect, you would no longer be the Vincent for whom I have committed so many follies, — follies which would seem unpardonable, except for the merciful Heaven which has taken pity upon us, and out of all folly has brought forth wisdom.”

So privately had the marriage been celebrated, and so slowly did news travel to a distance in those days, that it was not till the following year, and after the birth of a son to Hélène and her husband, that the Countess Anna, who was living with her child in Paris, was apprised of it. The decree of divorce not having been sent her for signature, she supposed matters to have remained *in*

*statu quo*, and her resentment on learning the true state of affairs found vent in the following letter to the Prince Bishop of Wilna: —

“I learn, Monseigneur, that the count my husband is living publicly at Kowalowka with the Princess de Ligne, who has assumed the name of the Countess Potocka. As the act annulling my marriage has neither been signed by me nor approved by the court of Rome, I leave at once for Warsaw, to take steps to break up this illegal union; and henceforward I refuse all consent to a divorce.”

This letter fell like a bombshell in the midst of all parties concerned. The bishop, absorbed in the political agitations of the period, had suffered the informalities attending his niece's marriage to escape his mind. She and her husband had been equally careless of the matter. A large sum was needed to secure the action of the papal court, and this it had not been convenient to pay, their extravagant way of living and the grand chamberlain's passion for play keeping them always short of ready money. Delighted with her husband and child, busy in the beautification of her new home, Hélène had lived unthinkingly on in a state of supreme content, when suddenly, like a flash of lightning which reveals a lurid abyss, came her uncle's letter, full of fury and reproach at their unpardonable and immoral neglect of so vital a matter. The bishop did not hesitate to accuse Count Potocki of having deliberately deferred the legalization of the marriage, because he preferred to enjoy his wife's revenues without the burden of a lawful tie, and he concluded by renouncing all further concern with his niece and her affairs.

To a dispassionate observer it would seem equally culpable in a guardian and church dignitary to promote a union not strictly in accordance with law, use his personal influence to persuade a somewhat reluctant priest to perform the ceremony, and later forget to inquire whether the formalities essential to its legalization

had or had not been complied with. But this mixture of *insouciance* and violence was in accordance with the character of the prince bishop, — a character blent of contradictory qualities: good humor and unreason, strength and weakness, all easy indulgence at one moment, stern and unjust the next, disposed always to throw on others the blame which rightfully he should have shared.

Months of anxiety and miserable uncertainty followed the receipt of these letters. It was not till the close of the following year, and after the birth of a second son to Hélène, that the Countess Anna was persuaded to withdraw her opposition to the divorce. Meanwhile, terrible events had occurred in Poland. An insurrection against the yoke of Russia had broken out; for many weeks the insurgents held possession of Warsaw. The prince bishop, together with many nobles of the Russian party, was thrown into prison, and on the 28th of June, 1794, the mob, “desirous of emulating the horrors of Paris,” broke in, and with savage cruelty put to death every prisoner in the place, the bishop among them. In him Hélène lost her nearest relation and most powerful friend.

The defeat of the patriots under Kosciusko followed, and the final partition of Poland between Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Lithuania fell to the share of the Czarina, and her first step was to sequester the estates of all the Polish nobility. As the Bishop of Wilna had perished because of his adherence to the Russian cause, justice would seem to dictate that his property should be exempted from confiscation, but other influences were at work. The Prince de Ligne had written to the Empress, begging her intervention in behalf of his granddaughter Sidonie, who, as he stated, was in danger of being despoiled of her rightful share in the inheritance of her granduncle by reason of the greed of her mother's second husband. The Czarina, therefore, took possession of the effects of the prince

bishop, to hold them, as it were, in trust for the benefit of Sidonie, then nine years of age.

While this matter was still in abeyance, the Countess Potocka gave birth to her third and last child, a daughter, who died at the end of six weeks. Following this loss came a fresh stroke of misfortune. The implacable Countess Anna put in a claim to the effect that as the birth of the two elder children antedated by many months the decree of divorce, they must be held as illegitimate and incapable of inheriting property; thus leaving her own son, the young Count François, sole heir to the estates of his father.

The only hope of evading this claim, which was based on a strict construction of the law, lay in the mercy of the Empress Catherine, who had it in her power to change the act of annulment to the date of application before the marriage, and thus restore a legal status to the children. Count Potocki hastened to St. Petersburg to implore the help of the all-powerful Czarina. Many long and tedious weeks of delay were necessary to obtain a hearing, with much bribery, petitioning, and pulling of wires; but in the end the Empress, who seems to have acted in the matter with unusual impartiality and kindness, granted his request. After looking carefully into the matter, and satisfying herself as to the exact truth of the counter-statements, she redated the decree of divorce, thus relieving Hélène of her cruel and ambiguous position, and securing the legitimacy of her sons, while at the same time she guarded the rights of the other children, and insisted upon a generous provision for the little François and the Princess Sidonie. Money matters were more stringent than ever with the count and countess thenceforward, but for the moment that seemed a matter of insignificance, as, embracing her babies with tears of joy, Hélène gayly cried, "At last you are true Potockis, though it has cost us dear to make you so."

Three weeks after the departure of the

grand chamberlain from St. Petersburg, the Empress died suddenly of an apoplectic seizure. He had achieved his mission just in time.

Three tranquil years followed, the best of Hélène's life. Happy with the husband who, with all his faults, was to her the ideal of human perfection, and with the children whom she adored, she played with infinite enjoyment and grace the part of châtelaine in her beautiful Ukraine home. The French Revolution had filled Poland with *émigrés* of high rank, and among those in the neighborhood of Kowalowka were a number of old friends: the Marquis de Mirabeau, the Prince Valentin Esterhazy, the Count and Countess d'Aragon, and the Countess Diane de Polignac, with her brothers and their children. To all these the Countess Potocka extended a generous hospitality. For the Marquis de Baden and his family, who had fled from their burning château in a state of complete destitution, she did more; for she received them as inmates of her family, on a visit which lasted for years, — a kindness which did the more honor to her heart since it would seem to be their misfortunes rather than their personal attractions which commended them to her; the marquis being a dry, formal little gentleman, and his wife and daughters suspicious, difficult of temper, and disposed to be quarrelsome.

This interval of serenity had a sudden and terrible interruption. In March, 1797, the little Vincent, Hélène's second son, died, after a brief illness, of malignant sore throat; and two years later his brother followed him, victim of the same dread disease, to which the name of diphtheria had not yet been given. Hélène's anguish at this double bereavement nearly cost her her life. At the burial of the second boy, as she stood by the side of the tomb in which already two of her children reposed, and saw the little coffin of the third lowered into it, recollection of the dark vision of her marriage



night swept over her. "Three! There are really three!" she exclaimed, with a piercing cry, and fell to the ground, insensible.

It was long before her despair gave place to melancholy resignation, which disguised itself in cheerfulness only when she was in the presence of her husband. No other child came to them, and as time wore on the complications and perplexities of their entangled affairs pressed upon them more and more heavily. In the year 1800 Count Potocki made a second journey to Russia, to petition the Emperor Paul for relief from the exactions and confiscations which threatened the loss of nearly their entire fortune. Hélène remained behind, the prey to apprehensions of various kinds, among which jealousy predominated. She distrusted her husband as much as she adored him; all the fine phrases and protestations with which his letters were filled could not disguise from her his preoccupations and infidelities, and she was never easy when he was out of her sight. She busied herself with the estate and with trying to bring order out of their mismanaged affairs, but it was a hopeless task. Matters were in desperate confusion. The serfs of Kowalowka were ground down to the extreme of penury by an iron-heeled intendant. She could do little to alleviate the suffering which she saw about her.

She tells a pathetic story, in one of her letters, of a peasant whom she found cast despairingly down on the earth beside his dying ox. When she asked why he did not detach the animal and get it home, he explained that this was the one day of the week when he was suffered to work for himself; all the others belonged to the count; if he lost this, he and his family must die of hunger.

"I have given orders," she adds, "that no one shall be forced to labor for us more than three days out of the six; and as I cannot see all the people myself, I have asked them to choose two of the most reasonable among them who

shall come every Saturday and tell me of any complaints which should rightfully be made." She speaks of peasants cruelly beaten by the sub-intendant, and of her interference in their behalf. "I am told that they all bless me," she says; and indeed her management of the estate shows equal benevolence of heart and capacity for business.

An accent of bitterness betrays itself occasionally. "I only ask and desire to be your head servant, to obey and carry out your wishes," she writes, "but I will not endure that any one else in your employment shall boast an authority superior to mine. If I make mistakes, very well; whether I do or not will soon be seen; at all events, I am not likely to leave matters worse than I found them."

Count Potocki's mission to St. Petersburg proved altogether fruitless. His insight into human nature was not profound, and he had little idea of diplomacy or finesse; in addition he was indolent and pleasure-loving, and when rebuffed found it easier to let the matter drop, and turn to something more agreeable, than to persist firmly in an unwelcome solicitation. Such trifling methods availed little at the Russian court in the first year of our century, and after some months of idling and drifting he summoned to his aid his far cleverer wife. She joined him at St. Petersburg in September.

From the notes which she kept from day to day we can get an idea of the remarkable confusion of the time. The increasing insanity of the Emperor Paul was manifesting itself in a series of "accentuated follies" which kept every Russian subject, and in especial every resident of the capital, in daily terror for his life and liberty. Extraordinary ukases daily appeared; were daily revoked, altered, reissued. No one could follow the strange mutations of the law and be sure whether or not he was offending against it. One morning, the wearing of frock-coats, waistcoats, and



trousers was prohibited, and all mankind was commanded to appear in uniform, with breeches and high top-boots *à la postillon*. Another time, it was round hats that were interdicted. Later, the Emperor forbade the Academy of Sciences to employ the word "revolution" when speaking of the movements of the heavenly bodies! Next, the actors of the theatre were ordered to use the word "permission," instead of the word "liberty," in the phrasing of their handbills. All tri-colored stuffs and ribbons were strictly proscribed. Two newspapers which had ventured on a veiled allusion to a recent attempt to assassinate the king of England were suppressed, and various persons who had discussed the news were arrested, closely questioned, and subjected to several days' imprisonment. Persons desirous of quitting St. Petersburg for any absence, long or short, were commanded to report their intention a fortnight beforehand, that the Czar might have time to consent to or forbid the journey. A strict ordinance made it obligatory for all persons, of whatever age or sex, or whatever the state of the weather, to leave their carriages whenever that of the Czar appeared, and stand humbly by the roadside till he had passed. Every day, invalids, aged persons, delicate women, were to be seen shivering on the snowy *pave*, while the all-powerful autocrat rolled past; and the situation was complicated from the fact that the Emperor elected to go out in all manner of disguises and in every sort of vehicle, so that to recognize him in time was almost impossible; notwithstanding which, infractions of the rule were punished in the most merciless manner with the knout or Siberia. Meeting an Englishman one day who did not take off his hat to him, the Emperor angrily demanded the reason. He was told that the man was so shortsighted that he had failed to recognize his Majesty. Paul thereupon issued a decree ordering the Englishman to wear spectacles for the rest of his life. Years

afterward, the Duke of Wellington had the privilege of seeing this curious state document.

It was a veritable Reign of Terror. A gloom that could be felt rested upon the capital. Every one trembled for himself and all belonging to him. Even the Empress and the grand dukes were not exempt from the consequences of these edicts; in fact, the half-crazed Emperor was on the point of sentencing all the members of his own family to imprisonment, when, on the 23d of March, 1801, the saving catastrophe occurred in the assassination of the Czar. All St. Petersburg drew a long breath of relief; there was but one feeling, that of escape from imminent danger, and a veiled rejoicing which every one shared, though no one ventured openly to express it.

The new Emperor, Alexander, had always shown a warm sympathy for the persecuted Poles, and was disposed, so far as was possible, to stand their friend. Thanks to this clement disposition and to the tact and grace of *Hélène*, who influenced the negotiations far more than did her husband, the Potockis succeeded in their suits. *Kowalowka* could not be reclaimed; it was too deeply burdened with debts; but the estates in Lithuania were relieved from sequestration. After some months of travel, the count and countess established themselves at *Brody*, in Galicia, an estate smaller in extent than *Kowalowka*, but warmer, sheltered in situation, and infinitely more comfortable.

The next two years were passed in rather a dull round of employments and amusements; the chief variety in *Hélène's* lonely and somewhat sombre life being the periodic attacks of fierce jealousy which the inconstancy of her husband provoked. In 1803, her anger and suffering on account of a certain *Mademoiselle Karwoska* were so great that she actually resolved on separating herself from Count Potocki, and set out for Germany to join her friend the Princess Ja-

blonowska. Here a singular encounter took place. She met her former father-in-law, the Prince de Ligne, and through his advice and influence was induced to return to her husband.

He pointed out to her that the only possible justification for her conduct lay in the profound and passionate strength of her attachment to Count Potocki. If she now abandoned him, she must evermore seem in the eyes of the world a mere vulgar coquette, the slave of fragile and temporary caprices. He spoke also of her daughter Sidonie, describing the grace and sweetness of her early maidenhood, and the tender affection and respect with which she had been trained to regard her mother, whose history had been carefully concealed from her. An adept in the springs and intricacies of human nature, the Prince de Ligne perfectly understood the character of his late *belle-fille*, its fervor, its impetuosity, its latent capacities for generosity, and in his gravely-kind, sweet-toned argument he played on her impulses as upon an instrument. H  l  ne was touched to the heart by a tenderness so little expected or deserved. With torrents of tears she consented to all that he required, and at once set out on her return to her husband. He, for his part, had passed some days of anxiety, but, understanding her nature quite as well as did the Prince de Ligne, was not unprepared for the sudden reaction which brought her back to him, and was only too ready to welcome and pardon. A reconciliation followed, which lasted for a few happy days, after which misunderstandings began again.

The tenderness then newly awakened in her mind for her only living child increased as time went on, and correspondence brought them nearer to each other. It opened her eyes to the injustice of which she had been guilty in placing her fortune so completely in the power of Count Potocki. At his death it would revert to his son, leaving Sidonie unprovided for. Long meditation over this

matter led to a singular resolution. In 1806 she proposed to Count Potocki that a match should be made between his son and her daughter, by which the estates should be united, and all difficulties as to inheritance amicably settled.

It was a strange proposal, and, stranger still, all parties concerned were gradually inclined to agree to it. A year later the marriage actually took place at Teplitz, September 8, 1807. The young people were well pleased with each other, and from the very outset the union was harmonious and peaceful. The embarrassment of a meeting between the respective mothers of the bride and the bridegroom was alleviated by the tact and self-control of H  l  ne, who announced herself too unwell to be present at the marriage ceremony. She sent her daughter a superb *parure* of diamonds and pearls, and a few weeks after the marriage had the joy of folding in her arms the child whom she had last seen as an infant a year old.

Their meeting took place in Paris. A year previously, having made an advantageous sale of part of their Polish property, the Count and Countess Potocki had purchased an *h  tel* in the Rue Caumartin, and removed their residence thither. They maintained an almost royal state: the furniture of the house was valued at nearly a million of francs, an army of servants waited on their will, their *chef* was one of the most celebrated of the day, and three times a week they gave a splendid dinner to ten or twelve persons, followed by a reception. It is amusing to note that these *recherch  * banquets took place at five P. M., the fashionable dining hour of the period; and H  l  ne notes as an evidence of the sparkle and wit of the conversation, which made all present oblivious of the flight of time, that her guests sometimes remained as late as eleven o'clock at night!

It is not difficult to understand the constant money difficulties of the Potockis when we read the details of their

extravagant manner of living. In going from Poland to Paris they traveled separately, giving each other rendezvous at this point or that; because each necessarily journeyed with so large a suite that to unite them taxed the resources of the road too heavily. The count was accompanied by four secretaries, two intendants, a physician, two *valets de place*, and four lackeys, beside a couple of private postilions who rode with those provided by the posting service. He was preceded by a courier, who went ahead to secure and prepare his lodgings for the night. Four large carriages were needed to convey this train of attendants, beside an immense *fourgon* for the baggage: and all this that one inconsiderable Polish gentleman, not traveling in a public capacity, should make in comfort a three weeks' slow journey on wheels!

Sidonie was as much enchanted with her mother as her mother was with her. In her lonely childhood, presided over by the stern Princess de Ligne, the girl had dreamed dreams about this beautiful unknown parent, whose picture she possessed, and from whom came occasional perfumed letters and gifts. She had always "longed to have a mother like other girls," and their meeting was full of happy emotions. Hélène pressed her child to her heart, wept over her, pulled out her comb to let her long fair hair fall over her shoulders, turned her from side to side, crying in a voice suffocated by sobs, "It is such a long time, — such a long time!" Sidonie, on her part, submitted with the sweetest grace to this inspection, saying between tears and laughter, "Now, mamma, it is your part to make me over into your own daughter. You must help me to learn all that you find wanting in me."

The rooms were heaped with *cartons* containing gifts for the bride from her delighted mother: feathers, flowers, ribbons, fans, cashmere shawls, trinkets in coral, in amber, in shell, and a quantity

of beautiful gowns, both for state occasions and for daily use. With the glee of a child, Sidonie ran from one room to another, her young husband following, charmed with her pleasure. Count François easily fell under the spell of his fascinating mother-in-law, she learned to love him, and the affection and devotion of these dear children became from that time forward the chief happiness of her life.

The even tenor of her existence, with her beloved daughter at hand, was broken only when Count Potocki returned, as he often did, to Poland, leaving her behind in Paris. His absences were often inexplicably long, and anonymous letters apprised her of the fact that he was still under the spell of "the Karwoska." More than once, in a frantic paroxysm of jealousy, Hélène departed for Poland at a gallop, with but a single hour of preparation, intent on surprising her prodigal in the midst of his sins; but somehow he and "the Karwoska" were more alert than she was, and she never quite attained the confirmation of her suspicions. Her physicians considered that these frantic journeys shortened her life.

In the year 1810, at a ball given in Paris by the Duke of Saxe Weimar, Count Potocki had the extraordinary experience of meeting, in the same room and at the same time, all his wives, past and present: the Maréchale de Mniseck with her husband, the Countess Anna, and Hélène. He bore himself under these untoward circumstances with the greatest ease, saluted each lady courteously, and betrayed no embarrassment of manner; but Hélène was so discomposed by the *contretemps* that she escaped from the fête as soon as possible, and could not be persuaded to go out again so long as her predecessors remained in Paris.

She died on the 30th of October, 1815, at the age of fifty-two, in the arms of the child whom for so many years she had abandoned and forgotten, and during the absence of the husband whom she

so passionately loved. His grief was extreme. "She is dead, and all my happiness has perished with her," he writes. Nevertheless, a few years later, we hear of him as the suitor of his divorced wife, the Countess Anna, who signs the letter accepting his offer, "Your wife in the past, and your wife in the future." Only the death of the count prevented this singular second union!

Another extract, "even more stupefying," concludes the narrative. It is taken from the registers of the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise.

"Hélène Massalski, wife of Potocki, in the second row to the right of the tomb of Marshal Ney, 44th division: in-

terred temporarily for five years the 2d of November, 1815; removed the 21st of March, 1840, to the *fosse commune*, where she remains."

So all that life could give to our little fairy princess, born under such brilliant auguries, dowered with so many gifts, the spoiled pet of the Abbaye aux Bois, the favorite pupil of Madame de Rochecouart, was a few years of checkered splendor, a love always uneasy and often thwarted and betrayed, and in the end a nameless and forgotten grave.

"La vie est brève :  
Un peu d'espoir,  
Un peu de rêve,  
Et puis — bon soir."

Susan Coolidge.

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## THE ARCTIC.

Is it a shroud or bridal veil  
That hides it from our sight,  
The lonely sepulchre of Day,  
Or banquet-hall of Night?

Are those the lights of revelry  
That glimmer o'er the deep,  
Or flashes of a funeral pyre  
Above the corpse of Sleep?

Beyond those peaks impregnable  
Of everlasting snow,  
One star — a steadfast beacon — burns,  
To guard the coast below,

Whence come the ghostly galleons  
The pirate Sun to brave,  
And furl the shadowy flag of Death  
Above a warmer grave.

John B. Tabb.

## AN ARCHITECT'S VACATION.

## III.

## THE VENETIAN DAY.

WHEN we open our blinds in the early morning, a gray fog envelops all Venice. We can just see the gondoliers, at the boat-landing beneath us, burnishing with laborious care the steel prows and the brass sea-horses that deck their craft. But little by little the fog grows transparent, and the two pale domes of St. Mary of Safety, shimmering with the tints of an opal in the early sunlight, define themselves on the pale blue sky. The Venetian day has begun.

If any single building in Venice is conspicuous not only as a beautiful, but as a characteristic and unique landmark, it is this white-domed church. Many neighboring cities possess towers that resemble those of Venice. In fact, there are one or two others here in Venice that are so confusingly like the great Campanile that we cannot reckon its towering mass as peculiar to Venice alone. St. Mark's Church is too hidden to be a prominent landmark in a general view, and the Ducal Palace is too simple in outline to count by itself as a noticeable feature from a distance. But from every side of approach the coupled domes of Santa Maria della Salute nobly mark the entrance to the Grand Canal. It is not often that such signal success awaits the architect who conceives a general scheme so unusual and so fantastic. Still more rarely does this happen when he is bound by the dogmas and proportions of classic orders. It is true, one does not find here extreme purity of detail, yet whether seen on the canal side, where, reached by a beautiful flight of steps, the church rises above a deserted little piazza, or from the side of the Giudecca, where its domes and twin towers soar above a green grove of

trees, it forms a wonderful and successful composition; and its general mass is perhaps the most beautiful that any Renaissance church can offer.

Besides, as is fitting in Venice, its white walls rise visibly from the sea, and its pearly domes are reflected upon a mile or two of green waters. Venice would doubtless be beautiful if it did not thus front upon and mirror itself in these broad expanses of shining sea; but what an added charm this gives to it! We go to Venice, perhaps, thinking to study architecture, and the sparkling lagoon with its craft and sea life quite entices us away from buildings. With a fresh breeze we leave the Riva, and gradually the city grows distant, and, hanging between sea and sky, fades away into such opalescent and translucent hues as its glass-workers have caught and imprisoned in their handiwork of beaker and vase. The green waters are flecked with whitecaps. Fishing *burghios*, with dragnets spread and sails half raised, drift broadside with the wind. Up through the winding channel, that is marked by long lines of piles, come huge *trabaccoli* with bellying sails banded and starred with red and yellow. Very handily do these great boats tack and sail to windward. Both they and the *bragozzi* of Chioggia are boxlike, flat-bottomed structures, with no centre or weather boards; and the secret of their power lies in the great rudder which goes far below the boat's bottom, and forms a most effective centre-board that can be raised in shallow waters. Their rounded bows end in extraordinary curves, and on each side of the bow is carved and painted an immense eye. "What are they for?" we ask of the gondolier. "You would not look right, signori," says he, "without eyes, and my gondola would look queer without its steel prow;" and in like man-

ner, and because it always has thus been adorned, the trabaccolo must have its useless eyes, and has had them since Greeks rowed from Athens to Syracuse, or Romans cruised off the Carthaginian shore.

A wealth of color, orange, or red, or brown, or pale blue, is given to the views of the lagoon by the sails of all these craft. We see them in every variety, as the fishing-boats cruise outside of Chioggia and along the coast by Rimini and Ancona. When the fishermen come to Venice very early on Sunday morning to mass, and to market, their boats, draped with loose-hanging sails and drying nets, are moored in picturesque masses along the Riva and against the wooded banks of the Public Gardens. They look like a row of brilliant butterflies sunning their outspread wings. One sail bears on its glowing surface a huge Madonna, another a flying horse, and still others crosses, circles, and bands, all broadly sponged by rude hands upon the canvas. The forecastle, also, is adorned with sacred paintings and carvings, and an angel is painted on either side of the stern. A handsome crew, looking and talking like pirates and cut-throats, are thus surrounded by holy pictures and images. Each sailor wears an amulet around his neck, and at the mast-head swings a tangled flag-vanè decked with pious emblems and surmounted by the cross.

When we leave the broad and silvery stretches of the lagoon, how green and silent are the shallow, smooth waters as the gondola glides by the white dome and turrets of the church at the Campo Santo, or through the dull canals of Murano, amid heavy-laden barges and by deserted houses! By such ways we come to where the lonely tower of Torcello keeps watch over wide expanses of flat and marsh. Remembering that we are architects, we hastily look at the Byzantine capitals and ambones in the chill death-stricken church, and come back, shuddering at the damp and the cold, to find the azure sky, the fresh greensward,

the distant snow-clad Alps, and the far-stretching luminous waters of the lagoon more beautiful and enchanting than ever.

A huge chimney on the outside of one house on the canal attracts us. We land, and a whole family welcomes us to a table where steaming *polenta* is served for the midday meal. This huge chimney, like many another at Burano and Chioggia, serves a fireplace large enough to have windows in it and a seat all around the hearth. One can walk all about in these fireplaces, and they make one think of winter evenings and northern climes. But after all, an architect hardly comes to Venice to study such cosy nooks, and it would seem as if even the enticing green lagoon should not call him away from such a city of palaces. In fact, sooner or later, the palaces do assert their right to admiration. One is then most forcibly struck with their essentially modern character. Whether Gothic or Renaissance, the palace façades are free and open, with rows of windows and airy galleries, — truly modern fronts. It was an original and clever notion of the Gothic palace builders to frame in their great masses of windows with broad bands enriched with dog-tooth or carving. Colored materials also lend to the Gothic palaces their charms, and serpentine and porphyry toned by the hand of time enliven these gracious buildings with their soft hues. Cusp and arch and balcony and trefoil and cornice assume elegant curves. There is no rudeness or coarse picturesqueness, such as often characterizes northern Gothic work. A front like that of Desdemona's house would not look rough or uncouth, nor out of keeping with modern life, in any modern city. It is the northern Gothic detail become polished and refined and modern. No wonder that when the English Gothic revival was at its height, thirty years ago, its disciples drew inspiration from Venice. Without such help, they found it a difficult problem to turn an English or French mediæval façade,



with great wall surfaces and a few pointed windows, into a modern front, where the essential thing is to permit floods of light to penetrate a deep building.

As we float down the Grand Canal, we pass one by one the great Renaissance palaces, and we are again struck, as in the case of the Gothic palaces, not only with their grandeur, but with their modern character. In designing great buildings to-day, much help may be gained by studying these rich, well-lighted, stately fronts. But to any one who has been studying Renaissance detail at Urbino or Rome, or among the tombs of Florence, or who cares for the work of Donatello and Mino da Fiesole, the carving on this Renaissance work in Venice, beautiful though it be, is yet a disappointment. We can say this, even remembering the dainty work that covers the church of the Miracoli. It may be the material in which it is wrought, or it may be the touch of the workman, but, despite its amount and richness, there is something hard and mechanical about the Venetian Renaissance carving, and it falls far short of the Florentine and Roman standard. Perhaps, as the architecture of Venice is so largely one of incrustation and of applied and inlaid marbles, we unconsciously miss the serious solid stonework of Florence and Rome, or the rugged qualities of the terra cotta of more northern cities. To be sure, the great later palaces are built of solid stone, but in them we should be glad to find even the carving we criticise in the earlier palaces. We may agree to except Sansovino's stately library, but in the others the carvings and the details seem clumsy and out of scale. We long to see these superb masses carried out with mouldings and carving such as adorn the Cancelleria or Farnese, or the other Renaissance palaces in Rome, or the Pandolfini and Rucellai palaces in Florence, and with details such as Bramante and Alberti and Peruzzi would have permitted in their work. But after wonder-

ing, as we float along the Grand Canal, how the architects of these imposing piles were satisfied with such clumsy detail, we enter the grand apartments in the Doges' Palace. Here Scamozzi and Palladio and Sansovino worked hand in hand with Tintoretto, Veronese, Titian, and Bonifazio, to record the victories and the glory of their country. All over the walls are paintings of the naval combats of Venice. Galleys with many banks of oars charge upon Saracens and Genoese, and amid the golden frames and azure skies of the ceilings Venice sits enthroned, and the heroes and heroines both of Parnassus and of the Old Testament lend their vigorous sensuous presence to give color and life to the surrounding decorations. Nowhere have painter, carver, and architect worked in better accord, and nowhere with more brilliant results. What a stately series of chambers! What combinations of dark paneling and gorgeous gold frames and decorative coloring! They are the most splendid and sumptuous rooms in Europe, — so wonderful, so handsome, so sumptuous, that they make a distinct architectural impression on every one.

Venice stands alone among cities in the number of such impressions offered to her visitors. The world does not contain many buildings the first sight of which sends a thrill through the frame, and which become indelibly impressed on the memory. One does not forget the nave of Amiens cathedral, as the host is raised and solemn stillness broods over the crowds of ardent worshipers; or St. Paul's dome in London, raising its great cross above bridge and river and city into the murky sky; or St. Ouen's crown of Normandy, shooting its tangled traceries high above roof and pinnacle out of the green treetops in the little wooded park at Rouen; or the stately grandeur of the Farnese palace; or the awe-inspiring size of the mighty Coliseum. Such effective scenes are to be met with here and there in Europe, but they are more abundant

in Venice than elsewhere. For here the church of St. Mark, within and without, is unique, and beyond comparison with any other Christian church; the Salute and San Giorgio, the Ducal Palace and the Piazzetta, are certainly objects of the most wondrous grace; and possibly, to the architect, the interior of the Ducal Palace yields to none of them for the impression it leaves of grandeur, stateliness, and a familiar because modern type of beauty.

They let one wander at will around the lofts and galleries of San Marco. All through those "dim caves of beaten gold" one can keep close company with the gaunt long-robed prophets, the white-winged angels, the martyrs, and the patriarchs set in that golden firmament. Below us we see the worshipers kneeling in crowds on that wonderful storm-tossed pavement, and our eyes try to pierce the gloom where, under the sumptuous *bal-dacchino*, rest in splendor the much-traveled remains of St. Mark.

We emerge upon the outer galleries amid the forest of marble vegetation and the myriad statues of angels, prophets, and saints. We touch the Greek horses that were modeled perhaps in the days of Pericles, and then we look down with a momentary surprise on the sunlit Piazza, bright with the world of to-day, the smart Italian officers, the eager tourists, and the happy children from beyond sea feeding the doves of St. Mark.

To-day there is *fiesta* in San Marco, and an unusual vesper service at the high altar; so we descend, and from a dark corner watch the solemn evening pageant. In the deep shadows of the sanctuary blaze countless lights. The aged dignitaries, in rich and sparkling vestments, move here and there, and kneel and read, while younger men serve the incense and reverently bear the great books; and all the while the white-robed choir of men in the gallery above sing the vesper music. As the loud organ begins to grow a little wearisome there is a sudden hush. Then on the stillness, from far aloft above

the sanctuary's gloom, is heard the sweet treble of a boys' choir, and the harmony of their evening choral floats through the golden vaults. Three verses of what sounds like an old German hymn they sing; simple, harmonious, innocent, solemn. Sweet choral from innocent throats! Noble temple! Worthy house of prayer! rich as no other with gold, and color, and ritual, and rising clouds of incense!

The organ notes cease. The day dies. We grope our way through the darkly glittering church, and come out upon the Piazzetta, to find it also flooded with a golden haze. The white churches and palaces set against the golden sky are repeated in the golden waters, and the last rays of the setting sun permeate and glorify this new golden miracle.

Later, when the darkness of evening falls over the city, we turn the corner of Sansovino's library and wander across the Piazzetta. The black vault of the sky is studded with sparkling stars, and above San Giorgio the full moon rides high, showering with its light the surrounding waters, and defining in dark masses the island church. Upwards shoots the slender tower above that long line of dome and nave, while the buildings of the port and the convent bring down the composition to the water-line. Yes, perhaps the interior of San Giorgio, though correct and refined, is cold and repelling. Perhaps the façade does lend itself to Mr. Ruskin's criticisms so that he can bring himself to say that "it is impossible to conceive a design more gross, more barbarous, more childish in conception, more severe in plagiarism, more insipid in result, more contemptible under every point of rational regard." And yet the less critical observer must avow that, whether you call it stage effect or architecture, a great thing was done when the architect turned that wonderful site to such advantage, and gave to the world such a beautiful object as that graceful church. Certainly this mass of

rose and amber, poised between the sky and the wide waters of the lagoon, is one of the few groups of building in this wide world which most appeals to the traveler, and which no visitor to Venice can ever forget.

The night advances. Tattoo is sounded; across the moonlit waters we hear the bugles respond to the band, as the patrol marches merrily down the Riva degli Schiavoni. We look over to San Giorgio from beneath the awnings of our balcony. The black reflection of its tower

comes in a long line to our feet across the silvery ripples. Gondolas flit here and there, and cross the dazzling track of the moonlight. Tinkling guitars sound from the barges. A tenor on the steps of the Salute sings, and from far up the canal the guitars and chorus send an answering refrain. Our day in Venice closes! "Venezia benedetta non te vogio piu lasar." So sings the chorus as it floats away into the night; and then all is silence, save for the sound of lapping waves and the distant warning cry of a belated gondolier.

*Robert Swain Peabody.*

## WEATHER AND WEATHER WISDOM.

"Il me semble que personne n'aime autant tout que moi; . . . toutes les saisons, tous les états atmosphériques, la neige en hiver, les pluies d'automne, le printemps et ses folies, les tranquilles journées, et les belles nuits avec ses étoiles brillantes." — MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

"Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks, and stones, and trees,"

man finds himself linked inseparably to those manifestations of nature's processes which we call the weather: oscillations of heat and cold; the succession of calm and storm, each with its varying interludes of sunlight, cloud, shower, rainbow, mist, fog, rain, snow, hail, and sleet. And although talking of the weather is popularly considered the refuge of the commonplace, a safe alternative to silence, the weather is, in "this kaleidoscopic medley of atoms in transient combination we call the earth," not only essentially the one perennially interesting subject, but the one which of all others helps to keep alive poetry in a world tending more and more to prose.

The first strivings of the human mind after the relation of physical comfort or discomfort to outside causes must have been in the direction of awe, wonder, then curiosity, finally prescience, concern-

ing the threat or promise of the weather. All early myth and folk-lore is penetrated by weather observation and weather poetry, as it might be called, for all rudimentary mythic conceptions gave personal identity to wind, cloud, sun, hail, and rain. More than this, some explanation of existing conditions which made the gods presiding over the weather sometimes favorable, and again threatening, to mortals, is generally to be found in the chronicles or legends of primitive peoples. For example, the Maoris have an elaborate myth recounting the passion of the sky for the earth, which resulted in a numerous progeny: the ocean, the wind, the forests, the hills, etc. Yet so tender and so clinging remained the intermingling embrace of these lovers that the offspring, dwarfed, crushed, denied free play, leagued together to push apart their father and mother: forests and hills rose between them, the ocean rushed in. Thus divorced from his spouse, the sky, bending low, often weeps and rages in convulsions of sorrow and of wrath, while the earth rends her breast, and her sighs in soft exhalations arise. Trained although moderns are to understand the general facts of physical science, this in-

stinct to vitalize and personify the elements and every manifestation of force in nature still remains inherent in human minds. At any portent in the sky it is the imagination which first asserts itself: gods are in the storm, and certain similes of demons, dragons, giants, phantoms, which in the old mystic period of religion, with its belief in the conflict in the air of opposing spiritual forces menacing flesh and blood, came spontaneously to savage minds, still seem better to express the monstrous shapes of mists like Titans climbing the mountain side, the writhing column of a waterspout, the marshaling of clouds foretelling the approach of winter, even the flaming shafts of a stormy sunrise, than the scientific jargon of relative humidity, rotatory motion, atmospheric pressure, or optical phenomena. In fact, had meteorology been from the beginning of things established as a fixed science, with clear formulas of cause and effect, a powerful stimulus to thought and observation would have been lost, and all the arts would have missed a source of inspiration. And not even in an epoch of signal service bulletins founded on reports of the divergences of the weather over an entire continent, and a clear theory of the laws governing atmospheric currents and the phenomena of storms, is meteorology established as a fixed science. Where the weather is concerned, it is still the unexpected that happens, very much as it happened when weather wisdom was made up of the results of experience and intuition, and prediction still wore the garb of fancy. Indeed, in certain periods when the weather tries to sound all its stops, and to invent new combinations in the way of blizzards, cyclones, deluges of forty days and forty nights, frosts in May, or even halcyon calms or a stretch of idyllic spring in January, the merely scientific mind limps after it in vain. The blizzard of March, 1888, came without other warning than that of a peculiar appearance in the heavens on Sunday noon, as if a black

band of cloud had been stretched across the zenith. The great snowstorms, attended by intense cold, which swept over the country last February, breaking the record of winter temperature all through the Southern States, were left chiefly to herald their own approach; but this they did effectively with sun-dogs and halos round the moon so preternaturally luminous as to create a weird impression on the mind of the most casual spectator. The terrible gulf storms of August and October, 1893, were also unsignaled, except by the bulletins they sent forth in the great columns of vapor blown up from behind the southern horizon, twisted into marvelous shapes under the force of a violent wind which belonged only to the regions of the upper air. These clouds, resembling nothing so much as the steam from a boiling caldron, altered all the conditions of the atmosphere: hills and mountains seemed to soar to aerial heights; there was a tremendous magnification of all distances; any descent became a gulf. Even in this latitude, no one, after a glance at the sky, could have the faintest doubt that the weather was brewing mischief, yet the barometer failed to show any remarkable fluctuations.

It is this continued mystery concerning the operations of the weather in the face of every scientific device for comparing and noting each modification, change, and feature, which helps to keep alive a certain superstitious instinct. The oldest proverbs and prophecies still enjoy a lease of life:—

“If St. Paul be fair and clear,  
Then betides a happy year.”

“If St. Swithin weep, that year, the proverb says,

The weather will be foul for forty days.”

“If Janiveer calends be summerly gay,  
’T will be winterly weather till the calends of May.

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,  
Winter will have another flight.”

So on endlessly. And any modern weather prophet who undertakes to set

down a schedule, so to say, of the weather for six months to come, foretelling on some particular date a storm of destructive fury, is certain to find hundreds of believers in his auguries; and on the morning of the predicted calamity not a few usually rational people will rise with a belief that something portentous is at hand.

The actual cause of those violent storms which come without warning seems to be that there are accidents in the upper atmosphere, due to the encounter of currents of unequal velocity and temperature, or of two or more areas of pressure moving in opposite directions, resulting in sudden and dangerous variations of wind, and in unusual precipitation of rain, hail, or snow.

Goethe, in one of his conversations with Eckermann, speaking of his strong faith in the barometer, remarks:—

“The thing is very simple, and I abide by what is simple and comprehensive without being disturbed by occasional deviations. High barometer, dry weather, east wind; low barometer, wet weather and west wind: this is the general rule. Should wet clouds blow hither now and then when the barometer is high and the wind east, or if we have a blue sky with a west wind, this does not disturb me or make me lose my faith in the general rule. I merely observe that many collateral influences exist, the nature of which we do not understand. . . . Nature has ever something problematical in reserve which man’s faculties are insufficient to fathom.”

Old sailors and fishermen on the seacoast, shepherds in hilly and mountainous regions, are instinctively weather-wise, and their least word is often worth more than whole volumes on the subject of meteorology. Men alongshore judge chiefly by the look of the horizon in connection with the direction of the wind and the turn of the tide. They also talk oracularly about the change of the moon. Landsmen observe the shape of the clouds

in reference to the wind, the creeping up or down of mists, the comparative nearness or remoteness of certain points in the distance. Each wind has its own distinguishing characteristic. “Beware of the butt end of a nor’wester and the tail end of a nor’easter,” they will say. Southerly winds are to be mistrusted, since they gather fury in a region where their progress is unrecorded save by disaster; let the wind “shift a p’int,” and it may be better calculated on. Scuds on the water foretell rain; so does the descent of smoke from a chimney; also light, fleecy morning vapors which take no shape; as well as “mare’s-tails,” those plummy, radiating, far-off cirri which spread in two directions, showing contrary currents in the upper atmosphere.

Another bit of weather-lore in doggerel is,—

“Mackerel sky,  
Never long dry.”

When the whole circumference of the heavens from horizon to zenith is filled with alternate waves of cloud and azure, so dappled and blended together, so light, foamy, aerial, that one’s sense is lost in watching the multitudinous luminous ripple, especially if the phenomena occur at night, with the moon irradiating the whole upper ocean,—that is a mackerel sky. Very sickly glittering stars; very brilliant and very large stars; stars surrounded by a sort of nimbus; any kind of a circle or circles round the moon; also great shapes of vapor resembling the hulk of a ship, called by some “Noah’s Ark,”—all these signs and indications are declared by the wise to foretell bad weather, together with an infinity of other signs and other indications, all of which not unfrequently, in a dry time, exert their force in vain. “Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge?” asks Elihu of Job.

Borne forward as is the earth in the midst of the infinite heavens at a speed of more than a million and a half miles



a day; penetrating a space filled with myriads of bodies, coexistent and related to it as it to them in the very constitution of law and matter; drawn hither and repelled thither by attractions, by perturbations; whirling on its axis at the rate, in this latitude, of about fourteen miles a minute; balancing itself by the action of opposite forces, — we unimportant atoms on the earth's surface, adhering to it only by virtue of its central attraction, in no wise essential to the general scheme of things, yet snatching thirstily at our little interval of time with a sense of its pathetic insignificance in the infinity of space and eternity, and discussing eagerly the Whence and Whither of the cosmic revelation, — we unimportant atoms, I say, should be presumptuous atoms if we considered that physics, laws of gravitation, attraction, rotation, and mutation, permitted the wisest to sum up the weather and its phenomena in a cut-and-dried formula.

That may be done for climate. Mrs. Hackit, for example, "regulated her costume by the calendar, and brought out her furs on the first of November, whatever might be the temperature. She was not a woman to accommodate herself to shilly-shally proceedings," — meaning the weather. Climate, in comparison with the weather, is simple as a question of the Rule of Three. Given a certain distance from the equator, a certain altitude, a certain relative position to the great seas, lakes, or mountains, and a certain average of dryness or humidity, heat or cold, is the result. The weather calls for quite a different set of propositions, and with the clearest equations its  $x$ ,  $y$ ,  $z$ , remain unknown quantities until practically realized. It has been said that climate is the rule, and weather the exception; and indeed, the charm of the weather, like that of a woman, lies in its infinite variety. A good climate is an excellent thing to fall back on, like a small fixed income; yet what gives even the best of climates its con-

stant heightening of values, its changing harmonies of color and light, belongs to the bold, speculative spirit of the weather, always embarking on fresh venture and pushing innovation to its limit. A bad climate, on the other hand, may be said to be like a chronic disease, mitigated by the weather's manifold possibilities of stimulus and solace, just as an arid region is sometimes raised into beauty by startling atmospheric effects. The weather has altered the whole face of the earth, it has altered history. Let the learned deal with glacial periods and other primitive upheavals, but what was the deluge except universal bad weather? Was it not weather that conquered the Spanish Armada, preserved England and the Protestant faith, thus maintaining the balance of Europe, not to say throwing the weight of the scale on the side of modern progress? Was it not weather — Tolstóy and scientific historians notwithstanding — that conquered Napoleon in Russia? Since, had he but consulted the storks and the cranes, in the autumn of 1812, — so the story goes, — he would have known that a winter of unprecedented cold was at hand; for they broke up their households and flew south weeks before the time of their usual migration. A gleam of unexpected sunshine has precipitated epoch-making battles, and fog and rain, snow and hail, have fought for and against the side of the heaviest artillery. "Capt. January," that powerful auxiliary of the Czar Nicholas in the war of the Crimea, was nothing but the weather. Arctic explorers could long ago have conquered all the difficulties offered by the arctic climate; what defeats them is some unexpected combination of arctic weather. The subject of what malapropos bad weather has done for the private history of each one of us has never been gone into exhaustively, and it would require a separate chapter to give any adequate idea of how powerfully, in the way of lapsed opportunities and defeated cli-



maxes, the weather preponderates as a factor in human success or failure.

Our civilization sometimes seems to be chiefly a defense against the weather, "the heat o' the sun" and "the furious winter's rages;" and what offered such ample leisure for those early mellow civilizations which girdled the happy Mediterranean to put their great thoughts into stupendous works of art was the fine climate. Was it because the Romans suffered from ennui that, not content with being masters of a world where sunshine and clear skies were the rule, and no exception, they were smitten by the desire to find out what was behind the fogs of Britain and the winds of Gaul and Germany, and, invading those gloomy regions of cloud, tempest, and ice, yielded up their secret of a fine climate to a clever enemy? "Climate," by the way, comes from a Greek word, while "weather," bristling with every possibility which can make it the scourge of men, is Teutonic in its origin.

Is it necessary to say that the unequal distribution of land and water on the face of the globe, the irregularities of the earth's surface, the earth's daily revolutions, the succession of day and night, sunlight and darkness, causing fluctuations of temperature, all help to create those two powerful spirits of the weather, the vapor and the wind? "This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours," Hamlet says, with one of those felicitous guesses at the mystery of things which discount the worth of arduous scientific discoveries. Seas, lakes, rivers, every pond and pool and marsh, all are alike constantly engaged in yielding up vapor. From each hollow, each ravine, ascends, palpably or imperceptibly, a mist. As soon as the sun declines from field, meadow, and lawn, the invisible atmospheric moisture,

the presence of which is revealed only by the most delicate gauge, but which gives color to the grass, the flowers, the foliage, the blue bloom to the distance and to the air, becomes visible in the shape of dew, popularly supposed to descend from the skies. Should the air be colder than the grass, this moisture may arise in the shape of fog; but if, as is usual in settled weather, the air remains warmer than the herbage, it takes the form of spheroidal drops on each blade of grass or leaf,

"And hangs a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

A rose drenched in dew, one of the loveliest of objects, is also a sure harbinger of a fine day, since dew is never developed except when the evenings are calm and clear, all indications normal. On cloudy or windy nights dew does not take shape, and the weather-wise, finding the grass dry at dawn, predict rain. Yet it must be added that an especially heavy white frost, which is merely frozen dew, the result of the operation to which we have alluded, called scientifically nocturnal radiation, is supposed to indicate a change of weather within forty-eight hours, probably a southerly storm.

From the fact that in most parts of the earth the atmosphere must always be more or less saturated with humidity, it is clear that any decrease in temperature, from change of wind or other cause, will make this humidity visible in the form of mist, fog, or cloud, which is a mere grouping of vapors in some clearly defined shape. Thus, sometimes, in a mountain region, one feels, while watching the mists boil up from the ravines and valleys as from a veritable witch's caldron, as if one were admitted to the laboratory where weather is made. Some of these seething vapors, like wreaths of steam from a locomotive or factory engine, mount beautifully and majestically, maintaining color and form, until, dissipated by the sun's rays or absorbed

by the drier air, they disappear, and leave no trace. Again, they creep, they climb, they reach some point of vantage and take possession; gradually the valleys become a sea of fog; the mountain peaks first loom, then seem to recede as they are by degrees swallowed up; the sun grows unreal, its light fantastic, then is obscured. Mists do not invariably rise. Often, on the leeward side of one of the high peaks of a range, a transparent wreath of vapor will appear like a pennon, flutter for a time, then vanish. Now it is here, now it is gone; but it comes again, and the watcher knows what it means. Certain mountains, like Pilatus at Lucerne, for example, may cover and uncover their heads without its meaning more than some local access of humidity; but in any chain there is almost certain to be one elevation where the storm plants its white standard, then summons its hosts. Soon similar ragged fragments of mist follow all along the line; when these finally meet, merge, and descend, spreading a threatening mass over the landscape, the deluge is at hand.

These unceasing activities of vapor in its many forms are such obvious effective agents in making the storm and the whirlwind, it is not strange that from the earliest times they have powerfully impressed the imagination of men. The Old Testament is full of rich and poetic metaphors concerning the clouds. In the mythology of the Greeks the clouds became animate creatures, playing an active part in every-day existence. The greatest of gods and goddesses summoned clouds like chariots to transport them hither and thither; they appeared to mortals in the form of a cloud, veiled their operations behind a cloud, and, watching the fortune of their favorite heroes in battle, encircled them in clouds and snatched them from danger. Clouds were indeed the favorite stage mechanism on Olympus. In the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, Socrates thus

invokes them: "O Sovereign King, immeasurable Air, who keepest the earth balanced, and blazing Ether, and sublime goddesses, ye Clouds of lightning and of thunder, arise, appear, dread queens, in midair, to your Thinker." And again: "Come, then, ye reverend Clouds, honor this neophyte with your dread beauty! Whether upon Olympos' holy snow-swept peaks ye sit, or in the gardens of father ocean weave the dance, or on the white eyries of Mimas, listen, receive our sacrifice, and be gracious to our rites."

In fact, along with the mountains and the sea, clouds possess the attribute of lifting, transforming, and glorifying themselves into shapes of such wonderful sublimity that they give us perpetually a fresh creation to marvel at and rejoice in; and (to quote Ruskin) "there is added to this a spirit-like feeling, a capricious mocking imagery of passion, of life totally different from any effects of inanimate form that the earth can show," — all of which helped to lend a sort of probability to early myths that those vital yet elusive shapes harbored the operations of the gods.

To come back, however, to some realizable modern idea, let us take that of Shelley, who, with curious scientific accuracy as well as poetic felicity, says of the cloud: —

"I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky:  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
I change, but I cannot die."

It is this incessant metamorphosis of the vapors in the atmosphere which gives us constantly a new heaven and a new earth; no day the repetition of a vanished day, but each as it were redipped in the colors of living fire. Watch on successive fine mornings the first vibrations of color in the east, and no opal is so variable in hue. If yesterday the horizons showed a universal soft rose flush, to-day they were violet, and to-

morrow may be pale primrose, yellow, or orange, or shading imperceptibly into mellow blendings of every tint. A year ago this summer, Jupiter and Venus, with the old moon at times making a third in the northeast, were set, dawn after dawn, against skies each day different, yet so exquisite in tone, so unerringly lovely, one felt involuntarily, "Wholaid the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?" Yet this wealth of coloring was but a study of vapors playing their variations on the broken beams of light; vapors, rising, falling, held in suspense, their lease of existence depending on propitious or contrary air currents, relative humidity, and radiation. Compare the different aerial conditions of sunbeam, mist, and cloud which attend the sun's setting, and awake not only a feeling of poetry, a kind of artistic perception, but an instant sense of what the foretokening may mean regarding the next day's weather: a ball of fire seeming to burn on the far edge of the world, then to drop into a gulf of nothingness, leaving behind only a tawny and crimson glimmer; a dull orb holding up a screen of dun violet, through which it smoulders like a burned-out coal (one of the strange effects which the Japanese so easily transfer to their pictures); a luminary descending in an intolerable blaze of glory, absorbing into itself every ray of color and light, and leaving a pale primrose sky behind; a heavy bank of clouds, from which the sun sinks hopelessly, then, the moment he is beneath the horizon, turns every wreath of vapor in the whole firmament to gold, rose, purple, or crimson.

Each of us recalls certain sunsets which continue to burn in the memory. Once, at Antwerp, watching from the window of a hotel near the Quai Van Dyck, overlooking the river and its lowlands, the flight of a shower which had come up late on an August day, I saw, through the thin rain which fell as if a mist of gold, the sun break forth from the heavy

storm clouds and emerge into an open space. Instantly all the many windings of the Scheldt between its pale green banks were changed to dazzling sheen, still seen through that thin, slow-dropping golden mist of rain. The piled-up vapors, retreating, gathered overhead as into a vast canopy with an intensely luminous lining, while the upper masses turned amber, tawny, and purple with veinings of crimson. Wider and wider opened the azure rift in the west as the tempest moved eastward, but still that same transparent shower of gold continued to fall between me and the sun, — a shining veil which hid nothing, yet transfigured every object, and caught up the masts and rigging of the shipping along the piers, and the many windings of the river, into a full tide of glory.

It is not alone the landscape which weather-effects can change as by the trick of a stage transformation scene. London on a misty morning, with the dome of St. Paul's hanging in midair above the vapors; Paris with its bridges and its towers half hidden in fog and rain, the gargoyles on the pinnacles of Notre Dame pouring forth streams of water, disclose new beauties, or become fantastic and unreal with aspects unappreciable in every-day schemes of form and color. Every New England village enjoys at least once or twice each winter a mystical transfiguration after a fall of snow which follows a slight rainfall, or an "ice-storm," as a freezing rain is called, when every tree and shrub becomes a fairy structure, every twig and bough a wand made up of starry crystals. In fact, delightful as is fine weather, it becomes monotonous without the different effects which attend the coming and going of storms, etherealizing the every-day and familiar. Bad weather has such wonderful activities, — at once creator and destroyer as it is, — from retouching with color the emerald of fern and moss and the turquoise of Alpine forget-me-nots to lashing the sea into tempest.

Lovers of sunshine and blue skies as we may be, we still best kindle into a sense of freedom at an encounter with storm and tempest. Take, for example, a day in mid-ocean, with the sea black, writhing, convulsed with fury, as if bound in fetters from which it longs to escape; the sky alternately bright and obscured by misty scud, as from the windward a series of squalls come flying up, whitening the black waters as they strike, and sending before them a blinding mist of salt spray, until they break — a solid mass of wind and hail and rain and snow — upon the ship, which trembles and pitches to leeward, staggering like a wounded thing. When one squall has passed, and the sun shines again out of a vivid blue sky dappled with fleecy clouds, and only the changing colors in the horizon and the heaving yeast of the black waves show the danger past and the danger to come, we have a joy in the rush and roar of the elements; the sense of a power rushing on uncurbed to do its will has lent us its quickening impulse. Let me quote a passage from George Meredith full of this tingle and thrill of exultation: —

“Rain was universal: a thick robe of it swept from hill to hill; thunder muttered remote, and between the muffled roars the downpour pressed on the land with a great noise of eager gobbling much like that of the swine’s trough fresh filled, as though a vast assembly of the hungered had seated themselves clamorously and fallen on to meats and drinks in silence save of the claps. A rapid walker, poetically and humorously minded, gathers multitudes of images on his way. And rain the heaviest you can meet is a lively companion whom the resolute pacer scorns disdainful of wet clothes and squeaking boots. Southwestern rain-clouds are never long sullen; they enfold and will have the earth in a good strong glut of the kissing overflow; then, as a hawk with feather in his beak of the bird in his claw lifts head,

they rise and take veiled feature in long climbing watery lines; at any moment they may break the veil and show soft upper cloud, show sun on it, show sky, green near the verge they spring from, of the green of grass in early dew; or along a traveling sweep that rolls asunder overhead, heaven’s laughter, of purest blue among titanic white shoulders; it may mean fair smiling for a while or the lightest interlude, but the watery lines and the drifting, the chasing, the upsoaring, all in a shadowy fingering of form and the animation of the leaves of the tree pointing them on, the bending of the treetops, the snapping of branches, and the hurrahings of the stubborn hedge which wrestles with the flaws yielding but a leaf at most, and that on a fling, make a glory of contest and wildness without. Let him be drenched, but his heart will sing. The taking of sun and rain alike befits men of our climate, and he who would have the secret of a strengthening intoxication must court the clouds of the southwest with a lover’s blood.”

Love of the weather is, no doubt, like love of landscape, a modern sentiment, the beau-ideal of the ancients being a place

“Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly.”

And it is perhaps our clearer apprehension of certain fixed laws of nature, our sense of practical conquest of the forces of the physical world, and, above all, our nineteenth-century contrivances for personal comfort which enable us to bring this enlargement of view, this æsthetic perception, into our enjoyment of any display of elemental force. Ignorant, superstitious, with a sense of being at the mercy of vindictive powers, the early peoples might well shrink and cower before experiences which thrill with rapture our blood and our brain. Indeed, in certain provinces of France, the church-bells are still rung during violent storms, to show the demons which are making mischief in the air that the celestial

powers are being invoked. Throughout the Bible, there is everywhere shown, together with a high sense of the sublimity attending all its phenomena, a terrible dread of the wind, and prefigured in Revelation are "four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree."

Of course we know that, in spite of its occasional devastating fury, nothing is actually so beneficent as the wind: that it results from the earth's accumulation of solar energy; that without the wind the vapors encompassing the globe would cling like a pall, cold, dead, miasmatic; that the wind is simply a rush of air towards a vacuum, thus maintaining the general equilibrium, since hot air must rise and cold fall, creating constantly local eddies which are influenced by, and influence in their turn, the two great upper currents to and from the equator and the poles.

That to the idea of wind can be linked images of vague horror may be seen in Claudio's shuddering appeal:—

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world."

Yet in the zephyr which only stirs the poplar and the birch, in the breeze which fans and refreshes, and in the rising gale are stimulus and inspiration.

"If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable!"

So Shelley wrote, under the intoxication of longing to become a part of the great onward sweep of the west wind. On a hot day in summer, when nothing moves under the untampered brilliance of sun and sky, when the leaves of the trees hang like the tongues of panting dogs, the first cool breath of air which turns the

leaves of the willows hoary and makes the poplars silver brings a quickened impulse to existence. The gust may be but a passing sigh; it may be the precursor of a general change of weather; it may be the herald of an advancing cyclone. From the summer solstice to the equinox, the great upper atmospheric currents, charged with electricity, come often into sharp encounter, creating the dangerous eddies which end in cyclones, hurricanes, and whirlwinds. It has already been observed that the shape and color of the clouds are most frequently the index to any powerful atmospheric disturbance, and before a real equatorial cyclone the cumuli become fantastic and threatening in form, taking on orange and crimson lights, throwing coppery reflections on sea and land, while round the horizon are to be observed bands of black cloud. The barometer (usually) begins to fall, and an oppressive calm along with a suffocating air helps to make the presence of something portentous felt. The cyclone which has been already revolving in the upper air descends. "Jagged remnants of reddish or black cloud are borne furiously along by the tempest. An obscure mass becomes visible in the stormy part of the sky, and, increasing in size, gradually covers the firmament with a veil of darkness, often accompanied by a blood-red glitter. . . . The gusts which rend the air during the time the cyclone continues are said to create a noise like the roaring of wild beasts. . . . Generally speaking, the action of electricity is superadded to the violence of the air in motion; flashes of lightning descend like sheets of flame."

Of the ravages and disaster wrought by these terrible disturbances we know only too much, even in our latitude. "Then the beasts go into dens, and remain in their places," says the book of Job. "Out of the south cometh the whirlwind: and cold out of the north."

It is by experience of these cyclones, whirlwinds, blizzards, that we in some



measure realize how we are but creatures of the atmosphere, over which we have no control, although by some knowledge of the general laws of its currents and their periodic disturbances and fluctuations we may be able not only to predict the approach of most storms, but to use judgment and discretion in choosing a place to live where comparative peace and safety may brood over the habitations of men. But this part of the subject is beyond our scheme. Sitting out on a summer's night under the open heavens, with the translucent atmosphere left by the mellow sunset behind us, and facing the horizon, where already burns Mars, and rise one by one the constellations, we become curiously sensible of the rapidity of the earth's motion as we dip to the east. The mind conceives the idea of our whirl through space with a high, exulting, fortifying sense of our being related to the great universal plan. But the inspiration of such moments can be only momentary. Finite we are, and we love the finite, and find our comfort in the nearness and the littleness of things. Great disasters and upheavals, like the Samoan storm, like the volcanic eruption which swallowed up Krakatoa, have their influence in keeping alive a sense of the contrast between our individual dream of the world and the universal plan. Do we not still remember vividly the sequel of the catastrophe of Krakatoa; how, through the autumn and winter, every sunrise and sunset, endlessly prolonged, was invested with strange and beautiful lights, trembling, palpitating, and burning over the sky, — not only rose and amber and orange and violet, but gradations of lucent colors without a name, half chryso-prase, half amethyst, never before seen except in the visions of the Apocalypse or the waving of the banners of the aurora borealis?

Nevertheless, the truly precious signs to the lover of weather and of weatherlore are to be read in the aspects of

earth and sky in every hour of the day and every day of the year. And certain writers who, within the circle of the horizon seen from their own windows, have noted and preserved every prognostic, every breath of change, every modification of the weather, its relation to their own habits, their own health, and the habits and health of their own four-footed live creatures, to the coming and going and mating and nesting of the birds, the blossoming of the flowers, and the fruit and seedtime of harvest, like Gilbert White, Thoreau, Richard Jefferies, and others, have discovered the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and have gone far to secure immortality for themselves. Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* is chiefly a chronicle of the weather; and her fervid sympathy for nature in every mood, for each subtle effect of passing light, each cloud whose shadow traveled across the mountains, each wind which ruffled the lake, made her the inspiration of two poets. If "spring comes slowly up this way," in the Lake Country, weather they have always there in full measure, pressed down and running over. Here are a few entries in the *Journal*, to which it was Wordsworth's habit to turn as to his own commonplace book: —

"Incessant rain from morning till night. . . . Sauntered a little in the garden. The blackbird sat quietly, its nest rocked by the wind and beaten by the rain."

"A fine mild rain. Everything green and overflowing with life, and the streams making a perpetual song along with the thrushes and all the little birds."

"A cold, dry, windy morning. . . . The waves round the little island seemed like a dance of spirits that rose out of the water."

"A rainy day. Coleridge intending to go, but did not get off."

"Tremendous wind. The snow blew from Helvellyn horizontally like smoke. W. came in late. He had been sur-



prised and terrified by a sudden rushing of winds which seemed to bring earth and sky and lake together, as if the whole were going to inclose him."

"The moon immensely large; the sky scattered over with clouds; soon the sound of the pattering shower and fearful gusts of wind."

"W. and I drank tea at Coleridge's. A cloudy sky; the distant prospect obscured. The only leaf on the top of a tree, the sole remaining leaf, danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind."

This leaf was destined to dance on forever, for it reappears in Coleridge's *Christabel*:—

"There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

It is hardly strange that Shakespeare's universal art, comprehending all nature, should embrace the most alert impressions about every kind of weather. His constant allusions to the seasons of the year, with their accompanying heat or cold, storm or calm, fall so easily into their places and are so unerringly true, we accept them with the same unconscious refreshment we experience in the unexpected view from a window opening upon a lovely landscape. The songs and sonnets in particular are penetrated by a sense not only of nature, but of the various meanings of the weather.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;"

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky;"

"When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;"

"The rain it raineth every day,"

occur to the memory on the instant in speaking of the songs, while every subtle meaning of the sonnets is translated into images which seem to come from a consciousness steeped in a sense of the

beauty of the exquisite pauses of a summer's day, the meanings of the intervals between the seasons. What illustration could be at once so true yet so unexpected as this?

"Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this  
sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purposed overthrow."

Yet let Shakespeare refine as he may in cunning detail upon this sentiment of a summer's day, an autumn sunset, a bright morning ending in tempest, the metaphor never surcharges the idea, only serves to deepen the single impression. Maeterlinck has with such inadequate sense of proportion been called the Belgian Shakespeare that one queries whether the comparison was made from his pressing into his service natural, or rather, supernatural effects, as in *Princess Maleine*, where the sky portents and the storm usurp the chief place in the drama. When Shakespeare introduces the war of the elements, it is subordinated to human passions. Titania's account of the bad weather which resulted from the quarrel between her and Oberon, frosts and floods and mists, making the seasons

"change

Their wonted liveries,"

is so true to nature that learned commentators have ransacked all meteorological lore to fix the date of the year which the poet has made so disastrous.

In *The Tempest* also is displayed a most absolute mastery of weather-effects, so minutely faithful to an actual experience of a storm at sea that again the critics have looked for book and chapter which contains a description of that particular tempest. It might indeed seem as if a Shakespearean society could find matter for a whole winter's study in the question of whether Shakespeare himself was ever on the ocean. The probabilities, considering what we know of the period and the unceasing activities of his not very long life, would appear to be against

it, yet his knowledge of and his feeling for the sea are so comprehensive that one could find not a little to bear out the assertion that nothing in nature had so powerfully impressed his imagination, — not alone

“the murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,”  
but the “multitudinous seas,” where

“The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,”  
as if he had been actually rocked

“In cradle of the rude imperious surge.”

Although splendid passages abound in Milton's works describing natural effects, where

“Hot, cold, moist, dry, four champions fierce,  
Strive here for mastery,”

and Byron's rhapsodies before storm and tempest have risen spontaneously to the lips of generations of men, and Shelley — aerial spirit that he was of fire and dew — colored the whole fabric of his poetry through and through with his intense perception of elemental beauty, Scott must yet be ranked next to Shakespeare in his power of giving with just one decisive touch the keynote of weather which throws lights and shadows upon his scene.

With Wordsworth and Tennyson began what might be called the weather cult; that is, the entire impenetration of the theme and motive with the moods of the atmosphere. Dickens may be said to have been the first novelist who pressed fog, wind, and rain into his action as distinctively as characters of flesh and blood; and this impressionism has since been carried to its extreme limit in certain books of Victor Hugo's, Pierre Loti's, Black's, and Craddock's. In *Travailleurs de la Mer* and *Pêcheur d'Islande*, what might be called the meteorological novel is raised to its apotheosis. Maupassant, although generally confining himself to pure dramatic motive, has, in one of his short stories, giving an account of a timid lad left alone all winter in a hut at the

top of the Gemmi Pass in Switzerland, described the desolation of a world of snow and the freezing cold with the most striking effect. In fact, all literature, from the *Œdipus Colonneus* where the protagonist is summoned by the thunder to meet the gods, and the *Odyssey* where Ulysses is forced to contend with wind, seas, and waves roaring, down to the last new novel, — which “gives us pause,” between the hero's stammered words of love, to recount the rising of a cloud, the regathering of the winds, a sudden opening in the drift of billowy vapors revealing the moon in a quiet sky trembling with misty stars, — is more or less colored by the old indestructible instinct vitalizing and animating earth, air, fire, and water, seeing spirits frown in the cloud and smile in the sunshine.

Sculpture can find little motive in the incompleteness, the sense of transition, which characterizes the weather, and in painting, the pictures of Salvator Rosa, Gustave Doré, and others, in striving after the passion and intensity of overstriking natural effects, show that such attempts are apt to result in the bizarre. Some critics would say the same of the great Turner himself; yet the wonderful force and vitality of his storms at sea are their own justification, while his *Frosty Morning*, and his countless studies of Venice, London, and the Alps, under every possible aspect of sky and cloud, point to a clear knowledge of, beside an insatiable desire to fathom, the secret of all weather phenomena. Not a few painters have studied some single condition of the landscape, — a clear, lucid, wind-swept atmosphere, Indian summer haze, or gathering tempest; maintaining that special phase as the very essence of their whole work. No one more skillfully than Constable has used all the meaning of tossing clouds, contrasts of sunlight and shadow, to give his pictures the movement, drama, breath, and pulsation of life. Ruysdael knew nature's own harmonizing secret, whether he depicted storm or calm, and Hobbema

invariably expresses the sentiment of the weather; in tempest, his trees seem to feel the stir of the wind to their inmost trembling fibre. Corot painted first his skies, or, it might better be said, his clouds; then so reflected their color in every detail of the landscape that no painter has ever, perhaps, so truly yet so unobtrusively succeeded in giving an impression of the passing influences of the weather. His pools not only image the skies, but tremble at the breath of the breeze; his trees shiver and sway; the very grass shows a premonition of change. Cazin, again, employs every mood of nature; and to speak of Manet and Monet and Whistler is to suggest the trick of changing lights before storm, the flight of a shower across harvest fields, a beautiful phase of weather which is only a phase; the subtly varied monotony of a glimmering, watery expanse under a great dusky sky, touched by the indefinable effluence, half smoke, half mist, which floats above cities. These vapory effects of weather give a large part of their charm to the landscapes of Diaz, Rousseau, Dupré, and, above all, Daubigny. Little as Millet used the landscape except as a background, often enough the painful toil of his peasants is accented by the gloom of the listless, empty sky, the low, hurrying, threatening clouds, and the herbage shuddering in the wind.

It is, however, to music, the concrete expression of harmonious motion, beyond the other arts, that we must turn to find definitely realized our conception of the free and spontaneous play of the elements, their turmoil and wild strife, their brooding and repose; though not in the way of a definite description, bringing up a particular visible scene. It is true that Beethoven's Sixth Symphony follows the variations of weather in a summer's day, culminating in a shower, with flashes of lightning and thunder-claps; and Chopin, in his Sixth Prelude, has refined upon the idea of dripping rain until we not only hear the drops,

but feel their monotonous plash, and, as some one has said, smell the rain; and in certain great compositions the *motif* of storm is repeated in endless iteration, and made, with other motives, a part of the dramatic movement. In spite of these instances, music has its distinctive way of reaching the imagination without attempting to imitate the effect of special sights or sounds. Indeed, although Beethoven, in the Pastoral Symphony, did translate his impressions of a June day into music, it was not his habit, nor did it accord with his belief that the chief function of music is to kindle the imagination beyond the effect of any outside sounds or symbols. Mozart confessed that he composed most spontaneously when traveling in a comfortable carriage, looking out at the landscape, while it was the way of Haydn to take for his theme the incidents of a summer excursion. Still, little as there is in the best music which requires to be labeled as meaning this or that particular thing, what can better express the rush and roar of a mighty wind through a forest than one of the fugues of Bach, starting with one voice, then the same measure repeated by another and another in succession, each constantly reappearing in fresh combination, until all unite and swell into one chorus! Music's wonderful translation of the deep stirring of our spirit before the forces of nature finds its symbol in the decoration of old-fashioned organs in remote French cathedrals, where angels, windy-winged, with far-blown hair, seem to float upon the breeze of harmonious sound.

The weather, flickering, unstable, inconsistent, walls us round with influences and impressions from our cradles to our graves; its insignificantly little meanings appoint our lives and become the test of our rational behavior, as, for example, "When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks," while its greater meanings give us a quickened and multiplied consciousness of all that is beautiful and won-

derful in created things. Perpetually renewing itself, weaving and unweaving its effects, like a Penelope undoing to-night what was toilsomely accomplished yester-

day, it is always working out its own slow, careful processes, with one unfading result in view, — renovation, metamorphosis, resurrection.

*Ellen Olney Kirk.*

## THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

### XIX.

RECOVERING, I found myself lying on a couch, in a large, well-lighted room hung about with pictures and adorned with trophies of the hunt. A wide window faced the foot of the bed where I lay, and through it I could see — though the light hurt my eyes greatly — the Levis shore, on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence. I lay and thought, trying to discover where I was. It came to me at last that I was in a room of the Château St. Louis. Presently I heard breathing near me, and, looking over, I saw a soldier sitting just inside the door.

Then from another corner of the room came a surgeon with some cordial in a tumbler, and, handing it to me, he bade me drink. He felt my pulse; then stooped and put his ear to my chest, and listened long.

"Is there great danger?" asked I.

"The trouble would pass," said he, "if you were stronger. Your life is worth fighting for, but it will be a fight. That dungeon was slow poison."

"You must have a barber," added he; "you are a ghost like this."

I put my hand up, and I found my hair and beard were very long and almost white. Held against the light, my hands seemed transparent. "What means my coming here?" asked I.

He shook his head. "I am but a surgeon," he answered shortly, meanwhile

writing with a flourish on a piece of paper. When he had finished, he handed the paper to the soldier, with an order. Then he turned to go, politely bowing to me, but turned again and said, "I would not, were I you, trouble to plan escape these months yet. This is a comfortable prison, but it is easier coming in than going out. Your mind and body need quiet. You have, we know, a taste for adventure," — he smiled, — "but it is not wise to fight a burning powder magazine."

"Thank you, monsieur," said I, "I am myself laying the fuse to that magazine. It fights for me by and by."

He shrugged a shoulder. "Drink," said he, with a professional air which almost set me laughing, "good milk and brandy, and think of nothing but that you are a lucky man to have this sort of prison."

He bustled out in an important way, shaking his head and talking to himself. Tapping the chest of a bulky soldier who stood outside, he said brusquely, "Too fat, too fat; you'll come to apoplexy. Go fight the English, lazy ruffian!"

The soldier gave a grunt, made a mocking gesture, and the door closed on me and my attendant. This fellow would not speak at all, and I did not urge him, but lay and watched the day decline and night come down. I was taken to a small alcove which adjoined the room, where I slept soundly.

Early the next morning I waked, and there was Voban sitting just outside the alcove, looking at me. I sat up in bed and spoke to him, and he greeted me in an absent sort of way. He was changed as much as I; he moved as one in a dream; yet there was the ceaseless activity of the eye, the swift, stealthy motion of the hand. He began to attend me, and I questioned him; but he said he had orders from Mademoiselle that he was to tell nothing — that she, as soon as she could, would visit me.

I felt at once a new spring of life. I gave him the letter I had written, and bade him deliver it, which he promised to do; for though there was much in it not vital now, it was a record of my thoughts and feelings, and she would be glad of it, I knew. I pressed Voban's hand in leaving, and he looked at me as if he would say something; but immediately he was abstracted, and left me like one forgetful of the world.

It was about three hours after this that as, clean and well shaven, I lay upon the couch in the large room, propped up by pillows, the door opened, and some one entered, saying to my guard, "You will remain outside. I have the Governor's order."

I knew the voice; an instant, and I saw the face shining with expectancy, the eyes eager, yet timid, the body bent forward, a small white hand pressed to a pulsing breast — my one true friend, as I had called her often, the jailer of my heart.

I stretched out my arms. She gave a little cry, and, running to me, was clasped to my breast. For a moment she was all trembling and excited, her hand softly clutching at my shoulder, tears dripping from her eyes and falling on my cheek, as hers lay pressed to mine; but presently she grew calm, and her face was lifted with a smile, and, brushing back some flying locks of hair, she said in a tone most quaint and touching too, "Poor gentleman! poor English prisoner! poor hid-

den lover!" and then there came a little burst of tears again, and with it a smile so rare that I was won all over again to love her, as if I never had set my heart upon her. Something not known before was born in me, some fresh sense of gratitude, and I seemed to feel that though this was the love I had known, it was that love grown into new expression, and behind it were strange events yet to be told.

"I ought not, I ought not," she said, "show my feelings thus, nor excite you so" — My hand was trembling on hers, for in truth I was most weak, though my mind was alert and strong enough, as I thought. "It was my purpose," she added, "to come most quietly to you; but one cannot always rule one's self to stillness; there are times when reserve is impossible. One must cry out, or the heart will burst."

I spoke then as a man may who has been delivered from bondage into the arms of love and beauty and the good open world; and she became very quiet, looking at me in her grave, sweet way, her deep eyes shining with a sincerity and honesty beyond my telling. I saw the perfect *naïveté* of the child, joined to a large wisdom, come of that very *naïveté*, which had looked upon life without ever a craven thought; which, in the midst of vexing problems of the emotions and sore dangers, never paltered, never juggled with conscience — did only what her good heart told her should be done, and questioning always, Is this right? To decide with a clear mind in such matters as had troubled her daily life these past two and a half years was a task which might well have driven many a lady to despair. She had decided, had acted, had gone on towards one end; perils like bayonets thrusting out at every corner, pitfalls at all points. The thoughts most in my heart spoke to her now almost unconsciously.

"Honest, honest eyes," said I — "eyes that never deceive, and never were deceived."

"All this in spite of what you do not know," she answered, with a sweet smile which stirred me; and for an instant a look elfish and childlike came into her eyes, and she drew back from me, stood in the middle of the floor, and caught her skirts in her fingers.

"See," she said, "is there no deceit here?"

Then she began to dance softly, her feet seeming hardly to touch the ground, her body swaying like a tall flower in the wind, her face all light and fire. I was charmed, fascinated. I felt my sleepy blood stirring to the delicate rise and fall of her bosom, the light of her eyes flashing a dozen colors. There was scarce a sound — her steps could not be heard across the room.

All at once she broke off from this, and stood still.

"Did my eyes seem all honest then?" she asked, with a strange, wistful expression. Then she came to the couch where I was, and looked at me as if she would read my soul.

"Robert," said she, "can you, do you trust me, even when you see me at such witchery?"

"I trust you always," I answered. "Such witcheries are no evils that I can see."

She put her finger upon my lips, with a kind of bashfulness. "Hush, till I tell you where and when I danced like that, and then, and then" —

She settled down in a low chair. "I have at least an hour," she continued. "The Governor is busy with my father and General Montcalm, and they will not be free for a long time. For your soldiers, I have been bribing them to my service these weeks past, and they are safe enough for to-day. Now I will tell you of that dancing.

"One night last autumn there was a grand dinner at the Intendance. Such gentlemen as my father were not asked; only the roisterers and hard drinkers, and gambling friends of the Intendant.

You would know the sort of upspring it would be. Well, I was sitting in my window, looking down into the garden; for the moon was shining, and I love to gaze into the moonlit night. Presently I saw a man appear below, glance up towards me, and beckon. My heart beat hard at first, for I thought it might be you; but no, it was Voban. I hurried down to him, and he told me that there had been a wild carousing at the palace, and that ten gentlemen had determined, for a wicked sport, to mask themselves, go to the citadel at eleven o'clock, fetch you forth, and make you run the gauntlet in the yard of the Intendance, and afterwards set you fighting for your life with another prisoner, a common criminal. To this, Bigot, heated with wine, made no objection. Monsieur Doltaire was not present; he had, it was said, taken a secret journey into the English country. The Governor was in Montreal, where he had gone to discuss matters of war with the Council.

"There was but one thing to do — get word to General Montcalm. He was staying at the moment with the Seigneur Pipon at his manor by the Montmorenci Falls. He must needs be sought there: he would never allow this shameless thing. So I bade Voban go thither at once, getting a horse from any quarter, and to ride as if for his life. He promised, and left me, and I returned to my room to think. Voban had told me that his news came from Bigot's valet, who is his close friend. This I knew, and I knew the valet too, for I had seen something of him when my brother lay wounded at the palace. Under the best circumstances General Montcalm could not arrive within two hours. Meanwhile, these miserable men might go on their dreadful expedition. Something must be done to gain time. I racked my brain for minutes, till the blood pounded at my temples, and I could not think at all. So I resolutely bound a handkerchief round my eyes, and lay down, holding myself



very still, that I should not lose command of will and action. Presently a plan came to me.

"There is in Quebec one Madame Jamond, a great Parisian dancer, who, for reasons which none knows save perhaps Monsieur Doltaire, has been banished from France. Since she came to Canada, some nine months ago, she has lived most quietly and religiously, though many trials have been made to bring her talents into service; and the Intendant's efforts have been constant to have her dance in the palace for his guests. But she would not.

"Madame Lotbinière had come to know Jamond, and she arranged, after much persuasion, for lessons in dancing to be given to Lucie, myself, and Georgette. To me the dancing was a keen delight, indeed almost a passion. In it I seemed to forget the bitterness of my troubles, as when listening to great music or reading a noble poem. Yet the dancing did more; for in it nothing was mechanical, artifice was sunk in the music of motion, and as I danced I saw and felt a thousand things, I cannot tell you how. Now my feet appeared light as air, like thistledown, my body to float. I was a lost soul flying home, voices calling to me as I passed, and flocks of birds singing me to come with them down pretty scented lanes to waters in tender meadows, with nests in yellow boughs upon the banks, and gardens of apples and honey-sweet flowers near.

"Then all that changed, and I was passing through a bitter land, with harsh shadows and tall cold mountains, and great sadness even in the timid sunlight. From clefts and hollows figures flew out and caught at me with filmy hands, and little arrows pointed with flame kept falling round me, crying as they fell. All these melancholy things pursued me as I flew, till my wings drooped, and I felt that I must drop into the dull marsh far beneath, round which traveled a lonely mist.

"But this too changed, and I passed through a land all fire, so that, as I flew swiftly, my wings were scorched, and I was blinded often, and often missed my way, and must change my course of flight. It was all scarlet, all that land — scarlet sky and scarlet sun, and scarlet flowers, and the rivers running red, and men and women in long red robes, with eyes of flame, and voices that kept crying, 'The world is red like wine, and all life is a fever!' Sometimes as I flew I wheeled and wheeled, and a wild spirit worked in me, so that I would have flown down and joined the scarlet people, but that I remembered there is a place called the White Valley, where the heart has no mad struggles or sick desires. So I kept on, and at last, passing out of that cheerless world, I came into the good stillness . . . and knew that I was but a girl dancing, after all."

She paused for a moment, seeming to come out of a dream, and then she laughed a little. "Will you not go on?" I asked softly.

"Sometimes, too," she said, "I fancied I was before a king and his court, dancing for my life or for another's; and oh, how I scanned the faces of my judges, as they sat there in their lazy glory watching me; some throwing crumbs meanwhile to fluttering birds that whirled round me as I danced, some stroking the ears of hounds that gaped at me, while the king's fool at first made mock at me, and the face of a man behind the king's chair smiled like Satan. Ah, Robert, I know you think me fanciful and foolish, as indeed I am; but you do know that out of dreams comes life itself, and nothing is so dreamlike as life, so weird, so undefinable.

"I danced most constantly, practicing hour upon hour with Jamond, who came to be my good friend; and you shall hear from me some day her history — a sad one indeed. She is a woman who has been sinned against, not sinning. But these special lessons went on secretly, for

I was sure, if people knew how warmly I followed this recreation, they would set it down to willful desire to be singular — or worse. It gave me new interest in lonely days. So the weeks went on. Meanwhile, there were many trials for me with Monsieur Doltaire ; but of these I shall have to speak at another time.

“Robert, that wicked night I sent Voban to General Montcalm, and, as I said, a thought came to me: I would go to Jamond, beg her to mask herself, go to the Intendance, and dance before the gentlemen there, keeping them amused till the General came, as I was sure he would at my suggestion, for he is a just man and a generous. All my people, even Georgette, were abroad at a soirée, and would not be home till late. So I sought Mathilde, who had been with me for some weeks, — silent always, — and she hurried with me, my poor daft protector, to Jamond’s, whose house is very near the Bishop’s palace. We were at once admitted to Jamond, who was lying upon a couch. I hurriedly told her what I wished her to do, what was at stake, everything but that I loved you ; laying my interest upon humanity and to your having saved my father’s life. She looked troubled at once, then took my face in her hands. ‘Dear child,’ she said, ‘I understand. You have sorrow too young — too young.’ ‘But you will do this for me?’ I cried. She shook her head most sadly. ‘I cannot. I am lame these two days,’ she answered. ‘I have had a sprain.’ I sank on the floor beside her, sick and dazed. She put her hand pitifully on my head, then lifted up my chin. Looking into her eyes, I read a thought there, and I got to my feet with a spring. ‘I myself will go,’ I said ; ‘I will dance there till the General comes.’ She put out her hand in protest. ‘You must not,’ she urged. ‘Think : you may be discovered, and then the ruin that must come!’

“I drew myself up, for I seemed to feel this was a thought from God. ‘I shall put my trust in Him who thus far

has preserved me,’ said I. ‘I have no fear. I will do this thing.’ She caught me to her breast. ‘Then God be with you, child,’ was her answer ; ‘you shall do it.’ In ten minutes I was dressed in a gown of hers, which last had been worn when she danced before King Louis. It fitted me well, and with a wig the color of her hair, brought from her boxes with great swiftness, and use of paints which actors use, I was transformed. Indeed, I could scarce recognize myself without the mask, and with it on my mother would not have known me. ‘I will go with you,’ she said to me, and she hurriedly put on an old woman’s wig and a long cloak, quickly lined her face, and we were ready. She walked lame, and must use a stick, and we issued forth towards the Intendance, Mathilde remaining behind.”

Alixé paused, and sat looking at me as if to see the effect of her words. Presently she shook her head, and said with a quaint pity, “They have put an old head on young shoulders,” referring to my gray hair.

“I was about to say the same of you, sweetheart,” I answered. “Will you not go on?” I touched her soft hair with my fingers, which were too weak and thin now to be rough, though they were awkward as of old.

She made a playful motion, which recalled her as I first knew her in the old garden at the Manor, the lilacs, berries, and orchard blossoms round her, her feet buried in the pretty flowers of early summer, her apron full of the yellow apples of wild mandrake. There came to me, too, though I was so eager to know the end of her tale, the words of a song written by my master at the university. I quoted from it to her in a low voice.

“You should not flatter me,” she softly said, blushing. Then after a moment she went on : “When we got to the palace, and were admitted, I asked for the Intendant’s valet, and we stood waiting in the cold hall until he was brought. ‘I come from Monsieur Voban, the bar-

ber,' I whispered to him, for there were servants near; and he led us at once to his private room. He did not recognize me, but looked at us with sidelong curiosity. 'I am,' said I, throwing back my cloak, 'a dancer, and I have come to dance before the Intendant and his guests.' 'His Excellency does not expect you?' he asked. 'His Excellency has many times asked Madame Jamond to dance before him,' I replied. He was at once all complaisance, but his face was troubled. 'You come from Monsieur Voban?' he inquired. 'From Monsieur Voban,' answered I. 'He has gone to General Montcalm.' His face fell, and a kind of fear passed over it. 'There is no peril to any one save the English gentleman,' I urged. A light dawned on him. 'You dance until the General comes?' he asked, pleased at his own penetration. 'You will take me at once to the dining-hall,' said I, nodding. 'They are in the *Chambre de la Joie*,' he rejoined. 'The *Chambre de la Folie*,' I added; and he led the way. When we came near the chamber, I said to him, 'You will tell the Intendant that a lady of some gifts in dancing would entertain his guests, if he would have it so; but she must come and go without exchange of individual courtesies, at her will, and without remark.'

"He opened the door of the chamber, and we followed him; for there was just inside a large oak screen, and from its shadow we could see the room and all therein. At the first glance I shrank back, for, apart from the noise and the clattering of tongues, such a riot of carousal I have never seen. It seemed to me brutal and coarse, and I was shocked to note gentlemen whom I had met in society, with the show of decorum about them, loosed now from all restraint, and swaggering like woodsmen at a fair. I felt a fear go through me, and I drew back sick; but that was for an instant, for even as the valet came to the Intendant's chair a dozen or more men, who

were sitting near together in noisy yet half-secret conference, rose to their feet, each with a mask in his hand, and made as if to go towards the door, amid the remarks of others of the guests. I felt my blood fly back and forth in my heart with great violence, and I leaned against the oak screen for support. 'Courage,' said the voice of Jamond in my ear, and I ruled myself to quietness.

"At that instant the Intendant's voice stopped the men in their movement towards the great entrance door, and drew the attention of the whole company. 'Messieurs,' said he, not loud, 'a lady has come to dance for us, so be you on your best behaviors. She makes conditions which must be respected. She must be let come and go without individual courtesies; as if, indeed, she were on the stage, and we her audience. Messieurs,' he added, 'I grant her request in your name and my own.'

"There was a murmur of 'Jamond! Jamond!' and every man stood looking towards the great entrance door. The Intendant, however, was gazing towards the door where I was, and I saw he was about to come, as if to welcome me. Welcome from François Bigot to a dancing-woman! So, on the instant, I slipped off the cloak, looked at Jamond, who murmured once again, 'Courage,' and then, with a prayer on my lips, I stepped out swiftly, and made for a low, large dais at one side of the room. I was so nervous that I knew not how I went. The faces and forms of the company were blurred before me, and the lights shook and multiplied distractedly. The room shone brilliantly, yet just under the great canopy, over the dais, there were shadows, and they seemed to me, as I stepped under the red velvet, a relief, a sort of hiding-place from innumerable candles and hot unnatural eyes.

"When once I stepped there, I was changed. I did not think of the applause that greeted me, the murmurs of surprise, approbation, questioning, rising

round me. Suddenly, as I paused and faced them all, and held myself quiet and still, all nervousness passed out of me, and I saw nothing — nothing but a sort of far-off picture. My mind was caught away into that world which I had created for myself when I danced, and these rude gentlemen were but visions. All sense of indignity passed from me. I had no maidenly shrinking; I was a woman fighting for a life and happiness. I was holding men back from doing a hateful act, stopping the clock of events.

“As I danced I did not know how time passed — only that I must keep those men where they were till General Montcalm came. After a while, when the first dazed feeling had passed, I could see their faces plainly through my mask, and I knew that I could hold them; for they ceased to lift their glasses, and stood watching me, sometimes so silent that I could hear their breathing only, sometimes making a great applause, which passed into silence again quickly. Once, as I wheeled, I caught the eyes of Jamond watching me closely, and the Intendant never stirred from his seat, and scarcely moved, but kept his eyes fixed on me. Nor did he applaud. There was something painful in his immovability. I saw it all as in a dream, yet I did see it, and I was resolute to achieve a triumph over the wicked designs of base and abandoned men. I feared that my knowledge and power to hold them might stop before help came. Once, in a slight pause, when a great noise of their hands and a rattling of scabbards on the table gave me a short respite, some one — Captain Lancy, I think — snatched up a glass, and called on all to drink my health. ‘Jamond! Jamond!’ was the cry, and they drank; the Intendant himself standing up, and touching the glass to his lips, then sitting down again, silent and immovable as before. One gentleman, a nephew of the Chevalier la Darante, came swaying towards me with a glass of wine, begging me in a flippant

courtesy to drink; but I waved him back, and the Intendant said most curtly, ‘Monsieur la Darante will remember my injunction.’

“Again I danced, and I cannot tell you with what anxiety and desperation, for there must be an end to it before long, and your peril, Robert, come again, unless these rough fellows changed their minds. Moment after moment went, and though I had danced beyond reasonable limits, I still seemed to get new strength, as I have heard men say, in fighting, they ‘come to their second wind,’ a rude but faithful phrase. At last, at the end of the most famous step that Jamond had taught me, I stood still for a moment to renewed applause; and I must have wound these men up to excitement beyond all sense, for they would not be dissuaded, but swarmed towards the dais where I was, and some called for me to remove my mask. Then the Intendant came down among them, bidding them stand back, and himself stepped towards me. I felt affrighted, for I liked not the look in his eyes, and so, without a word, I stepped down from the dais, — I did not dare to speak, lest they should recognize my voice, — and made for the door with as much dignity as I might. But the Intendant came to me with a mannered courtesy, and said in my ear, ‘Madame, you have won all our hearts; I would you might accept some hospitality — a glass of wine, a wing of partridge, in a room where none shall disturb you!’ I shuddered, and passed on. ‘Nay, nay, Madame Jamond, not even myself with you, unless you would have it otherwise,’ he added.

“Still I did not speak, but put out my hand in protest, and moved on towards the screen, we two alone, for the others had fallen back with whisperings and side-speeches. Oh, how I longed to take the mask from my face and spurn them! The hand that I put out in protest the Intendant caught within his own, and would have held it, but that I drew it

back with indignation, and kept on towards the screen. Then I realized that a new-comer had seen the matter, and I stopped short, dumfounded, for it was Monsieur Doltaire! He was standing beside the screen, just within the room, and he sent at the Intendant and myself a keen, piercing glance, his face most cold and hard.

"Now he came forward quickly, for the Intendant also half stopped at sight of him, and a malignant look shot from his eyes; hatred showed in the profane word that was chopped off at his teeth. When Monsieur Doltaire reached us, he said, his eyes resting on me with intense scrutiny, 'His Excellency will present me to his distinguished entertainer?' He seemed to read behind my mask. I knew he had discovered me, and my heart stood still. But I raised my eyes and met his gaze steadily. The worst had come. Well, I would face it now. I could endure defeat with fortitude and courage. He paused an instant, a strange look passed over his face, his eyes got hard and very brilliant, and he continued (oh, what suspense that was!): 'Ah yes, I see — Jamond, the perfect and wonderful Jamond, who set us all a-kneeling at Versailles. If Madame will permit me?' He made to take my hand. Here the Intendant interposed, putting out his hand, also. 'I have promised to protect Madame from individual courtesy while here,' he said. Monsieur Doltaire looked at him keenly. 'Then your Excellency must build stone walls about yourself,' he rejoined, with cold emphasis. 'Sometimes great men are foolish. To-night your Excellency would have let' — here he raised his voice so that all could hear — 'your Excellency would have let a dozen cowardly gentlemen drag a dying prisoner from his prison, forcing back his Majesty's officers at the dungeon doors, and, after baiting, have matched him against a common criminal. That was unseemly in a great man and a King's chief officer,

the trick of a low law-breaker. Your Excellency promised a lady to protect her from individual courtesy, if she gave pleasure — a pleasure beyond price — to you and your guests, and you would have broken your word without remorse. General Montcalm has sent a company of men to set your Excellency right in one direction, and I am come to set you right in the other.'

"The Intendant was white with rage. He muttered something between his teeth, then said aloud, 'Presently we will talk more of this, Monsieur. You measure strength with François Bigot — we will see which proves the stronger in the end.' 'In the end the unjust steward kneels for mercy to his master,' was Monsieur Doltaire's quiet answer; and then he made a courteous gesture towards the door, and I went to it with him slowly, wondering what the end would be. Once at the other side of the screen, he peered into Jamond's face for an instant, then he gave a low whistle. 'You have an apt pupil, Jamond, one who might be your rival one day,' said he. Still there was a puzzled look on his face, which did not leave it till he saw Jamond walking. 'Ah yes,' he added, 'I see now. You are lame. This was a desperate but successful expedient.'

"He did not speak to me, but led the way to where, at the great door, was the Intendant's valet standing with my cloak. Taking it from him, he put it round my shoulders. 'The sleigh by which I came is at the door,' he said, 'and I will take you home.' I knew not what to do, for I feared some desperate act on his part to possess me. I determined that I would not leave Jamond, in any case, and I felt for a weapon which I had hidden in my dress. We had not, however, gone a half dozen paces in the entrance hall when there were quick steps behind, and four soldiers came towards us, with an officer at their head — an officer whom I had seen in the chamber, but did not recognize.

“ ‘Monsieur Doltaire,’ the officer said ; and Monsieur stopped. Then he cried in surprise, ‘Legrand, you here !’ To this the officer replied by handing Monsieur a paper. Monsieur’s hand dropped to his sword, but in a moment he gave a short, sharp laugh, and opened up the packet. ‘H’m,’ he said, ‘the Bastile ! The Grande Marquise is fretful, eh, Legrand ? You will permit me some moments with these ladies ?’ he added. ‘A moment only,’ answered the officer. ‘In another room ?’ Monsieur again asked. ‘A moment where you are, Monsieur,’ was the reply. Making a polite gesture for me to step aside, Monsieur Doltaire said, in a voice which was perfectly controlled and courteous, though I could hear behind all a deadly emphasis, ‘I know all now. You have foiled me, blindfolded me and all others, these three years past. You have intrigued against the captains of intrigue, you have matched yourself against practiced astuteness. On one side, I resent being made a fool and tool of ; on the other, I am lost in admiration of your talent. But henceforth there is no such thing as quarter between us. Your lover shall die ; and I will come again. This whim of the Grande Marquise will last but till I see her ; then I will return to you — forever. Truly, your lover shall die, your love’s labor for him shall be lost. I shall reap where I did not sow — his harvest and my own. I am as ice to you, Mademoiselle, at this moment ; I have murder in my heart. Yet warmth will come again. I admire you so much that I will have you for my own, or die. You are the high priestess of diplomacy ; your brain is a statesman’s, your heart is a vagrant ; it goes covertly from the sweet meadows of France to the marshes of England, a taste unworthy of you. You shall be redeemed from that by Tinoir Doltaire. Now thank me for all I have done for you, and let me say adieu.’ At that he stooped and kissed my hand. ‘I cannot thank you for what I myself achieved,’ I said. ‘We are to

be at war, you threaten, and I have no gratitude.’ ‘Well, well, adieu and au revoir, sweetheart,’ he answered. ‘If I should go to the Bastile, I shall have food for thought ; and I am your hunter to the end. In this good orchard I pick sweet fruit one day.’ His look fell on me in such a way that shame and anger were at equal height in me. Then he bowed again to me and to Jamond, and, with a sedate gesture, walked away with the soldiers and the officer.

“You can guess what were my feelings. You were safe for the moment — that was the great thing. The terror I had felt when I saw Monsieur Doltaire in the *Chambre de la Joie* had passed, for I felt he would not betray me. He is your foe, and he would kill you ; but I was sure he would not put me in danger while he was absent in France — if he expected to return — by making public my love for you and my adventure at the palace. There is something of the noble fighter in him, after all, though he is so evil a man. A prisoner himself now, he would for the moment have no means to hasten your death. But I can never forget his searching, cruel look when he recognized me ! Of Jamond I was most sure. Her own past had been full of sorrow, and her life was now so secluded and religious that I could not doubt her. Indeed, we have been blessed with good, true friends, Robert, though they are not of those who are powerful, save in their loyalty.”

Alix then told me that the officer Legrand had arrived from France but two days before the eventful night of which I have just written, armed with an order from the Grande Marquise for Doltaire’s arrest and transportation. He had landed at Louisburg, and had come on to Quebec overland. Arriving at the Intendance, he had awaited Doltaire’s coming. It was like some special providence that the arrest should occur when my dear girl was most in danger. Doltaire had stopped to visit General Montcalm



at Montmorenci Falls, on his way back from Virginia, and had thus himself brought my protection and hurried to his own undoing. I was thankful for his downfall, though I believed it was but for a moment: a man of such amazing address, who could make black to appear white, is not easily brought to doom, especially when his tyrant is a woman, or a man under a woman's will.

I was curious to know how it chanced I was set free of my dungeon, and I had the story from Alixe's lips; but not till after I had urged her, for she was sure her tale had wearied me, and she was eager to do little offices of comfort about me; telling me gayly, while she shaded the light, freshened my pillow, and gave me a cordial to drink, that she would secretly convey me wines and preserves and jellies and such kickshaws, that I should better get my strength.

"For you must know," she said, "that though this gray hair and transparency of flesh do become you, making your eyes look like two jets of flame and your face to have shadows most theatrical, a ruddy cheek and a stout hand are more suited to an English soldier. When you are young again in body, these gray hairs shall render you distinguished."

Then she sat down beside me, and clasped my hand, now looking out into the clear light of afternoon to the farther shores of Levis, showing green here and there from a sudden March rain, and very white elsewhere, the boundless forests beyond, and near us the ample St. Lawrence still covered with its vast bridge of ice, anon into my face, while I gazed into those deeps of her blue eyes that I had drowned my heart in. They were so true, so resolute, so unwavering. I loved to watch her, for with me she was ever her own absolute self, free from all artifice, lost in her perfect naturalness, let out of prison into the open road where Love walks, baring its head to the sun and the inspiring day, resting at night in a still cottage among the vines: a healthy,

perfect soundness, a primitive simplicity beneath the artifice of usual life. She had a beautiful hand, long, warm, and firm, and the fingers, when they clasped, seemed to possess and inclose your hand — the tenderness of the maidenly, the warmth and protectiveness of the maternal. She carried with her a wholesome fragrance and beauty as of an orchard, and while she sat there I thought of the engaging words: —

*"Thou art to me like a basket of summer fruit, and I seek thee in thy cottage by the vineyard, fenced about with good commendable trees."*

Of my release she spoke thus: "In two days Monsieur Doltaire was conveyed overland to Louisbourg *en route* for France, and he sent me by his valet, before he left, a small arrow studded with emeralds and pearls, and a skull all polished, with a message that the arrow was for myself, and the skull for another, — remembrances of the past, and earnest of the future, — truly an insolent and terrible man. When he was gone I went to the Governor, and, with great show of interest in many things pertaining to the government, — for he has ever been flattered by my attentions, poor little bee in the buzzing hive! — came to the question of the English prisoner. I told him it was I that prevented the disgrace to his good government by sending to General Montcalm to ask for your protection.

"He was deeply impressed by my love of his viceregal welfare, and he opened out his vain heart in divers ways about the state. But I may not tell you of these — only what concerns yourself; the rest belongs to the Governor's honor. When he was in his most pliable mood, praising me in an absurd fashion, I grew deeply serious, and told him there was a danger which perhaps he did not see. Here was this English prisoner, who, they said abroad in the town, was dying, as indeed his jailer had also declared, even Gabord, with whom he had fought. There

was no doubt that the King would approve the sentence of death, and if it were duly and with some display enforced, it would but add to the Governor's reputation in France. But should the prisoner die in captivity, or should he go an invalid to the scaffold, there would only be pity excited in the world for him. For his own honor, it were better the Governor should hang a robust prisoner, who in full blood should expiate his sins upon a tall scaffold in the sight of all the land. The advice went down like wine; and when he knew not what to do, I urged your being brought here, put under guard, and fed and nourished for your end. Again I was thanked: and so it was.

"The Governor's counselor in the matter will remain a secret, for by now he will be sure that he himself had the sparkling inspiration. There, dear Robert, is the present climax to many months of suspense and persecution, the like of which I hope I may never see again. Some time I will tell you all: those meetings with Monsieur Doltaire, his designs and approaches, his pleadings and veiled threats, his numberless small seductions of words, manners, and deeds, his singular changes of mood, when I was uncertain what would happen next; the part I had to play to know all that was going on in the Château St. Louis, in the Intendance, and with General Montcalm; the difficulties with my own people, to whom I am a riddle they cannot solve; the despair of my poor father, who does not know that it is I who have kept him from trouble by my influence with the Governor. For since the Governor and the Intendant are reconciled, he takes sides with General Montcalm, the one sound gentleman in office in this poor country — alas!"

Soon afterwards we parted. She passed out, telling me I might at any hour expect a visit from the Governor, and I was left to good dreams and great thanksgiving.

## XX.

The Governor visited me. His attitude was marked by nothing so much as a supercilious courtesy, a manner which said, You must see I am not to be trifled with; and though I have you here in my Château, it is that I may make a fine scorching of you in the end. Now he vaingloriously insisted that the English would be destroyed, if they came to take Quebec; again, sought, crudely, to have me divulge the plans of our generals, as though I were in constant correspondence with them; and he bade me see what a wretch I had been to seek escape. He would have me consider if he were the sort of gentleman to bear trifling. Out of his wisdom, he had freed me from the dungeon, to render me a fitter sacrifice to international honor. He would make of me an example to amaze and instruct the nations — when I was robust enough to die. I might easily have flattered myself on being an object of interest to the eyes of nations. He did not say that a girl yet in her teens had told him what to do. I almost pitied him; for he appeared so lost in self-admiration and the importance of his office that he would never see disaster when it came.

"There is but one master here in Canada," he said, "and I am he. If things go wrong, it is because my orders are not obeyed. Your people have taken Louisburg; had I been there, it should never have been given up. Drucour was hasty — he listened to the women. I should allow no woman to move me. I should be inflexible. They might send two Amhersts and two Wolfes against me, I would hold my fortress."

"They will never send two, your Excellency," said I.

He did not see the irony, and he prattled on: "That Wolfe, they tell me, is bandy-legged; is no better than a girl at sea, and never well ashore. I am always in raw health — the strong mind in the

potent body. Had I been at Louisburg, I should have held it, as I held Ticonderoga last July, and drove the English back with monstrous slaughter."

Here was news. I had had no information in many months, and all at once two great facts were brought to me.

"Your Excellency, then, was at Ticonderoga?" said I.

"I sent Montcalm to defend it," he replied pompously. "I told him how he must act, I was explicit, and it came out as I had said: we were victorious. Yet he would have done better had he obeyed me in everything. If I had been at Louisburg" . . .

Vain old braggart! how might an excellent soldier like General Montcalm be ruined by his stupid vanity! But what had I to do with that? I hoped to see him humbled by Amherst or Wolfe, and to give him a taste of what he had given me, with an added humiliation which I had never felt. Indignities and sufferings had not shaken my pride; for rash I may have been, but I had been no fool. I could not at first bring myself to flatter the viceregal peacock; for it had been my mind to fight these Frenchmen always; to yield in nothing; to defeat them like a soldier, not like a juggler. But I brought myself to say half ironically, "If all great men had capable instruments, they would seldom fail."

"You have touched the heart of the matter," he said credulously. "I took Oswego, I held Ticonderoga; give me faithful service, and who shall take Quebec?"

"I would care less to engage with your Excellency than any general I know," answered I; and I thought, Surely now he will see I am but fooling him, and retort upon me with harsh treatment; but he took me seriously instead.

"It is a pity," he remarked, with complacent severity, "that you have been so misguided and criminal; you have, in some things, more sense than folly."

I bowed as to a compliment from a

great man. Then, all at once, I spoke to him with an air of apparent frankness, and said that if I must die, I cared to do so like a gentleman, with some sort of health, and not like an invalid. He must admit that at least I was no coward. He might fence me about with what guards he chose, but I prayed him to let me walk upon the ramparts, when I was strong enough to be abroad, under all due espionage. I had already suffered many deaths, I said, and I would go to the final one looking like a man, not like a relic of humanity.

"Ah, I have heard this before," said he. "Monsieur Doltaire, who is in prison here, and is to fare on to the Bastille, was insolent enough to send me message yesterday that I should keep you close in your dungeon. But I had had enough of Monsieur Doltaire; and indeed it was through me that the Grande Marquise had him called to durance. He was a muddler here. They must not interfere with me; I am not to be cajoled or crossed in my plans. We shall see, we shall see about the ramparts," he continued. "Meanwhile prepare to die." This he said with such importance that I almost laughed in his face. But I bowed with a sort of awed submission, and he turned and left the room.

I grew stronger slowly day by day, but it was quite a month before Alix came again; for the Château did not face the river, and my room was at the back, and she must come by the front entrance. But sometimes I saw her walking on the banks of the river, and I was sure she was there that I might see her, though she made no sign towards me, nor ever seemed to look towards my window. Nor yet was there any message from her.

Spring was now come. The snow had gone from the ground, the tender grass was springing, and the air was so soft and kind that war's alarms seemed unmannerly breaches of nature's peace. One fine day, at the beginning of May,

I heard the booming of cannons and a great shouting, and, looking out, I could see crowds of people upon the banks, and many boats in the river, where yet the ice had not entirely broken up. By stretching from my window, through the bars of which I could get my head, but not my body, I noted a squadron sailing round the point of the Island of Orleans. I took it to be a fleet from France bearing reinforcements and supplies — as indeed afterwards I found was so ; but the reinforcements were so small and the supplies so limited that it is said Montcalm, when he knew, cried out, “Now is all lost! Nothing remains but to fight and die. I shall see my beloved Candiac no more.”

For the first time all the English colonies had combined against Canada. Vaudreuil and Montcalm were at variance, and Vaudreuil had, through his personal hatred and envy of Montcalm, signed the death-warrant of the colony by writing to the colonial minister that Montcalm's agents, going for succor, were not to be trusted. Yet at that moment I did not know these things, and the sight made me grave, though it made me sure also that this year would find the British battering this same Château, and, by God's help, flying our good ensign where the golden lilies shook in the wind above me.

I need not set down the many details of my cramped life in the Château, the close vigilance of my sentinels, my strict confinement, the liberal supplies of food and wine that were sent me, and the surly treatment of my guards, who said that while good Frenchmen had not food enough to keep body and soul together, I was stuffed with delicacies. I sought to mollify them by presents of gold, and succeeded to some small degree.

Presently there came word from the Governor that I might walk upon the ramparts, and I was taken forth for several hours each day ; always, however, under strict surveillance, my guards, well armed, attending, while the ramparts

were, as usual, patrolled by soldiers. I could see that ample preparations were being made against a siege, and every day the excitement increased. I got to know more definitely of what was going on, when, under vigilance, I was allowed to speak to Lieutenant Stevens, who also was permitted some such freedom as I had enjoyed when I first came to Quebec. He had private information that General Wolfe or General Amherst was likely to proceed against Quebec from Louisburg, and he was determined to join the expedition.

For months he had been maturing plans for escape. There was one Clark, a ship-carpenter (of whom I have before written), and two other bold spirits, who were sick of captivity, and it was intended to fare forth one night and make a run for freedom. Clark had had a notable plan. A wreck of several transports had occurred at Belle Isle, and it was thought to send him down the river with a sloop to bring back the crew, and break up the wreck. It was his intention to arm his sloop with Lieutenant Stevens and some English prisoners the night before she was to sail, and steal away with her down the river. But whether or not the authorities suspected him, the command was given to another.

It was proposed, however, on a dark night, to get away to some point on the river, where a boat should be stationed, — though that was a difficult matter, for the river was well patrolled and boats were scarce, — and drift quietly down the stream, till a good distance below the city. Mr. Stevens said he had delayed the attempt on the faint hope of fetching me along. Money, he said, was needed, for Clark and all were very poor, and common necessities were now at exorbitant prices in the country. Tyranny and robbery had made corn and clothing luxuries. All the old tricks of Bigot and his La Friponne, which, after the outbreak the night of my arrest at the Seigneur Duvarney's, had been some-

what repressed, were in full swing again, and robbery in the name of providing for defense was the only habit.

I managed to convey to Mr. Stevens a good sum of money, and begged him to meet me every day upon the ramparts, until I also should see my way to making a dart for freedom. I advised him in many ways, for he was more bold than shrewd, and I made him promise that he would not tell Clark or the others that I was to make trial to go with them. I feared the accident of disclosure, and any new failure on my part to get away would, I knew, mean my instant death, consent of King or no consent.

One evening, a soldier entered my room, whom in the half-darkness I did not recognize, till a voice said, "There's orders new for dickey-bird, ah!"

"What are they, Gabord?" said I, most glad to see him. "You always come with crisis."

"Not dungeon now, but this room Governor bespeaks for gentlemen from France; he tires of this prison-making here."

"And where go I, Gabord?"

"Where you will have fighting," he answered.

"With whom?"

"Yourself, ah!" A queer smile crossed his lips, and was followed by a sort of sternness. There was something graver in his manner than I had ever seen. I could not guess his meaning. At last he added, pulling roughly at his mustache, "And when that's done, if not well done, to answer to Gabord the soldier; for, God take my soul without bed-going, but I will call you to account."

"You speak in riddles," said I. Then all at once the matter burst upon me. "The Governor quarters me at the Seigneur Duvarney's?" I asked.

"No other," answered he. "In three days to go."

I understood him now. He had had a struggle, knowing of the relations between Alixe and myself, to avoid telling

the Governor all. And now, if I involved her, used her to effect my escape from her father's house! Even his peasant brain saw my difficulty, the danger to my honor — and hers. In spite of the joy I felt at being near her, seeing her, I shrank from the situation. If I escaped from the Seigneur Duvarney's, it would throw suspicion upon him, upon Alixe, and that made me stand abashed. Besides, if the Seigneur and his wife suspected Alixe's love for me — But what then? said I to myself. I had the right to love her, the right — Yet no, what right had I to anything — a prisoner under a foul suspicion, a man condemned to death! But I had done nothing; my conscience was clear of dishonor save in the minds of my foes. Yet inside the Seigneur Duvarney's house I should now feel unhappy, bound to certain calls of honor concerning his daughter and himself. I stood long, thinking, Gabord watching me.

Finally, "Gabord," said I, "you and I have fought; you have known me these two years better than any other. Tell me, as you are a man, if I am worth a woman's love or a man's respect."

"I'm but a common soldier," he replied, "and I may not know, yet I've seen no better gentleman in the world."

"I thank you, Gabord," I answered. "I want no other man to speak for me. Then see: I give you my word of honor that I will not put Mademoiselle or Monsieur Duvarney in peril."

"You will not try to escape?"

"Not to use them for escape. To elude my guards, to fight my way to liberty — yes — yes — yes!"

"But that mends not. Who's to know the lady did not help you?"

"You. You are to be my jailer again there?"

He nodded, and fell to pulling his mustache. "'Tis not enough," he said decisively.

"Come, then," said I, "I will strike a bargain with you. If you will grant

me one thing, I will give my word of honor not to escape from the Seigneur's house."

"Sing on."

"As you say, I am not to go to the Seigneur's for three days yet. Arrange that Mademoiselle may come to me tomorrow at dusk, — at six o'clock, when all the world dines, — and I will give my word. No more do I ask you — only that."

"Done," said he. "It shall be so."

"You will fetch her yourself?" I asked.

"Gabord will fetch her on the stroke of six. Guard changes then, and Governor sits at dinner."

Here our talk ended. He went, and I plunged deep into my great plan; for all at once, as we had talked, came a thing to me which I shall make clear ere long. I set my wits to work. Once since my coming to the Château I had been visited by the English chaplain who had been a prisoner at the citadel the year before. He was now on parole, and had freedom to come and go in the town. The Governor had said he might visit me on a certain day every week, at a fixed hour, and the next day at five o'clock was the time appointed for his second visit. Gabord had promised to bring Alixe to me at six.

The following morning I met Mr. Stevens on the ramparts. I told him it was my purpose to escape the next night, if possible. If not, I must go to the Seigneur Duvarney's, where I should be on parole — to Gabord. I bade him fulfill my wishes to the letter, for on his boldness and my own, and the courage of his men, I depended for escape. He declared himself ready to risk all, and die in the attempt, if need be, for he was sick of idleness. He could, he said, mature his plans that day, if he had more money. I gave him secretly a small bag of gold, and then I made explicit note of what I required of him: that he should tie up in a loose but safe bundle a sheet,

a woman's skirt, some river grasses and reeds, some phosphorus, a pistol and a knife, and some saltpetre and other chemicals; and that evening, about nine o'clock, which was the hour the guard changed, he was to tie this bundle to a string which I let down from my window, and I would draw it up. Then, the night following, the others must steal away to that place near Sillery, — the west side of the town was always ill guarded, — and wait there with a boat. He should see me at a certain point on the ramparts, and, well armed, we also would make our way to Sillery, and from the spot called the Anse du Foulon drift down the river in the dead of night.

He promised to do all as I wished. When he left me, I walked for full two hours, feeling stronger every moment, and more eager for my expedition. I felt that the great crisis had come, and I laughed to think of the part I was about to play.

When I was taken back to the Château, I employed myself in writing a letter to Voban, in which I told him that he would find a little bag of gold hidden under a certain tree at Sillery, which stood beside a windmill, and that he must keep this for my use in the future, or for his purposes if he ever needed it; for I knew that so long as Bigot ruled his life and safety were in peril, especially since Doltaire was gone. I also told him that if he chose rather to go with me he would find me by that same tree the next night at eleven o'clock. I did not fear to tell him these things, for he was too old a friend; and Alixe should bear the letter, which would insure it not miscarrying.

The rest of the day I spent in fashioning strange toys out of willow rods. I had got these rods from my guards, to make whistles for their children, and they had carried away many of them. But now, with pieces of a silk handkerchief tied to the whistle and filled with air, I made a toy which, when squeezed,



sent out a weird lament. Once when my guard came in, I pressed one of these things in my pocket, and it gave forth a sort of smothered cry, like a sick child. At this he started, and looked round the room in trepidation; for, of all peoples, these Canadian Frenchmen are the most superstitious, and may be worked on without limit. The cry had seemed to come from a distance. I looked around, also, and appeared serious, and he asked me if I had heard the thing before.

"Once or twice," said I.

"Then you are a dead man," said he; "t is a warning, that!"

"Maybe it is not I, but one of you," I answered. Then, with a sort of hush, "Is't like the cry of *La Jongleuse*?" I added. *La Jongleuse* is their fabled witch, or spirit, of disaster.

He nodded his head, crossed himself, mumbled a prayer, and turned to go, but came back. "I'll fetch a crucifix," he said. "You are a heathen, and you bring her here. She is the devil's dam."

He left with a scared face, and I laughed to myself quietly, for I saw success ahead of me. True to his word, he brought a crucifix and put it up—not where he wished, but, at my request, opposite the door, upon the wall. He crossed himself before it, and was most devout.

It looked singular to see this big, rough soldier, who was in most things a swaggerer, so childlike in all that touched his religion. With this you could fetch him to his knees; with it I would cow him that I might myself escape.

At half past five the chaplain came, having been delayed by the guard to have his order indorsed by Captain Laney of the Governor's household. To him I told my plans so far as I thought he should know them, and then I explained what I wished him to do. He was grave and thoughtful for some minutes, but at last consented. He was a pious man, and of as honest a heart as I have known, albeit narrow and confined, which sprang

perhaps from his provincial practice and his theological cutting and trimming. We were in the midst of a serious talk, wherein I urged him upon matters which shall presently be set forth, when there came a noise outside. I begged him to retire to the alcove where my bed was, and draw the curtain for a few moments, nor come forth until I called. He did so, yet I thought it hurt his sense of dignity to be shifted to a bedroom.

As he disappeared the door opened, and Gabord and Alixe entered. "One half hour," said Gabord, and went out again.

Alixé started forward to me with a warm word, but I put my finger on my lips, and pointed to the bedroom. We embraced, and were lost in a happy silence for a minute, and then she said:—

"I have not been idle, Robert, but I could not act, for my father and mother suspect my love for you. I have come but little to the Château without them, and I was closely watched. I knew not how the thing would end, but I kept up my workings with the Governor, which is easier now Monsieur Doltaire is gone, and I got you the freedom to walk upon the ramparts. Well, once before my father suspected me, I said that if his Excellency disliked your being in the Château, you could be as well guarded in my father's house, with sentinels always there, until you could, in better health, be taken to the common jail again. What was my surprise when yesterday came word to my father that he should make ready to receive you as a prisoner; being sure that he, his Excellency's cousin, and the father of the man you had injured, and the most loyal of Frenchmen, would guard you diligently, thus securing the country and its Governor; for he would now use all extra room in the Château for the entertainment of gentlemen and officers lately come from France. And so in two days you are to come to us.

"When my father got the news, he was

thrown into dismay. He knew not what to do. On what ground could he refuse the Governor? Yet he felt it his duty to do so, on thinking of me. Again, on what ground could he refuse this boon to you, to whom we all owe the blessing of his life? On my brother's account? But my brother has written to my father justifying you, and magnanimously praising you as a man, while hating you as an English soldier. On my account? But he could not give this reason to the Governor. As for me, I was silent, I waited — and I wait; I know not what will be the end. Meanwhile preparations go on to receive you."

Had ever prisoner a more singular history, or lover a more difficult position? Beaming with joy at our meeting as Alixe was, she was much troubled also. Yet I could see that her mood was more tranquil since Doltaire was gone. A certain restlessness had vanished; there was now a soft firmness, a greater calm even in her perplexity. Her manner had much dignity, and every movement a peculiar grace and elegance. She was dressed in a soft cloth of a gray tone, touched off with red and slashed with gold, and a cloak of gray, trimmed with fur, with bright silver buckles, hung loosely on her, thrown off at one shoulder. There was a sweet disorder in the hair, which indeed was prettiest when freest.

When she had finished speaking, she looked at me, as I thought, with a little anxiety.

"Alixe," I said, "we have come to the cross-roads, and the way we choose now is for all time."

She looked up, startled, yet governing herself, and her hand sought mine and nestled there. "I feel that, too," she replied. "What is it, Robert?"

"I cannot in honor escape from your father's house. I cannot steal his daughter and his safety too" —

"You must escape," she interrupted firmly.

"From here, from the citadel, from

anywhere but your house; and so I will not go to it."

"You will not go to it?" she repeated slowly and strangely. "How may you not? You are a prisoner. If they make my father your jailer" — She laughed.

"I owe that jailer and that jailer's daughter" —

"You owe them your safety and your freedom. Oh, Robert, I know, I know what you mean. But what care I what the world may think by and by, or to-morrow, or to-day! I have a conscience clear of offense."

"Your father" — I persisted.

She nodded. "Yes, yes, you speak truth, alas! And yet you must be freed. And" — here she got to her feet, and with flashing eyes spoke out — "and you shall be set free. Let come what will, I owe my first duty to you, though all the world chatter; and I will not stir from that. As soon as I can make it possible, you shall escape, Robert."

"You shall have the right to set me free," said I, "if I must go to your father's house. And if I do not go there, but out to my own good country, you shall still have the right before all the world to follow, or to wait till I come to fetch you."

"I do not understand you, Robert," said she. "I do not" — Here she broke off, looking, looking at me, and trembling a little.

Then I stooped and whispered softly in her ear; she gave a little cry, and drew back from me; yet instantly her hand came out and caught my arm.

"Robert, Robert! I cannot, I dare not!" she cried softly. "No, no, it may not be," she added in a whisper of fear.

I went to the alcove, drew back the curtain, and asked Mr. Wainfleet to step forth.

"Sir," said I, picking up my Prayer Book and putting it in his hands, "I beg you to marry this lady and myself."

He paused, dazed. "Marry you — here — now?" he asked shakingly.

"Before ten minutes go round, this lady must be my wife," said I.

"Mademoiselle Duvarney, you" — he began.

"Be pleased, dear sir, to open the book at '*Wilt thou have,*'" said I. "The lady is a Catholic, she has not the consent of her people; but when she is my wife, made so by you, whose consent need we ask? Can you not tie us fast enough, a man and woman of sense sufficient, but you must pause here? Is the knot you tie safe against picking and stealing?"

I had touched his vanity and his ecclesiasticism. "Married by me," he replied, "once chaplain to the Bishop of London, you have a knot that no sword can cut. I am in full orders. My parish is in Boston itself."

"You will hand a certificate to my wife to-morrow, and you will uphold this marriage against all gossip?" asked I.

"Against all France and England," he answered, roused now.

"Then come," I urged.

"But I must have a witness," he interposed, opening the book.

"You shall have one in due time," said I. "Go on. When the marriage is performed, and at the point where you shall proclaim us man and wife, I will have a witness."

I turned to Alixe, and found her pale and troubled. "Oh, Robert, Robert!" she cried, "it cannot be. Now, now I am afraid, for the first time in my life, dear, the first time!"

"Dearest lass in the world," I said, "it must be. I shall not go to your father's. To-morrow night, I make my great stroke for freedom, and when I am free I shall return to fetch my wife."

"You will try to escape from here to-morrow?" she asked, her face flushing finely.

"I will escape or die," I answered; "but I shall not think of death. Come, heart of my heart, come and say with me that we shall part no more — in spirit

no more; that, whatever comes, you and I have fulfilled our great hope, though under the shadow of the sword."

At that she put her hand in mine with a great pride and sweetness, and said, "I am ready, Robert. I give my heart, my life, and my honor to you — forever."

Then, with great sweetness and solemnity she turned to the clergyman: "Sir, my honor is also in your hands. If you have mother or sister, or any care of souls upon you, I pray you, in the future act as becomes good men."

"Mademoiselle," he said earnestly, "I am risking my freedom, maybe my life, in this; do you think?" —

But here she took his hand and pressed it. "Ah, I ask your pardon. I am of a different faith from you, and I have known how men forget when they should remember." She smiled at him so perfectly that he drew himself up with pride.

"Make haste, sir," said I. "Jailers are curious folk."

The room was not yet lighted, the evening shadows were creeping in, and up out of the town came the ringing of the vesper bell from the church of the Recollets. For a moment there was stillness in the room and all around us, and then the chaplain began in a low voice: "*I require and charge you both*" — and so on. In a few moments I had made the great vow, and had put on Alixe's finger a ring which the clergyman drew from his own hand. Then we knelt down, and I know we both prayed with the good man, most fervently, that we might "ever remain in perfect love and perfect peace together."

Rising, he paused, and I went to the door and knocked upon it. It was opened by Gabord. "Come in, Gabord," said I. "There is a thing that you must hear."

He stepped back and got a light, and then entered, holding it up, and shutting the door. A strange look came upon his face when he saw the chaplain, and a stranger when, stepping beside Alixe, I

took her hand, and Mr. Wainfleet declared us man and wife. He stood like one dumfounded, and he did not stir as Alixe, turning to me, let me kiss her on the lips, and then went to the crucifix on the wall and kissed the feet of it, and stood for a moment, praying. Nor did he move or make a sign till she came back and stood beside me.

"A pretty scene!" he burst forth then with anger; "but, by God! no marriage is it!"

Alixé's hand tightened on my arm, and she drew close to me.

"A marriage that will stand at Judgment Day, Gabord," said I.

"But not in France or here. 'Tis mating wild, with end of doom."

"It is a marriage our great Archbishop at Lambeth Palace will uphold against a hundred popes and kings," said the chaplain with importance.

"You are no priest, but holy peddler!" cried Gabord roughly. "This is a mating as the birds mate, not as Christian men, and fires of hell shall burn — aho! I will see you all go down, and hand of mine shall not be lifted for you!"

He puffed out his cheeks, and his great eyes rolled so like fire-wheels that I almost fell a-laughing.

"You are a witness to this ceremony," said the chaplain. "And you shall answer to your God, but you must speak the truth for this man and wife."

"Man and wife?" laughed Gabord wildly. "May I die and be damned to" —

Like a flash Alixe was beside him, and put to his lips most swiftly the little wooden cross that Mathilde had given her. "Gabord, Gabord," she said in a sweet, sad voice, "when you may come to die, a girl's prayers will be waiting at God's feet for you."

He stopped, and stared at her. Her hand lay on his arm, and she continued: "No night gives me sleep, Gabord, but I pray for the jailer who has been kind to an ill-treated gentleman."

"A juggling gentleman, that cheats Gabord before his eyes, and smuggles in a mongrel priest!" he blustered.

I waved my hand at the chaplain, or I think he would have put his Prayer Book to rougher use than was its wont, and I was about to answer, but Alixe spoke instead, and to greater purpose than I could have done. Her whole mood changed, her face grew still and proud, her eyes flashed bravely, so that I had a spirit of great elation.

"Soldier," she said, "vanity speaks in you there, not honesty. No gentleman here is a juggler. No kindness you may have done warrants insolence. Do not presume. To bring great misery on us you have the power, and you may have the will, but, by God's help, both he and I, my husband and myself, shall be delivered from cruel hands. At any moment I may stand alone in the world, friends, people, the Church, and all the land against me: if you desire to haste that time, to bring me to disaster, because you would injure my husband," — how sweet the name sounded on her lips! — "then act, but do not insult us. But no, no," she broke off softly, "you spoke in temper, you meant it not, you were but vexed with us for the moment. Dear Gabord," she added, "did we not know that if we had asked you first, you would have refused us? You care so much for me, you would have feared my linking my life and fate with one" —

"With one the death-man has in hand, to pay price for wicked deed," he interrupted.

"With one innocent of all dishonor, a gentleman wronged every way. Gabord, you know it so, for you have guarded him and fought with him, and you are an honorable gentleman," she added gently.

"No gentleman I," he burst forth, "but jailer base, and soldier born upon a truss of hay. But honor is an apple any man may eat since Adam walked in garden. 'Tis honest foe, here," he con-

tinued magnanimously, and nodded towards me.

"We would have told you all," she said, "but how dare we involve you, or how dare we tempt you, or how dare we risk your refusal? It was love and truth drove us to this; and God will bless this mating as the birds mate, even as He gives honor to Gabord who was born upon a truss of hay."

"Aho!" said Gabord, puffing out his cheeks, and smiling on her with a look half sour, and yet with a doglike fondness, "'t is poor nesting for wren and dickey-bird; but Gabord's mouth is shut till 's head is off, and then to tell the tale to Twelve Apostles!"

Through his wayward, illusive speech we caught his meaning. He would keep faith with us, and be best proof of this marriage, at risk of his head even.

As we spoke, the chaplain was writing in the blank fore-pages of the Prayer Book. Presently he said to me, handing me the pen, which he had picked from a table, "Inscribe your names here. It is a rough record of the ceremony, but it will suffice before all men, when tomorrow I have given Mistress Stobo another record."

We wrote our names, and then the pen was handed to Gabord. He took it, and at last, with many flourishes and aho's, and by dint of puffings and rolling eyes, he wrote his name so large that it filled as much space as the other names and all the writing, and was indeed like a huge indorsement across the record.

When this was done, Alixe held out her hand to him. "Will you kiss me, Gabord?" she said.

The great soldier was all taken back. He flushed like a schoolboy, yet a big humor and pride looked out of his eyes.

"I owe you for the sables, too," she said. "But kiss me, not on my ears, as the Russian count kissed Gabord, but on both cheeks."

This won him to our cause utterly, and I never think of Gabord, as I saw

him last in the sway and carnage of battle, fighting with wild uproar and covered with wounds, but the memory of that moment, when he kissed my young wife, comes back to me.

"Go nest, go nest," he said, in his whimsical metaphors, "and happy be, and hunter's arm kill not!"

At that he turned to leave. "Gabord shall hold the door for minutes ten, aho!" he added; and he waited for the chaplain, who blessed us then with tears in his eyes, and smiled a little to my thanks and praises and purse of gold, and to Alixe's sweet gratitude. With lifting chin — good honest gentleman, who afterwards proved his fidelity and truth — he said that he would die to uphold this sacred ceremony. And so he made a little speech, as if he had a pulpit round him, and he wound up with a benediction which sent my dear girl to tears and soft trembling: —

*"The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make his face to shine upon you, the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace now and evermore."*

A moment afterwards the door closed, and for ten minutes I looked into my wife's eyes, my dear wife's face, and, looking, told her my plans for escape. Little time was there for tale of love, but yet we read all through a rich volume of confidence and affection; and when Gabord opened the door upon us, we had passed through years of understanding and resolve. Our parting was brave — a bravery on her side that I do not think any other woman could match. She was quivering with the new life come upon her, yet she was self-controlled; she moved as in a dream, yet I knew her mind was alert, vigilant, and strong; she was aching with thought of this separation, with the peril that faced us both, yet she carried a quiet joy in her face, a tranquil gravity of bearing.

"What God hath joined" — said I gravely at the last.

"Let no man put asunder," she answered softly and solemnly.

"Amen," said Gabord, and turned his head away.

Then the door shut upon me, and though I am no Catholic, I have no shame in saying that I kissed the feet on the crucifix which her lips had blessed.

*Gilbert Parker.*

## THE WORDSWORTH COUNTRY ON TWO SHILLINGS A DAY.

GOOD taste, good health, good nature, open-mindedness, open-heartedness, ready adaptability, and keen perception are of far more account in foreign travel than much money. While it is reassuring, of course, to have a store of funds to fall back on, the lavish use of money on the road is one of the greatest obstacles to success. Thus, foreign travel, instead of being a peculiar privilege of the rich, as it is usually considered, comes quite as near being a peculiar privilege of the poor. There are annoyances connected with making use of workingmen's excursions, walking in heat and dust to save carriage hire, riding on night trains to save lodging-bills, selecting dishes for nutriment, attending dull services for views of church interiors, hunting for cheap lodgings when leg-weary. But these very annoyances are pleasant to recall, and they have the compensation, at the time, of bringing their victim into close touch with the average life of average people. Being no novice at cheap travel, the fact that money was not plentiful with me did not hold me back for a moment, when I found myself, in the summer of 189-, with a few weeks on my hands to do with as I would. This time it should be the Wordsworth Country. I would have no set itinerary. I would linger or move on, ride or walk, as my own mood and the mood of the neighborhood might determine. I would tramp much, and saunter more, and lounge most of all. Thus would the fondest dream of half a score of years come true.

At Liverpool I made up an oilcloth pack of only a few pounds' weight, which could be borne on my back or carried in my hand. It contained several handkerchiefs, two pairs of stockings, buttons, needles, thread, and a change of underwear; a towel, a bath-sponge, a cake of soap, a toothbrush, a comb, Baedeker's Great Britain, and Wordsworth's Poems. For more ready reference, I added to the usual contents of my pockets a flask of whiskey, a few Bath buns, and a canvas-mounted map reduced from the ordnance survey. My other belongings were dispatched to London to await my coming; for I was sure to turn up there sooner or later, as every visitor to England does.

I embarked on a slow and cheap night train for Windermere, the southeastern gateway of the Lake District. Not a soul was stirring in the village when the train arrived, at five o'clock in the morning. It was therefore impossible to get a meal there, and I set out at once for Ambleside, four miles or so to the northward, breakfasting as I went on my Bath buns. The tops of all the mountains were glistering with snow, though it was near the middle of May. The narrow, river-like lake, Windermere, was a turquoise blue; the sky was cloudless; the air was at once frosty and fragrant with spring flowers; the birds were very troubadours. My blood was soon tingling with ozone and exercise. I was buoyant, exultant, mad with delight. In my passion to reach the amphitheatre at the head of the lake, in which I knew Am-



bleside must be nestled, I fairly ran along the villaed, wooded shore road.

Ambleside, like most of the lake towns, is full of lodgings at from ten to fifteen shillings per week. Cheaper rooms are scarce. So when Mrs. John Hyson offered me a large front chamber, with a glorious outlook on Wansfell Pike, for eight and sixpence, I quickly clinched the bargain. It turned out not to be a bad one, though I afterwards discovered two or three smaller rooms at seven shillings, — just a shilling a night. Mrs. Hyson was eager to give me food as well as lodging; and I should have much preferred to let her have her way, had she not insisted on two shillings a day for it. As it was, I resisted her importunity, salving her wounded feelings by contracting to have served every morning a sixpenny breakfast, consisting of a pot of tea, dry toast, and eggs or bacon. For the other meals, I gathered from the village stores a goodly supply of easily handled staples — bread and cheese, meat pies, and dried fish — and a few delicacies. In this way I was able to keep my entire daily expenditure down to the two shillings I had set myself as a limit. My method was to eat an eight-o'clock breakfast, stow away a good lunch in my pockets, and take to the mountains for the day. On my return at night, I spread out a supper in my room, where a pot of tea was brought when I desired. Supper over, I went to bed immediately, overpowered by the delicious lassitude that accompanies purely physical weariness. And then the luxury of twelve to thirteen hours' wholesome sleep!

These absences on the mountains included some vigorous and interesting tramping. On one day it was Hawkshead, Esthwaite Lake, Conistone, Elterwater, and Loughrigg Tarn, — all familiar names to the Wordsworth lover; on another, Rydal and Grasmere, White Stones, The Stake, Silver How, Sour Milk Ghyll, Easdale Tarn, Stickle Tarn, Dungeon Ghyll Force, — a twenty-mile

loop with some very rough climbing; on still another, Kirkstone Pass, Caudale Moor, Red Screes, Brothers' Water, Patterdale, Ullswater, Helvellyn, and Grasmere, — twenty-five miles at the least. This tramp was spiced with real danger. On the Grisedale Road, a rugged mountain pass, I was surprised by a heavy fall of snow, almost out of a clear sky. The path, at no time too easy to trace, was obliterated within five minutes after the snow began. Instead of seeking for the shelter of a rock and waiting for the squall to pass, as would have been discreet, like poor Lucy Gray I "wandered up and down," slumping, wading, slipping, falling, bumping, scraping, until there was hardly a sound spot on my body. A bone might have been broken as easily as not; and had this happened, the chances are I should have starved before assistance came, —

"Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway or cultivated land,  
From trace of human foot or hand;"

for when I did at last strike the Grasmere Road, after several hours of anxious, painful wandering, it was at a point some miles beyond the junction with the Grisedale Road, at which I should have emerged. My anxiety during this experience was increased by the certain knowledge that it was in this very pass that the young man Charles Gough (the subject of Wordsworth's *Fidelity*, just quoted from, as well as of a poem by Scott) lost his life by sliding from a snow-covered rock.

Driving snow changed to pouring rain. It was eight o'clock before I arrived at Mrs. Hyson's. I begged permission to drink my tea in the kitchen, that night, before the open fire. It was readily granted. Mrs. Hyson had all along been spoiling for a gossip. What she got from me is immaterial. I learned from her that she was a widow with six children, — two at home, and four out in

the world, one of the latter a coachman in America. For a living, besides taking tourist lodgers, she did dressmaking. She had once lodged an American lady "with a lot of cheek," who had contrived, the Lord knows how, to secure a plate from which Wordsworth had eaten. "That was all she knew about Wordsworth; though of course he must be great, or people would n't come over the water to see where he was buried. Some did say as how Bobby Burns was the better poet, and she thought herself as he was; not as she had a right to pass judgment as had never read Wordsworth's writings, but she'd seen the insides of some of his books, and they did n't fancy her eyes."

Speaking of Burns led her to congratulate herself that none of her offspring had taken to rhyming. "Poets are that unthrifty, besides, they mostly don't live to be old. Susie, how old was Shakespeare when he died?" appealing to her fifteen-year-old daughter, to display her book-learning. "There, I told you so!" when Susie had answered. "I misdoubt my man, who was always a-saying rhymes, would n't 'a' died so unseasonable if he'd kept away from the verse-books."

During my stay, the good widow played a neat trick on me, of which I may speak, for I have long ago forgiven it. She secretly drew from my flask a swallow or two of whiskey a day, then poured in an equal amount of water. Detection was very slow in coming, since it was the lack of quality, and not of quantity, that first aroused my suspicion.

It was on one of the tramps from Mrs. Hyson's that I lit upon the spot about which my finest memories of the lake-land cluster. I was crossing from Little Langdale Valley to Great Langdale Valley, with the Langdale Pikes in my view, when I came to an isolated house, upon the front wall of which "Ginger Beer, Milk and Lemonade" were advertised. It was a warm day

for the season, and I was thirsty; so I went in and purchased a glass of cool rich milk and some oat cakes, for a penny. There was a beautiful tarn close by the house, and glorious fells were about it. Altogether the spot pleased me so that I begged the inmates to take me as a boarder. They were quite willing to do it, at a price that just suited me, — two shillings a day. I paid them in advance for a week, promising to return Saturday, when my time would be up at Ambleside. Their receipted bill is a curiosity:—

"s. d. Received the some of fortien  
14 0 shillens for one weak Bord and  
Lodgens at Blea Tarn doo to  
W. ROBBINS."

That night I discovered from my Baedeker that I had unwittingly engaged lodgings in the very cottage lived in by the "Solitary" of Wordsworth's *Excursion*. Here is the poet's description:—

"A little lowly vale,  
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high  
Among the mountains; even as if the spot  
Had been from eldest time by wish of theirs  
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!  
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;  
With rocks encompassed, save that to the south  
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad  
ridge

Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;  
A quiet, treeless nook with two green fields,  
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,  
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no more!  
It seemed the home of poverty and toil,  
Though not of want: the little fields, made  
green

By husbandry of many thrifty years,  
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.  
There crows the cock, single in his domain:  
The small birds find in spring no thicket  
there

To shroud them; only from the neighboring  
vales

The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill-tops,  
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

Full many a spot  
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy  
Among the mountains; never one like this;  
So lonesome and so perfectly secure;  
Not melancholy — no, for it is green,  
And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself

With the few needful things that life requires.  
In rugged arms how softly does it lie,  
How tenderly protected !”

Fourscore years have passed since this was written. There are thickets now suitable for the birds, and beautiful birds to fill them. There are many scattered trees and a young larch plantation. A huge crooked larch guards the house on one side, and a maple on the other. The house is fronted by several walled-in flower-plots, and flanked by a hen-house and a wagon-house. It has a two-story ell of comparatively recent date. The cock is no longer “single in his domain.” Shepherd dogs sleep in the sun; young ducks, with legs set too far back on their bodies, lurch about the yard, and old ducks run out their tongues and hiss like impudent children. But with these few exceptions the quoted lines still hold good.

The room assigned to me was in the upper story of the ell. It was a simple little chamber with a single northwest window, whose sill was wide enough for a window-seat, — unlooked-for blessing! It contained plain bedroom furniture and a fireplace. Its only adornments were a tiny chromo of a shipwreck, a gilt-framed drawing of Christ, and two unframed illuminated Scripture texts: “Riches and Honour are with me” (Prov. viii. 18); “Blessed are the Poor in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven” (Matt. v. 3), — sentiments befitting the place.

The kitchen, which, with the dairy, took up all the first story of the original house, was eloquent of industry and good cheer. Spick-and-spanness was its most salient characteristic. Scoured brass candlesticks stood on the mantel, shining tin dishes were ranged in rows on the wall-racks, pewter mugs hung everywhere. It had bald patriarchal rafters and a huge fireplace in which flames were incessantly busy. The floor was stone.

The face of Mrs. Robbins is as beamy as the tinware on the racks. Mrs. Rob-

bins is the presiding genius of the kitchen. She is also the real head of the household, notwithstanding she calls her husband “the master.” She is short of stature. Her chin is sharp, her eyes are piercing, her nose is hooked like the beak of a bird of prey; her cheek-bones protrude, and her cheeks are deeply sunken because of her not having had a tooth in her head for sixteen years. She is probably not over fifty, — though a multitude of wrinkles, the lace cap which she ordinarily wears, and the weight of her clogs, added to the premature caving-in of her countenance, make her look at least ten years older. When the lace cap gives place to an old rusty round-crowned man’s hat, as it does in rainy weather, she is a grotesque figure indeed.

Her favorite phrase, her first response, in fact, to almost every address, is, “Oh, to be sure!” and she gives this response with such a variety of emphasis and intonation that it is almost a language in itself. She can express as much with this one phrase as many people with a whole dictionary; still, she by no means confines herself to it, for she is inordinately fond of talking. Though as busy as the proverbial ant, which she further resembles in slimmness of figure, she will stop any where, any when, to talk about any thing. I failed to discover a subject that she was at a loss to make an observation on, and her observations were almost invariably as bright and keen as her eye, for she is a practical philosopher withal. But nothing interests her quite as much as the weather, inasmuch as on it more than on anything else depends the welfare of her farm. It is a lesson in the relativity of things to find the weather a source of real permanent interest to anybody. By the light of this interest the conventional phrases of small talk are marvelously illuminated. “Oh, to be sure! A bonny rain! Ye can almost ken the grass grow,” she would say, after one of the sudden, severe showers

of the district, and you could see in her eye visions of fleecy flocks and successful Ambleside market-days.

Next to the weather in her interest is the dairy. She took me in there one day with the air of bestowing a great privilege, as indeed she was; for it was just such a dairy, in all but size, as George Eliot assigned to Mrs. Poyser. "It was a scene to sicken for with a sort of calenture in hot and dusty streets, such coolness, such purity, such fresh fragrance of new-pressed cheese, of firm butter, of wooden vessels perpetually bathed in pure water; such soft coloring of red earthenware and creamy surfaces, brown wood and polished tin, gray limestone, and rich orange-red rust on the iron weights and hooks and hinges." Mrs. Robbins gets from one shilling to one shilling sevenpence per lump for her butter, according to season, and each lump is supposed to weigh a pound. It really weighs a trifle more, for she keeps a venerable penny on the pound-weight, "for good measure and good luck," as her mother and grandmother did before her.

How proud she was to impart to me her bits of house and farm lore: the proper treatment of hens and ducks; the nursing, weaning, and bringing-up of children and calves; the virtues of shepherd dogs; the advantages of a mountain brook as a refrigerator and a wash-tub. And I confess that I prize these bits more than any knowledge of schools. I remember fondly that a hawthorn hedge is an ideal clothes-line; that in Westmoreland the last butter in the autumn is considered the choicest (not June butter, as with us); and that cedar shavings, which may be had for the asking at the Keswick pencil factory, are the very best preventive of moths. I remember still more fondly Mrs. Robbins's little oddities of speech; her motherly insistence on warming my bed with bottles; her cajolery in imposing on me delicious home-made wine, when I came in, heated and fagged, from a tramp; her regret at my

not being able to tarry long enough for the apples and cherries, — "Oh, to be sure! I'm that sorry! Ye'll no be here to pluck 'em;" her simplicity in thinking people must all go to bed early in the part of America I came from, because we had short twilights; her fluttering anxiety lest some accident befall me on my sea-voyage home. In brief, Mrs. Robbins is one of the dearest of dear motherly women; beyond that words cannot go in praise.

"The master" works out by the day, if work is to be had, and often he has to walk five miles to find it. Then he does not get home until nine o'clock at night, when it is still light in this latitude. If not working out, he tends his own sheep on the fells, or does such farm work as may be urgent. He is a slender, ruddy-faced man, younger in looks and in years than his wife, almost boyish in jollity. When he came in from his work to the big, hearty fire, he used to "hope" (with a facetious wink) "that his women folks had behaved while he'd been gone, and had n't given me no sort of trouble, as they sometimes did him." He was sure to insist on my lifting his enormous clogs as often as he took them off, and never failed to be convulsed with mirth over my display of effort. Unfortunately, a husky utterance made his broad dialect almost jargon to me.

A gayer pair is rarely seen. Their satisfaction in each other, particularly their appreciation of each other's wit, is almost comical. The glee with which the mistress receives the sallies of the master is as fresh and unfeigned as if they had not been repeated in her hearing a hundred times. Her low chuckle in expectation of a hit, her gasping "Oh, to be sure!" when the expected hit is made, are worth going very far to hear. The infinite pains she is at to interpret his jokes to me, because I cannot penetrate the dialect in which they are delivered, are an even higher proof of her

admiring devotion. And yet, with all the mirth of their living, this quaint couple are conscious, and, unintentionally, make others conscious, of a never-lifted burden of hard work for a bare subsistence. The dull ache of habitual submission is theirs. Their faces, in repose, express the blank weariness of the faces of Millet's peasant canvases. The faces of their four children, three daughters and a son, express little else at any time. They seem to have inherited all the gloom of their parents, and none of their sprightliness.

I was disappointed not to take my meals with the family, but their hours of eating were literally "too many" for me, — one breakfast at half after five and another at eight, dinner at half after eleven, supper at four, and tea at half after seven; so my meals were served to me in my room by the youngest daughter, a shy savage, who earns an occasional penny by opening the gate across the road for passing carriages, and who helps the family out further by gathering armfuls of dry wood high up on the fells. My breakfast came at seven, my dinner at twelve, and my supper at six, except in the event of an all-day tramp; then I carried a lunch with me for the midday, and had dinner at night. Breakfast consisted of bacon and fried eggs, bread and butter, and a pot of tea; dinner, of bacon or corned beef (fresh beef on market-days) and potato, bread and butter, pudding, cheese, and plenty of milk; supper, of boiled eggs, bread and butter, marmalade, a Chester cake, and a pot of tea. The tea was always served in gilt-rimmed china, and was supplemented by thick cream. The bread was ready sliced and spread with delicious unsalted butter, — sliced thin and spread thick, according to the good English custom. The cheese was a home-made wonder. The pudding deserves consideration. It was a meal by itself; always served piping hot and brown, in a dish of family size, with a generous pitcher of rich cream for sauce. My

mountain appetite made so little ado over an entire pudding that my pudding capacity came to be a standing joke in the family. One only of the pudding series did I fail to sequester at a sitting. It was a suet affair, cooked in a bag, not unlike the "haggis" celebrated in verse by Burns; "our master's favorite pudding," Mrs. Robbins confided to me. After such a confidence, I should have been a brute not to leave a portion to be warmed over for the master's supper. It was early in the season for vegetables, but except in this item and that of fresh meat the *menu* was all that could be wished. And even bacon does very well, after all, if you are constantly in the open air.

From Blea Tarn, as from Ambleside, I tramped to a distance; though far less frequently, I was so well content to roam the nearer fells. Two tramps covered from thirty to thirty-five miles each. The first was down from the tarn into Little Langdale Valley; up through Wrynose Pass, where three shire stones mark the meeting of the counties Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland; down again into Wrynose Bottom; along the banks of the river of the famous sonnet series, the Duddon, whose water is so clear that pebbles at the bottom of still pools ten to twelve feet deep seem just under the surface, and of so beautiful a green as to suggest the occurrence of *crème de menthe* in a state of nature; past Seathwaite, distinguished for an immense and ancient yew-tree and a pretty country church, in the yard of which Wonderful Walker is buried; past Dunnerdale Hall and Ulpha Inn; on and on almost to the sea; then back, past Broughton Mills; over Walney Scar, whence the sea appears a long shimmering horizon; through Coniston, Yewdale, Tilberthwaite Glen, and Little Langdale Valley, home.

The second was also over Wrynose Pass to Wrynose Bottom, but there it diverged through Butterkel into Mitterdale in the valley of the Esk; across to



Santon Bridge in the valley of the Irt; through Windgate and richly wooded Wastdale to Wastwater, the deepest of the lakes, whose head is inclosed by the highest of the mountains, as well as by those with the hardest lines, the sheerest cliffs, and the blackest shadows; through the tiny village of Burnthwaite; up a hard and stony mountain path to Styhead Pass, whence the contrast between the dunness of bare mountains and the fertility of green valleys was most striking, whence too I saw what I did not suppose existed, — something more desolate than a mountain covered with nothing but heather, — a mountain whose heather had just been burned to blackness; on past Styhead Tarn; up and up into the clouds and snow about Sprinkling Tarn; gradually down past Angle Tarn, a three-cornered blotch of ink watched over by Bow Fell; then quickly down into Oxendale; and finally up Wall End to Blea Tarn.

To live always away from the great centres of human life is dwarfing to a man of any original power. It was so even to Wordsworth, as the product of the last thirty years of his life sorrowfully testifies. His best work was certainly done while something of the turmoil of the world was still in his soul. Nevertheless, the possible range of a sojourn in a mountain solitude is amazingly large.

Here in the mountains about the tarn I have seen dark and light clouds commingle through the twilight in the strangest fashion, just as I used to see them as a child elsewhere. I had time then to look about me, and there were no brick walls in the way. Here, as there, I have traced the course of a dainty shallop through a glorified island-filled sea; have encouraged white-night-shirted youngsters to perseverance in pillow-fights; have laid wagers on my favorites in four-horse-chariot races; have watched with breathless interest the tourneyings of mailed knights before battlemented castles for the favors of brocaded ladies;

have sighed over the glister of sheep supernaturally white, tended by impossibly beautiful shepherds and shepherdesses; have shuddered at wild beasts crowding tropical forests as they crowded the full-page pictures of an old-fashioned school geography, and at boundless open plains haunted by more and worse crawling and hissing things than are mentioned in the whole book of Revelation. A crooked, isolated tree never failed to become, just before the sun dropped, a bent, ragged, and aged beggar leaning on a twisted staff. These fancies are simple, childish pleasures, but no wise one will venture to depreciate them on that account.

Nor will any wise one scorn the athletics of a mountain district, — animal delight in animal movement, all the “aching joys” and “dizzy raptures” of mountain climbing. Untrammelled physical motions may here perfectly express the feelings that elsewhere have to stay unexpressed, or be, at best, imperfectly expressed by a trammelled tongue. There is zest always in complete expression, and zest (who does not know it?) is the one thing needful. The skin steams, the blood boils, the heart throbs, the muscles creak, the head whirls, the throat is parched. One leg will hardly move before the other, because each weighs as much as a leg in a nightmare. But there is no cessation. Up and up and up you strain, just for the godlike sensation of sprawling at last upon the breezy mountain top, deliciously fatigued. And the bit of snow you find there is none the less grateful because it kindles one thirst while it quenches another. You run recklessly to the very bottom of the opposite slope, there to drink from a pellucid brook a draught as potent as a mediæval love-philter, if to a different end; to cool hot cheeks on dark velvety moss; better still, to strip to the skin, and loll on the trunk of a fallen tree in the atomized spray of a roaring force; even to plunge for a divine burning-freeze-



ing instant into the icy pool at the force's foot.

Slumping through markless bogs, over-climbing stony heights, and trailing watercourses in total disregard of beaten tracks may result in loss of time and bearings, but it is almost equally sure to result in the discovery of a ghyll or force or beck not down on the ordnance map, and so, in a sense, one's very own. I have groveled along a cliff, and strained giddily far over its brim, because the spot was a likely one for a tarn; and often have I been rewarded by a fragment of primeval chaos, an uncanny pool of black water, a tarn without a name, that almost made me lose my grip for joy. No conventional tourist ever saw or will see it, until the flying-machine becomes a luxurious mode of locomotion.

It is every bit worth while to rise long before light, make yourself a cup of tea, and climb for a sunrise; to run to catch a sunset from the best point of vantage before the glory passes; to delay the bedtime, and stumble through the night over uneven, unfamiliar ground, for the caresses of the moon or the fanning of the night-wind. Bird's-nesting, hunting, and fishing are kindred worthy resources that need not be described.

Complete antithesis to these joys of energy, but equally fine, are the joys of indolence. It is superb to be so little of a time-slave and so fresh of mind as to take a genuine interest in the gambols of the roly-poly lambs, who look and act for all the world (particularly the black-legged ones) like youngsters in the first pair of trousers. To be heather-cushioned on a sunny slope, with freedom to gaze at sky or tarn or mountains, to think, to day-dream, to smoke a pipe, to read poetry and romance, to listen, if it be a Sunday, to the distant church-bells (sweet music, because all sound and no summons!), and with equal freedom to forget any or all of these things in snug slumber, is to be an Olympian. Under such conditions, even the

"Drowzy, frowzy poem called 'The Excursion,'  
Writ in a manner which is my aversion,"

takes on a degree of interest. Many, many days did I pass in similar indolence before an open fire in a deserted mountain forge, about a mile from the tarn, — an uncanny spot that had a mysterious attraction for me.

Of quite another sort is the ravishment that comes from myriad manifestations of color, light, and form in nature. Mountain outlines harden and soften with the changes of the atmosphere. Dripping morning mists brood over the lakes like mother-birds. They curl along the lines of the hedges in shapes as fine, free, and fantastic as those of a cigarette-smoker's breath. A rain-cloud clings to a mountain as passionately as Francesca to Paolo, in Dante's other world, displaying a form almost as fair. A luminous afternoon haze mystifies the landscape as a gauze curtain does a scene on the stage. Clouds are piled together like plucked cotton-bolls in the Southern cotton-fields. Unseen currents draw out cloud masses into finest threads, and make them into films and laces; it is as if ghostly spiders were weaving their webs, or disembodied Bohemian glass-blowers were plying their trade in the sky. Colored lights, purple and violet, red and orange, pink and salmon, spread momentary unearthly glories over pikes and fells. Brunette clouds coquettishly don pink caps. The face of the heavens blushes at the wooings of the night. Dark blue crags recline on cushions of soft yellow light. Frequent showers span the heavens with frequent rainbows; rainbows tremble always by the sunlit water-breaks.

Flowers also stir the beauty sense. I came one day on such a gorgeous mass of yellow mountain globe-flowers that my head was turned as completely as another's might have been by a successful lottery drawing. I fairly tore the yellow beauties up by handfuls, until my arms were overflowing. Then I

dropped my plunder under a tree, threw myself down beside it, and wantonly tossed the golden rotundities through a slanting sunbeam, just for the pleasure there was in their shimmer. It was as well that as anything, for them and me. They would surely have perished in my arms before I could have got them home, however tenderly I held them. In this region, any turning in the path may open up the brazen, barbaric, but beautiful spectacle of a stretch of broom or gorse bloom. More soulful, if less splendid, are the violets; and nothing in nature or out of it is finer as a color combination than fresh dewy banks of pale yellow primroses and dark blue violets growing together. The rich color and heavy fragrance of a bed of wild hyacinths, when the birds are whistling love notes above it, and the sun is warm upon it, and the maples and leaving oaks are tender pink and green around it, make one drunk with passion. Other flowers speak tender or startling messages from their homes of moss, or sod, or fern: cowslips, daisies, wild geraniums, saucy buttercups, flaky anemones, white strawberry blooms, tiny yellow trefoils, starlike stitchworts, bird's-eye veronicas, lesser celandines, lilylike but noisome wild garlics, delicate lavender-robed cuckoo-flowers.

The sounds are hardly less seductive, and in these the birds play the largest part. Bustling blackbirds bicker about the ash-trees; starlings flirt vocally among the elms; swallows twitter from the eaves and chimneys; skylarks trill in the face of the sun; hedge sparrows and bulfinches vie in arias; green linnets exult among the hazel leaves; thrushes render intimate soul-music; turtle-doves coo ventriloquently; venerable rooks caw gravely; cuckoos gurgle mysteriously. Then there are the tinkling of the little brooks, the trumpeting of the forces, the reverberation of the thunder, the whistle and roar and sigh of the winds, the patter of the raindrops on the leaves, the call of the shepherds, the barking of the

shepherd dogs, the hoarse baaing of the sheep and the plaintive bleating of the lambs, and the manifold eloquence of the mountains after a shower, when fountains of rich sound gush from a thousand unsuspected mouths. This mountain and sky environment is extraordinarily friendly to the sober pleasure of contemplation. Natural symbolism is helpful, like church symbolism, while the one has no more binding force than the other. Without insisting, then, that the analogies nature has always impelled men to draw are infallible, or indeed possess any authority whatever, the fact remains that the drawing is inevitable, and that there is a very real pleasure in it.

For instance, it is impossible, when height after height is attained only to reveal another higher up and farther on, not to ponder the deceptiveness of ideals; or, when the outlook from a mountain's summit turns out to be far less entrancing than from its slope, not to realize that sheer ignorance impels us to renounce the best the world can give us, — to struggle for something that, when it is got, is less fine than the best; or, when a tarn, ordinarily saturnine and reticent, is made to break into millions of shifting sparkles and great moving patches of white light by a stiff breeze from a certain quarter, not to recall how still, dark, inert men have become oriflammes under the sweep of a great crisis; or, when a gold cloud loses its gold by being driven out of the reach of the sun, not to remember the souls that have forever lost their glow from the withdrawal of the luminous rays of love; or, when peering and peering into the depths of the sky reveals nothing, not to wonder at the hopeless folly of men in trying to pierce the mystery of life.

Stumbling over a dead lamb in a lonely spot on the mountains is like stumbling over a dead hope. Black tragedies and gray commonplaces are as useful foils in life as black and gray clouds in a sunset. A white path that seems to

lead off and up into a higher, finer world begins to descend just when it appears most ascendant. The flickering play of light and shade among the pikes and vales is as fitful as the movement of joy and sorrow through the world. The straining of mighty mountains through æons, with nothing to show for it but rocks and stunted growths, pathetically symbolizes the petty issues of the great ambitions of great minds. The calm and smiling cruelties of nature suggest at once the inevitableness and the irony of fate.

If I may be pardoned for speaking of so intimate a thing, here in the mountains, if anywhere, are the consolations of religion. Here, if anywhere, the throb of universal joy is felt, and that is God. Here, if anywhere, the pang of universal pain is felt, and that is God. Here, if anywhere, the gripe of universal law is felt, and that is God. Here, if anywhere, the radiance of universal charm is felt, and that is God. Here, if anywhere, the broil of universal strife is felt, and that is God. Here, if anywhere, is peace that passeth knowledge; that too, in very truth, is God. Here, if anywhere, may be had, momentarily at least, the consciousness of the relation that always exists, though oftenest obscured, between the soul of man and the soul of all things; and this consciousness is communion, if anything is. Feeling and sharing the pain and the joy, the travail and the peace, the relentlessness and beauty of the Spirit of the Universe brings illuminating moments. In them we are for the nonce

"a mood of the life  
Of the spirit in whom we exist,  
Who alone is all things in one."

The time came at last to resume my journey. With very real regret I said good-by to kind Mrs. Robbins and her family, and at just four o'clock in the afternoon I had my last view from Esk House of the tarn and the Solitary's cottage. Then I renewed my acquaint-

ance with Styhead Pass, whence I made the comparatively easy descent, with Great Gable on the left and Glaramara on the right, into Borrowdale, the valley through which the river Derwent flows to Derwentwater. Near the bottom was Seathwaite Force, standing out in exquisite relief against a tender green larch plantation; and a little farther on, Taylor's Ghyll Force was turning an immense gaunt water-wheel. In Seathwaite village, to which I came about six o'clock, was a spruce-looking house advertising "Beds and Refreshment," at which I should have done well to put up for the night. But I did not then feel the need of either bed or refreshment. So I rashly held on without halting through that and the next village, Seatoller. When, at last, I was both tired and hungry, not a house was to be seen. There was a sheepfold, though, half buried in a clump of trees, on the farther bank of the Derwent. I crossed a foot-bridge, and made an examination of the interior. The earth floor was bare and damp, but there was a loft on one side, covered with bracken that tempted my weary limbs. It promised well for a bed, and my pack would make the best sort of a pillow. I was hungry, to be sure, but I was more tired than hungry. So I climbed the loft, dug my feet as far as possible into the bracken, and went to sleep amid the ravishing lullabies of the birds who were still singing in the trees outside.

About ten o'clock I awoke in the dark, very cold and very hungry. My head was aching like mad. I drew out my whiskey flask, but it was empty, — criminal carelessness that deserved punishment and got it. A few miserable naps were all that came to me, and at the first trace of dawn I made my way down and out. Moving produced a dreadful nausea, and I lay for several minutes in the wet grass just outside the door, too faint to lift my head. As soon as I was able to stir, I crawled north-

ward (it could not be called walking), passing a number of houses. Unfortunately, it was Sunday morning, and nobody was up. The exertion warmed me a little, but relieved neither the headache nor the nausea, and about five o'clock I was fain to stagger into an open barn abutting on the road. Too listless even to protect myself from the cold with a layer of bracken, I slept two hours. Then I started on again, sufficiently relieved to notice the rich beauties of Derwentwater, on whose west shore I was. I had learned my lesson: not that it is foolish to sleep in barns and folds, — I have often done it since with most gratifying results, — but that it is foolish to go to bed without supper, without sufficient covering, above all without whiskey in the flask. The lullabies of the birds about the fold had been almost worth the misery, but it was inexpressibly humiliating to think that I might have had the music minus the misery for only so much forethought as is represented by a large swallow of liquor.

The first person I saw, that morning, was a girl with a milk-pail emerging from a barn. My stomach not being yet bold enough for milk, I asked her, politely enough, if she could get me a cup of hot water. The hot-water fad had not then struck the Lake District, and the poor thing took me for a madman. Ejaculating a husky "No, I don't think I could. We don't sell it," she disappeared, with a frightened face. Had I asked for tea instead of water, she would have comprehended readily enough, and treated me quite differently. At the next house I knocked timidly. The people were just getting up. I was ordered to wait by a nondescript head in a chamber window, and after a little was admitted by a half-dressed man. The man lit a fire, whose warmth was very grateful. The "women folks" would soon be down, and we would all have breakfast together. The "women folks" proved to be a wife and grown-up daughter:

both were tall, slim, blonde, red-haired, and talkative. Within fifteen minutes from my knock at the door I was enjoying a family breakfast of tea, toast, and eggs. It cost me ninepence; but a shilling's worth of medicine could not have made me over so speedily. On the strength of it, I walked nearly thirty miles that Sunday, up and down the shores of beautiful Derwentwater, over a mountain pass to Honister Crag, north-westerly along the shores of the lakes, Buttermere and Crummock, into Lorton Vale, and on to Cockermouth, Wordsworth's birthplace, and the north-western gateway of the Lake District. On the shore of Crummock I was regaled at a prosperous farmhouse with oat cake and three glasses of milk, for which I was allowed to pay only a penny; but, thrown off my guard by such generosity, at Lorton I was forced to pay a shilling for a lunch of bread and cheese and milk that should not have been more than threepence. At Cockermouth I got a meat pie and some ale for fourpence, thus bringing the cost of my food for the day up to two shillings twopence, one shilling twopence in excess of my allowance for food. But as supper and lodging had cost me nothing the night before, the two-shillings-per-day limit had not really been exceeded. At the Brown Cow I secured a bed for a shilling, though it involved more haggling to get it at that price than I should have had courage for, had not the memory of the Lorton swindle been rankling in my soul.

That night being my last in the Wordsworth Country, I naturally fell into a reminiscent mood. With the single exception of the night when I had made a fool of myself, I had had a comfortable place to sleep in and plenty of wholesome food. I had come to appreciate more keenly the great qualities of a great poet; to know with a new knowledge, and to love with a new love, flowers and birds, skies and waters and

mountains; to feel color, form, and chiaroscuro more intensely, and to value at their real worth the splendid human qualities of plain people. I had also been face to face with God. I had received bodily refreshment, mental stimulus, and spiritual help.

And all for an outlay of a paltry fourteen shillings a week! It was a good investment. It seemed so to me then; it seems so to me now. All travelers may not be as fortunate in their hosts as I was, but everywhere in the

Lake District lodgings are wholesome, prices cheap, and people cordial. Any man who has held through thick and thin his childishness, his boyishness, his love of people, his love of beauty, and his sense of reverence will find it one of the best sections of Great Britain for leisurely, economical travel. Nervousness, hustling, dissipation, faddism, pedantry, are not of it. Quiet and simplicity and sincerity and sanity are of it, and of these are worn-out lives made new.

*Alvan F. Sanborn.*

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## THE MYSTERY OF WITCH-FACE MOUNTAIN.

### IV.

SINCE the knight-errantry of wolf and bear and catamount and fox has scant need of milestones, or signposts, or ferries, or the tender iteration of road-taxes, the casual glance might hardly perceive the necessity of opening a thoroughfare through this wilderness, for these freebooters seemed likely to be its chief beneficiaries. A more rugged district could not be found in all that massive upheaval of rocks and tangled wooded fastnesses stretching from the northeast to the southwest some twenty miles, and known as Witch-Face Mountain; a more scantily populated region than its slopes and adjacent coves scarcely exists in the length and breadth of the State of Tennessee. The physical possibilities were arrayed against the project, so steep was the comblike summit on either side, so heavy and tortuous the outcropping rock that served as the bony structure of the great mountain mass. True, the river pierced it, the denudation of solid sandstone cliffs, a thousand feet in height, betokening the untiring energy of the eroding currents of centuries agone. This agency, however, man might not

summon to his aid, being "the act of God," to use the pious language of the express companies to describe certain contingencies for which they very properly decline the responsibility. Against the preëmptions of the gigantic forests and the gaunt impassable crags and the abysmal river might be enlisted only such enterprise as was latent in the male inhabitants of the vicinity over eighteen years of age and under fifty, thus subject to the duty of working on the public roads. Nevertheless, the county court had, in a moment of sanguine exuberance, entertained and granted an application from the adjacent landowners to order a jury of view to lay out a public road and to report at the quarterly session.

Precursors of the jury of view in some sort two young people might have appeared, one afternoon, a fortnight, perhaps, after the inquest, as they pushed through the woody tangles to the cliffs high above the river, the opposite bank of which was much nearer than the swirling currents, crystal brown in the romantic shadows below. They walked in single file, the jury of view in their minds, and now and then referred to in their sparse speech.

"Mought make it along hyar, Ben." The girl, in advance, paused, bareheaded, each uplifted hand holding out a string of her white sunbonnet, which, thus distended, was poised, winglike, against the amber sky and behind the rough tangle of auburn hair. She turned, as she spoke, to face her companion, taking a step or two backward as she awaited his answer.

"Look out how ye air a-walkin', Narcissa! Ye 'll go over the bluff back'ards, fust thing ye know," the man called out eagerly, and with a break of anxiety in his voice.

She stretched the sunbonnet still wider with her upreaching arms, and with a smile of tantalizing glee, showing her white teeth and narrowing her brown eyes, she continued to walk backward toward the precipice, — with short steps, however; cautious enough, doubtless, but calculated to alarm one whose affection had given many a license to fear.

Still at too great a distance for interference, Ben affected indifference. "We-uns 'll hev the coroner's jury hyar agin, afore the jury o' view, ef ye keep on; an' ye ain't got on yer bes' caliker coat, noways."

He climbed swiftly up the ascent and joined her, out of breath and with an angry gleam in his eyes. But she had turned her face and steps in the opposite direction, the mirth of the situation extinguished for the present.

"Quit talkin' that-a-way 'bout such turr'ble, turr'ble things!" she cried petulantly, making a motion as if to strike him, futile at the distance, and with her frowning face averted.

"Sech ez yer new coat? I 'lowed 't war the apple o' yer eye," he rejoined, with a feint of banter.

She held her face down, with her features drawn and her eyes half closed, rejecting the vision of recollection as if it were the sight itself. "I can't abide the name o' cor'ner's jury, — I never wants ter hear it nor see it agin! I never shall furgit how them men all looked

a-viewin' the traveler's body what I fund dead in the road; they looked like jes' so many solemn, peekin', heejus black buzzards crowdin' aroun' the corpse; then a-noddin' an' a-whisperin' tergether, an' a-findin' of a verdie', ez they called it. They fund nuthin' at all. 'T war *me* ez done the findin'. I fund the man dead in the road. An' I ain't a-goin' ter be a witness no mo'. Nex' time the law wants me fur a witness I 'll go to jail; it's cheerfuller, a heap, I 'll bet!"

As she still held her head down, her bonnet well on it now, her face with its *riant* cast of features incongruously woe-begone, overshadowed by the tragedy she recounted even more definitely than by the brim of her headgear or the first gray advance of the dusk, he made a clumsy effort to divert her attention.

"I 'lowed ye war mightily in favor of juries; ye talk mighty nigh all day 'bout the jury of view."

"I want a road up hyar," she exclaimed vivaciously, raising her eyes and her joyous transfigured face, "a reg'lar county road! In the fall o' the year the folks would kem wagonin' thar chestnuts over ter sell in town, an' camp out. An' all the mounting would go up an' down it past our big gate ter the church house in the Cove. I 'd never want ter hear no mo' preachin'. I 'd jes' set on our front porch, an' look, an' look, an' look!"

She cast up her great bright eyes with as vivid and immediate an irradiation as if the brilliant procession which she pictured deployed even now, chiefly in ox-wagons, before them. She caught off her bonnet from her head, — it seemed a sort of moral barometer; she never wore it when the indications of the inner atmosphere set fair. She swung it gayly by one string as she walked and talked; now and again she held the string to her lips and bit it with her strong, even teeth, reckless of the havoc in the clumsy hem.

"Then county court days, — goin' to



county court, an' comin' from county court,— sech passels an' passels o' folks! I wisht we-uns hed it afore the jury o' view kem, so we-uns mought view the jury o' view."

"It's along o' the jury o' view ez we-uns will git the road, — ef we do git it," the young man said cautiously.

It was one of his self-imposed duties to moderate, as far as in him lay, his sister's views, to temper her enthusiasms and abate her various and easily excited anger. He had other duties toward her which might be said to have come to him as an inheritance.

"Ben's the boy!" his consumptive mother had been wont to say; "he's sorter slow, but mighty sure. 'Brag is a good dog, but Hold-Fast is a better.' Ef he don't sense nare 'nother idee in this life, he hev got ter l'arn ez it's his business ter take keer o' Nar'sa. Folks say Nar'sa be sp'iled a'ready. So be, fur whilst Ben be nuthin' but a boy he'll l'arn ter do her bid, an' watch over her, an' wait on her, an' keer fur her, an' think she be the top o' creation. It'll make her proud an' headin', I know, — she'll gin her stepmammy a sight o' trouble, an' I ain't edzactly lamentin' 'bout'n that, — but Ben'll take keer o' her all her life, an' good keer, havin' been trained ter it from the fust."

But his mother had slept many a year in the little mountain graveyard, and her place was still empty. The worldly-wise craft of the simple mountain woman, making what provision she might for the guardianship of her daughter, was rendered of scant effect, since her husband did not marry again. The household went on as if she still sat in her accustomed place, with not one deficiency or disaster that might have served in its simple sort as a memorial, — so little important are we in our several spheres, so promptly do the ranks of life close up as we drop dead from their alignment.

The panoply against adversity with which Narcissa had been accoutred by

a too anxious mother, instead of being means of defense, had become opportunities of oppression. Her brother's affectionate solicitude and submissiveness were accepted as her bounden due, as the two grew older; her father naturally adapted himself to the predominant sentiment of the household; and few homes can show a tyrant more arrogant and absolute than the mountain girl whose mother had so predicted for her much hardship and harshness, and a troubled and subordinate life.

It was with that instinct to guard her from all the ills of life, great and small, that Ben sought to prepare her for a possible disappointment now.

"Mought n't git the road through, nohow, when all's said," he suggested.

"Whut fur not?" she exclaimed, bringing her dark brows together above eyes that held a glitter of anger.

"Waal, some o' the owners won't sign the application, an' air goin' ter fight it in the court."

She put her bonnet on, and looked from under its brim up at the amber sky. It was growing faintly green near the zenith, toward which the tall tops of the dark green pines swayed. The great growths of the forest rose on every side. There was no view, no vista, save the infinitely repeated umbrageous tangle beneath the trees, where their boles stood more or less distinct or dusky till merged indefinitely into shadow and the distance. Looking down into the river, one lost the sense of monotony. The ever-swirling lines of the current drew mystic scrolls on that wonderfully pellucid brown surface, — so pellucid that from the height above she could see a swiftly darting shadow which she knew was the reflection of a homeward-bound hawk in the skies higher yet. Leaves floated in a still, deep pool, were caught in a maddening eddy, and hurried frantically away, unwilling, frenzied, helpless, unknowing whither, never to return, — allegory of many a life outside those darkling solemn mountain

woods, and of some, perhaps, in the midst of them. The reflection of the cliffs in the never still current, of the pines on the summits, of the changing sky growing deeper and deeper, till its amber tint, erstwhile so crystalline, became of dull tawny opaqueness, she marked absently for a while as she cogitated on his answer.

"What makes 'em so contrairy, Ben?" she asked at last.

"Waal, old man Sneed 'lows thar 'll be a power o' cattle-thievin', with the road so open an' convenient. An' Jeremiah Sayres don't want ter pay no road-taxes. An' Silas Boyd 'lows he don't want ter be obligated ter work on no sech rough road ez this hyar one air obleeged ter be; an' I reckon, fust an' last, it *will* take a power o' elbow grease."

He paused, and looked about him at the great shelving masses of rock and the steep slants, repeated through leagues and leagues of mountain wilderness. Then seating himself on one of the ledges of the cliff, his feet dangling unconcernedly over the abysses below, he continued: "An' Con Hite, — he's agin it, too."

She lifted her head, with a scornful rising flush.

"Con Hite dunno *what* he wants; *he* ain't got a ounce o' jedgmint."

"Waal, one thing he *don't* want is a road. He be 'feard it 'll go too close ter the still, an' the raiders will nose him out somehows. Now he be all snug in the bresh, an' the revenuers none the wiser."

"An' Con none the wiser, nuther," she flouted. "The raiders hev smoked out 'sperienced old mountain foxes a heap slyer 'n Con be. He ain't got the gift. He can't hide nuthin'. I kin find out everythin' he knows by jes' lookin' in his eye."

"That 's just 'kase he 's fool enough ter set a heap o' store by ye, Nar'sa. He ain't so easy trapped."

"Fool enough fur ennythin'," she retorted.

"An' thar 's old Dent Kirby. He

'lows the road will be obligated ter pass by the witch-face arter it gits over yander nigh ter the valley, whar the ruver squeezes through the mounting agin. He be always talkin' 'bout signs an' spells an' sech, an' he 'lows the very look o' the witch-face kerries bad luck, an' it 'll taint all ez goes for'ard an' back'ard a-nigh it."

"Ben," said the girl in a low voice, "do you-uns b'lieve ef thar war passin' continual on a sure enough county road that thar cur'ous white light would kem on the old witch's face in the night-time? Ain't that a sort'n spell fur the dark an' the lonesomeness ter tarrify a few quaking dwellers round about? Surely many folks comin' an' goin' would n't see sech. Ghostful things ain't common in a crowd." She moved a little nearer her brother, and laid a hand on the strong muscles of his shoulder.

"Some folks can't see the witch-face at all, nowadays," he replied stolidly. "I hearn the coroner 'low he could n't."

Nareissa spoke with sudden asperity: "I reckon he hev got sense enough ter view a light whenst it shines inter his eyes. He 'pears ter be feeble-minded ginerally, and mought n't be able ter pick out the favor o' the features on the hill-side, but surely he 'd blink ef a light war flickered inter his eyeballs."

The road was her precious scheme, and she made shift to believe that with the order of the worshipful Quarterly County Court declaring it open, with a duly appointed overseer and a gang of assigned work-hands and the presidial fostering care of a road commissioner, the haggard old semblance must needs desist from supernatural emblazonment in the awe-stricken nights, and that logic and law would soon serve to exorcise its baleful influence.

Her mien grew graver as she reflected on the *résumé* of objections to the project. Her white bonnet threw a certain white reflection on her flushed face. Her eyes were downcast as she looked at the river

below, the long lashes seeming almost to touch her cheek. She scarcely moved them as she turned her gaze upon her brother, still seated on the verge of the cliff.

"Waal, sir, I wonder that the pore old road petition hed life enough in it ter crawl ter the court-house door. With all them agin it, thar ain't nobody ter be fur it, sea'cely."

"Oh yes," he admitted. "Them air fur it ez b'lieves highways improves proputtly, an' hev got land lyin' right alongside whar the road is axed ter be run; them ez ain't got proputtly alongside ain't nigh so anxious. That thar strange valley man ez they say hev got a lung complaint, he won't sign nuther. He owns the house he built up thar on the flat o' the mounting an' cornsider'ble land, though he don't keep no stock nor nuthin'. 'Lows the air be soft an' good for the lung complaint. He 'lows he hev been tryin' ter git shet o' the railroads an' dirt roads an' human folks, an' he s'posed he *hed* run ter the jumpin'-off place, the e-ends o' the yearth; but hyar kems the road o' civilization a-pursuin' him like the sarpiant o' the Pit, with the knowledge o' good an' evil, a grain o' wheat an' a bushel o' chaff, an' he reckons he 'll hev ter cut an' run agin."

Narcissa's lips parted slightly. She listened in amazement to this strange account of an aversion to that gay world in processional, chiefly in white-covered wagons, which she longed to see come down the county road.

"He be a powerful queer man," said Ben slowly, "this hyar Alan Selwyn."

And she felt that this was true.

She had sat down beside her brother on the rock, and together they looked down meditatively on the river. It was reddening now with the reflections of the reddening clouds. The water, nevertheless, asserted itself. Lengths of steely brilliancy showed now and again amidst the roseate suffusion, and anon spaces

glimmered vacant of all but a dusky brown suggestion of depth and a liquid lustre.

"Nar'sa," he said at last in a low voice, "ye know they 'lowed that the traveler what war throwed off an' killed, some say by his runaway horse, war a-comin' ter see *him*, — this Alan Selwyn."

She looked at her brother with startled eyes. The white bonnet seemed to focus and retain the lingering light in the landscape. Without its aid he might hardly have made shift to see her face.

"They 'lowed they knowed so by the papers the man had on him, though this Selwyn 'lowed *he* could n't identify the dead man."

She gazed wonderingly at him, then absently down at the sudden scintillating white glitter of the reflection of the evening star in the dusky red water. It burned with a yet purer, calmer radiance in the roseate skies. She felt the weight of the darkening gloom, gathering beneath the trees around her, as if it hung palpably on her shoulders.

"Waal, I b'lieve ef that thar man had been able ter speak ter ye when ye fund him, like ye said he tried ter do, I b'lieve he would hev tole ye suthin' 'bout that thar valley man. *He's* enough likelier ter hev hed suthin' ter do with the suddint takin' off o' the feller than Con Hite."

She looked up, her face aghast. "Who says Con Hite — Why?" She paused, her voice failing.

"Waal, ye know Con be a-moonshinin' agin, an' some 'lows ez this hyar traveler warn't a traveler at all, but a revenuer, — strayed off somehows from the rest o' 'em."

"Oh, how I wish he'd stop moonshinin' an' sech!"

She moved so suddenly on the edge of the precipice, as she lifted her hands and drew down her sunbonnet over her face, that Ben's glance was full of a startled terror.

"Move back a mite, Nar'sa; ye'll go over the bluff, fust thing ye know! Yes, Con's mighty wrong ter be moonshinin'. The law is the right thing. It purtects us. It helps us all. We-uns owe it obejiunee, like I hearn the man say in a speech down yander in" —

"The law!" cried Narcissa, with scorn. "Con Hite kin tromp on the revenue law from hyar ter the witch-face, fur all I keer. Purtect! I pity a man ez waits fur the law ter purtect him; it's a heap apter ter grind him ter pomace. I mind moonshinin' 'kase it's dangersome fur the moonshiners. The law — I don't count the fibble old law!"

She sat brooding for a time, her face downcast. Then she spoke in a low voice: —

"Why n't ye find out, Ben? What ails ye ter be so good-fur-nuthin'? Thar be other folks beside Con ez air law-breakers." She edged nearer to him, laying her hand on his arm. "Ye've got to find out, Ben," she said insistently. "Keep an eye on that thar valley man, an' find out all 'bout'n him. Else the killin' 'll be laid ter Con, who never done nuthin' hurtful ter nobody in all his life."

"The idee jes' streck me ter-day whenst I viewed him along about that road. Whenst that thar dead man tuk yer han' an' tried ter find a word of speech — Why, hullo, Narcissa!"

With a short cry she had struggled to her feet. The gathering gloom, the recollection of the tragedy, the association of ideas, bore too heavily on her nerves. She struck petulantly at his astounded face.

"Why air ye always remindin' me?" she exclaimed, with a sharp upbraiding note. And then she began to cry out that she could see again the coroner's jury pressing close about the corpse, with a keen ravenous interest like the vile mountain vultures, and then colloquing together aside, and nodding their

heads and saying they had found their verdict, when they had found nothing, not even the poor dead man; and she saw them here, and she saw them there, and everywhere in the darkling mountain woods, and she would see them everywhere as long as she should live, and she wished with all her heart that they were every one at the bottom of the black mountain river.

And the slow Ben wondered, as he sought to soothe her and take her home, that a woman should be so sensitive to the mention of one dead man, and yet given to such wishes of the wholesale destruction of the harmless coroner's jury, because their appearance struck her amiss, and they colloqued together, and nodded their heads unacceptably, and found their verdict.

## V.

Except in so far as his sedulously cultivated fraternal sentiments were concerned, the peculiar domestic training to which Ben Hanway had been subjected had had slight effect in softening a somewhat hard and stern character. To continue the canine simile by which his mother had described him, his gentleness and watchful care toward his sister were not more reassuring to the public at large than is the tender loyalty of a guard-dog toward the infant of a house which claims his fealty; that the dog does not bite the baby is no fair augury that he will not bite the peddler or the prowler. The fact that the traveler had borne letters addressed to Alan Selwyn, and no other papers, and yet Alan Selwyn could not or would not identify him, had already furnished Hanway with an ever-recurrent subject of cogitation. It had been the presumption of the coroner's jury, since confirmed by inquiry of the postmaster, that, going for some purpose to Alan Selwyn's lodge in the wilderness, the unknown traveler had, in passing,

called for his prospective host's mail at the Cross-Roads, some fifteen miles distant and the nearest post-office, such being the courtesy of the region. A visitor often insured a welcome by thus voluntarily expediting the delivery of the mail some days, or perhaps some weeks, before its recipient could have hoped to receive it otherwise. Hanway had long been cognizant of this habit of the Cross-Roads postmaster to accede to such requests on the part of reputable people, but he was reminded forcibly of it the next morning. A neighbor, homeward bound from a visit to the valley, had paused at Hanway's house to leave a letter, with which he had charged himself, addressed to Selwyn.

"I 'lowed ye mought be ridin' over thar some day, bein' ez ye air toler'ble nigh neighbors," he said.

And Hanway the more willingly undertook the delivery of the missive since it afforded him a pretext for the reconnaissance which he had already contemplated.

Rain-clouds had succeeded those fine aerial flauntings of the sunset splendors, and he set out in the pervasive drizzle of a gray day. Torn and ragged with the rain and the gusts, the white vapor seemed to come to meet him along the vistas of the dreary dripping woods. The tall trees that shut off the sky loomed loftily through it. Sometimes, as the wind quickened, it deployed in great luminously white columns, following the invisible curves of the atmospheric current; and anon, in flaky detached fragments, it fled dispersed down the avenues like the scattered stragglers of a routed army. The wind was having the best of it; and though it still rained when he reached the vicinity of Alan Selwyn's lonely dwelling, the mist was gone, the clouds were all resolved into the steady fall of the torrents, and the little house on the slope of the mountain and all its surroundings were visible.

A log cabin it was, containing two

rooms and the unaccustomed luxury of glass windows; so new that the hewn cedar logs had not yet weathered to the habitual dull gray tone, but glowed jauntily red as the timbers alternated with the white and yellow daubing. A stanch stone chimney seemed an unnecessary note of ostentation, since the more usual structure of clay and sticks might serve as well. It reminded Ben Hanway that its occupant was not native to the place, and whetted anew his curiosity as he looked about, the reins on his horse's neck, in his slow approach. It was a sheltered spot; the great mountain's curving summit rose high toward the north and west above the depression where the cabin stood; across the narrow valley a still more elevated range intercepted the east wind. Only to the south was the limited plateau open, sloping down to great cliffs, giving upon a vast expanse of mountain and valley and plain and far reaches of undulating country, promising in fair weather high, pure, soft air, a tempered gentle wind, and the best that the sun can do.

He noted the advantages of the situation in reference to the "lung complaint," feeling a loser in some sort; for he had begun to suspect that the consumptive tendencies of the stranger were a vain pretense, assumed merely to delude the unwary. He could not have doubted long, for when he dismounted and hitched his horse to the rail fence he heard the door of the house open, and as its owner, standing on the threshold in the wind and the gusty rain, called out to him a welcoming "Hello," the word was followed by a series of hacking coughs which told their story as definitely as a medical certificate.

Ben Hanway was not a humane man in any special sense, but he was conscious of haste in concluding the tethering of the animal and in striding across the vacant weed-grown yard striped with the ever-descending rain.

"Ye 'd better git in out'n all this wind

an' rain," he said in his rough voice. "A power o' dampness in the air."

"No matter. There's no discount on me. Don't take cold nowadays. I've got right well here already."

The passageway was dark, but the room into which Ben was ushered, illuminated by two opposite windows, was as bright as the daylight would allow. A roaring wood fire in the great chimney-place reinforced its pallid gray suffusions with glancing red and yellow fluctuations. The apartment was comfortable enough, although its uses were evidently multifarious, — partly kitchen, and dining-room, and sitting-room. Its furniture consisted of several plain wooden chairs, a table and crockery, a few books on a shelf, a lounge in the corner, and a rifle, after the manner of the mountaineers, over the mantelpiece. Upon the shelf a cheap clock ticked away the weary minutes of the lonely hours of the long empty days while the valley man abode here, exiled from home and friends and his accustomed sphere, and fought out that hopeless fight for his life.

Ben Hanway gave him a keen, covert stare, as he slowly and clumsily accepted the tendered chair and his host threw another log on the fire. Hanway had seen him previously, when Selwyn testified before the coroner's jury, but to-day he impressed his visitor differently. He was tall and slight, twenty-five years of age, perhaps, with light brown hair, sleek and shining and short, a quick blue eye, a fair complexion with a brilliant flush, and a long mustache. But the bizarre effect produced by this smiling apparition in the jaws of death seemed to Hanway's limited experience curiously enhanced by his attire. True, it was only an old smoking-jacket, out at the elbows, ragged at the cuffs, and frayed at the silk collar; but Hanway had never before seen a man wear a red coat, or such foot-gear as the slipshod embroidered velvet slippers in which he shuffled to a chair, and sat down, tilted back, with his hands

clasped behind his head. To be sure, he could but be grave when testifying before a coroner's jury, but Hanway was hardly prepared for such exuberant cheerfulness as his manner, his attire, and his face seemed to indicate.

"Ain't ye sorter lonesome over hyar?" he ventured.

"You bet your sweet life I am," his host replied unequivocally. A shade crossed his face, and vanished in an instant. "But then," he argued, "I did n't have such a soft thing where I was. I was a clerk — that is, a book-keeper — on a salary, and I had to work all day, and sometimes nearly all night!"

He belittled his former vocation with airy contempt, as if he did not yearn for it with every fibre of his being, — its utility, its competence, its future. The recollection of the very feel of the fair smooth paper under his hand, the delicate hair-line chirography trailing off so fast from the swift pen, could wring a pang from him. He might even have esteemed an oath more binding sworn on a ledger than on the New Testament.

"And we were a small house, anyway, and the salary was no great shakes," he continued jauntily, to show how little he had to regret.

"An' now ye hain't got nuthin' ter do but ter read yer book," said the mountaineer acquiescently, realizing, in spite of his clumsy mental processes, how the thorn pierced the bosom pressed against it.

Selwyn followed his guest's glance to the shelf of volumes with an unaffected indifference.

"Yes, but I don't care for it. I wish I did, since I have the time. But the liking for books has to be cultivated, like a taste for beer; they are both a deal too sedative for me!" The laugh that ensued was choked with a cough, and the tactless Hanway was moved to expostulate.

"I wonder ye ain't 'feard ter be hyar all by yerse'f, hevin' the lung complaint."



"Why, man alive, I'm well, or so near it there's no use talking. I could go home to-morrow, except, as I have built the house, I think I'd better stay the winter in it. But before the cold weather comes on they are going to send up a dorky to look after me. I only hope I won't have to wait on *him*, — awful lazy nigger! He used to be a porter of ours. Loafing around these woods with a gun on his shoulder, pretending to hunt, will be just about his size. He's out of a job now, and comes cheap. I could n't afford to pay him wages all the time, but winter is winter."

He was silent a moment, gazing into the fire; then Hanway, gloomily brooding and disturbed, for the conversation had impressed him much as if it had been post-mortem, so immediate seemed his companion's doom, felt Selwyn's eye upon him, as if his sentiment were so obvious that the sense of sight had detected it.

"You think I'm going to die up here all by myself. Now I tell you, my good fellow, dying is the very last thing that I expect to do."

He broke out laughing anew, and this time he did not cough.

Hanway could not at once cover his confusion. He looked frowningly down at the steam rising from his great cowhide boots, outstretched as they dried in the heat of the fire, and slowly shifted them one above the other. The flush on his sunburned cheek rose to the roots of his dark hair, and overspread his clumsy features. He did not give token of any very great delicacy of feeling, but he regretted his transparency, and sought to nullify it.

"Not that," he said disingenuously; "but bein' all by yerself, I wonder ye ain't willin' fur the county road ter be put through. 'T would run right by yer gate, an' ye could h'ist the winder an' talk to the folks passin'. Ye would n't be lonely never."

For the first time Selwyn looked like

a man of business. His eyes grew steady. His face was firm and serious and non-committal. He said nothing. Hanway cleared his throat and crossed his legs anew. The thought of his true intention in coming hither, not his ostensible errand, had recurred more than once to his mind, — to lay bare the secret touching the visitor to Selwyn's remote dwelling, whom he could not or would not identify; and if there were aught amiss, as he suspected, to take such action thereupon as in the fullness of his own good judgment seemed fit. But since the man was evidently so sharp, he had hitherto feared even indirectly to trench upon it; here, however, the opening was so natural, so propitious, that he was fain to take advantage of it.

"An' see," he resumed, "what dangers kem o' hev'in' no road. That thar man what war killed las' month, ef we hed hed a reg'lar county road, worked on an' kep' open, stiddier this hyar herder's trail, this-a-way an' that, he could hev rid along ez free an' favored, an'" —

"Why," Selwyn broke in, "the testimony was to the effect that he was riding a young, skittish horse, which was startled by stray hogs breaking at a dead run through the bushes, and that the horse bolted and ran away. And the man died from concussion of the brain. That would have happened if we had a road of the first class, twenty feet wide, instead of this little seven-foot freak you all are so mashed on."

His face had not lost a tinge of its brilliant color. His animated eyes were still fired by that inward flame that was consuming his years, his days, even his minutes, it might seem. His hands, fine, white, and delicate, were thrust jauntily into the pockets of his red jacket, and Hanway felt himself no nearer the heart of the mystery than before. The subject, evidently, was not avoided, held naught of menace. He went at it directly.

"Seems strange he war a-comin' ter

visit you-uns, an' hed yer mail in his pocket, an' ye never seen him afore," he hazarded, "nor knowed who he war."

"But I have found out since," Selwyn said, his clear eyes resting on his visitor without the vestige of an affrighted thought. "He was Mr. Keith, a chemist from Glaston; he was quite a notable authority on matters of physical science generally. I had written to him about — about some points of interest in the mountains, and as he was at leisure he concluded to come and investigate — and — take a holiday. He did n't let me know, and as I had never seen him I did n't at first even imagine it was he."

There was a silence. Selwyn's blue eyes dwelt on the fast-descending lines of rain that now blurred all view of the mountains; the globular drops here and there adhering to the pane, ever dissolving and ever renewed, obscured even the small privilege of a glimpse of the doorway. The continual beat on the roof had the regularity and the tireless suggestion of machinery.

"How did ye find out?" demanded Hanway, his theory evaporating into thin air.

"Why, as he did n't reply to my letter about a matter of such importance" — he checked himself suddenly, then went on more slowly — "it occurred to me that he might have decided to come, and might have been the man who was killed. So I wrote to his brother. He had not been expected at home earlier. His brother does n't incline to the foul-play theory. The horse he rode is a wild young animal that has run away two or three times. He had been warned repeatedly against riding that horse, but he thought him safe enough. The horse has returned home, — got there the day my letter was received. So the brother and an officer came and exhumed the body: he was buried, you know, after the inquest, over in the little graveyard yonder on the slope of the mountain."

Selwyn shivered slightly, and the fine

white hands came out of the gaudy red pockets, and fastened the frogs beneath the lapels across his chest, to draw the smoking-jacket closer.

"Great Scott! what a fate, — to be left in that desolate burying-ground! Death is death, there."

"Death is death anywhar," said the mountaineer gloomily.

"No. Get you a mile or two of iron fence, and stone gates, and lots of sculptured marble angels around, and death is peace, or rest, or heaven, or paradise, according to your creed and the taste of the subject; but here you are done for and dead."

Hanway, in the limited experience of the mountaineer, could not follow the theory, and he forbore to press it further.

"Well, they took him home, and I was glad to see him go. I was glad to see them filling that hole up. I took a pious interest in that. I should have felt it was waiting for me. I shoveled some of the earth back myself."

The wind surged around the house, and shook the outer doors. The rain trampled on the roof like a squadron of cavalry. With his fate standing ever behind him, almost visibly looking over his shoulder, although he saw it not, the valley man was a pathetic object to the mountaineer. Hanway's eyes were hot and burned as he looked at him; if he had been but a little younger, they might have held tears. But Hanway had passed by several years his majority, and esteemed himself exempt from boyish softness.

Selwyn shook off the impression with a shiver, and bent forward to mend the fire.

"Where were you yesterday?" he asked, seeking a change of subject.

"At home sowin' turnip seed, mos'ly. I never hearn nuthin' 'bout'n it all."

Selwyn threw himself back in his chair, his brow corrugated impatiently at this renewal of the theme, and in the emer-

gency he even resorted to the much-mooted point of the thoroughfare.

"I suppose all the family there are dead gone on that road?" he sought to make talk.

"Dad an' aunt M'nervy don't keer one way nor another, but my sister air plumb beset fur the jury of view to put it through."

"Why?" Selwyn had a mental vision of some elderly, thrifty mountain dame with a long head turned toward the enhancement of the values of a league or so of mountain land.

Hanway, slow and tenacious of impressions, could not so readily rouse a vital interest in a new subject. He still gazed with melancholy eyes at the fire, and his heart felt heavy and sore.

"Waal," he answered mechanically, "she 'lows she wants ter see the folks go up an' down, an' up an' down."

Selwyn's blue eyes opened. "Folks?" he asked wonderingly. The rarest of apparitions on Witch-Face Mountain were "folks."

Hanway roused himself slightly, and raucously cleared his throat to explain.

"She 'lows thar 'll be cornsider'ble passin'. Folks, in the fall o' the year, mought be a-wagonin' of chestnuts over the mounting an' down ter Colb'ry; an' thar 's the Quarterly Court days; some attends, leastwise the jestices; an' whenst they hev preachin' in the Cove; an' wunst in a while thar *mought* be a camp-meetin'. She sets cornsider'ble store on lookin' at the folks ez will go up an' down."

There was a swift movement in the pupils of the valley man's eyes. It was an expression closely correlated to laughter, but the muscles of his face were still, and he remained decorously grave.

There was some thought in his mind that held him doubtful for a moment. He had a certain delicacy of feeling and kindly impulses that one often considers a matter of culture. His craft was cautious of its kind, and his manner was

quite incidental as he said, "And the others of the family?"

"Thar ain't no others," returned Hanway, stolidly unmarking.

"Oh, so you are the eldest?"

"By five year. Narcissa ain't more 'n jes' turned eighteen."

The valley man's face was flushed more deeply still; his brilliant eyes were elated.

"*Narcissa!*" he cried, with the joy of delighted identification. "She is the girl, then, that testified at the inquest. *Narcissa!*"

Hanway lifted his head, with a strong look of surly objection on his heavy features. Selwyn noted it with a glow of growing anger. He felt that he had said naught amiss. People could not expect their sisters to escape attracting notice, especially a sister with a remarkable name and endowed with a face like this one's.

"Narcissa, — that 's an odd name," he said, partly in bravado, and partly in justification of the propriety of his previous mention of her. "I knew a man once named Narcissus. Must be the feminine of Narcissus. Good name for her, though." The recollection of the white flower-like face, the corolla of red-gold hair, came over him. "Looks just like 'em."

Hanway, albeit all alert now, desisted in this naught more poetical than the fact that Selwyn considered that his sister resembled a man of his acquaintance. As for that fairest of all spring flowers, it had never gladdened the backwoods range of his vision.

The exclusive tendency of the human mind is tested by this discovery of a casual resemblance to a stranger. One invariably sustains an affront at its mention. Whatever one's exterior may be, it possesses the unique merit of being one's own, and the aversion to share its traits with another, and that other a stranger, is universal. In this instance the objection was enhanced by the fact that the

stranger was a man; *ergo*, in Hanway's opinion, more or less clumsy and burly and ugly; the masculine type of his acquaintance presenting to his mind few of the superior elements of beauty. He resented the liberty the stranger took in resembling Narcissa, and he resented still more Selwyn's effrontery in discovering the likeness.

"Not ez much alike ez two black-eyed peas, now. I reckon not,—I reckon not," he sneered, as he rose to bring his visit to an end.

His host's words of incipient surprise were checked as Hanway slowly drew forth from his pocket a letter.

"Old man Binney war at the Cross-Roads Sad'day, an' he fotched up some mail fur the neighbors. He lef' this letter fur you-uns at our house, 'lowin' ez I would fetch it over."

Selwyn sat silent for a moment. He felt that severe reprehension and distrust which a man of business always manifests upon even the most trifling interference with his vested rights in his own mail matter. The rural method of aiding in distributing the mail was peculiarly unpalatable to him. He much preferred that his letters should lie in the post-office at the Cross-Roads until such time as it suited his convenience to saddle his horse and ride thither for them. The postmaster, on the contrary, seized the opportunity whenever responsible parties were "ridin' up inter the mounting" to entrust to them the neighborhood mail, thus expediting its delivery perhaps by three weeks, or even more, and receiving in every instance the benediction of his distant beneficiaries of the backwoods.

"I'll write to the postmaster this very day!" Selwyn thought, as he tore the envelope open and mastered its contents at a swift glance. A half-suppressed but delighted excitement shone suddenly in his eyes, and smoothed every line of agitation and anxiety from his brow.

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you

for bringing it," he exclaimed, "and for staying awhile and talking! I wish you would come again. But I'm coming to see you, to return your call." He laughed gayly at the sophisticated phrase. "Coming soon."

Hanway's growl of pretended pleasure in the prospect was rendered nearly inarticulate by the thought of Narcissa. He had not anticipated a return of the courtesy. He had no welcome for the valley man, and somehow he felt that he did not altogether understand Narcissa at times; that she had flights of fancy which were beyond him, and took a mischievous pleasure in tantalizing him, and was freakish and hard to control.

Moreover, under the influence of this reaction of feeling a modicum of his doubts of Selwyn had revived. Not that he suspected him, as heretofore, but a phrase that had earlier struck his attention came back to him. Selwyn had written, he said, to the stranger to come and "investigate," and he had hesitated and chosen his phrases, and half discarded them, and slurred over his statement. What was there to "investigate" in the mountains? What prospect of profit worth a long, lonely journey and a risk that ended in death? The capture of moonshiners was said to be a paying business, and an informer reaped a reward in proportion to the danger he encountered. Hanway wondered if Con Hite could be the point of "investigation," if the dead man were indeed of the revenue force.

"Oh, you need n't shut the door on me," Selwyn said, as they stood together in the passage, and Hanway, with his instinct to cut him off, had made a motion to draw the door after him; "this mountain air is so bland, even when it is damp." He paused on the dripping threshold, with his hands in the pockets of his red jacket, and surveyed with smiling complacency the forlorn, weeping day, and the mountains cowering under their misty veil, and the sod-

den dooryard, and the wild rocks and chasms of the gorge, adown the trough of which a stream unknown to the dry weather was tumbling with a suggestion of flight and trouble and fear in its precipitancy. "I'm well, well as a bear; and I'm getting fat as a bear, doing nothing. Feel my arm. I'm just following the example of the bears about this time of the year, — hibernating, going into winter quarters. I'm going to get this place into good shape to sell some day. I have bought that land over there all down the gorge from Squire Helm; and last July I bought all that slope at the tax sale, but that is subject to redemption; and then I am trying to buy in the rear of my wigwam, too, — a thousand acres."

"Ye kin sell it higher ef the road goes through," said Hanway doubtfully.

It seemed very odd that the man who protested that his stay in the mountains was so temporary, and whose stay in the world was evidently so short, should spend his obviously scanty substance in purchase after purchase of the worthless mountain wilderness. To be sure the land was cheap, but it cost something. And Hanway looked again at the frayed cuffs and elbows of the red smoking-jacket. In his infrequent visits to Colbury, he had noted the variance of the men's costumes with the mountain standard of dress. He saw naught like this, but he knew that if ever the sober burghers lent themselves to this sort of fantastic toggery, it was certainly whole.

"Say, my friend, what day does the jury of view hold forth?" Selwyn called out after the slouching figure, striped with the diagonal lines of rain and flouted by the wind, tramping across the dead weeds of the yard to his horse.

"Nex' Chewsdays week," Hanway responded hoarsely.

"Well, if this weather holds out, it is to be hoped that the gentlemen of the jury are web-footed!" Selwyn exclaimed.

He shut the door, and as he went back to his lonely hearth his eyes fell upon the letter lying on the table.

"Now," he said as he took it again in his hand, "if fate should truly cut such a caper as to make my fortune in this forlorn exile, I could find it in my heart to laugh the longest and the loudest at the joke."

## VI.

If it had been within the power of the worshipful Quarterly County Court to issue a mandamus to compel fair weather on that notable Tuesday when the jury of view were to set forth, the god of day could scarcely have obeyed with more alacrity that peremptory writ once poetically ranked as "one of the flowers of the crown." The burnished yellow sunshine had a suggestion of joyous exuberance in its wide suffusions. Even the recurrent fluctuations of shadow but gave its pervasive sheen the effect of motion and added embellishment. The wind, hilarious, loud, piping gayly a tuneful stave, shepherded the clouds in the fair fields of the high sky, driving the flocculent white masses here and there as listed a changing will. The trees were red and yellow, the leaves firm, full-fleshed, as if the ebbing sap of summer still ran high in every fibre; their tint seemed no hectic dying taint, but some inherent chromatic richness. Fine avenues the eye might open amongst the rough brown boles that stood in dense ranks, preternaturally dark and distinct, washed by the recent rains, and thrown into prominence by the masses of yellow and red leaves about their roots, carpeting the ground, and the red and yellow boughs hanging low above. They dispensed to the light, clarified air an aromatic richness that the lungs rejoiced to breathe, and all their flare of color might have seemed adequate illumination of their demesne without serving writs of mandamus on the sun; and in-

deed, the Quarterly County Court was fain to concern itself with far lesser matters, and wield slighter weapons. The jury of view, in a close squad, ambling along at an easy gait, mounted on nags as diverse in aspect, age, and manner as their riders, sufficiently expressed its authority and their own diligence in its behests, and their spirits had risen to the propitious aspect of the weather and the occasion. Their advent into this secluded region of the district—for to secure a strict impartiality they were not of the immediate neighborhood, and had no interest which could be affected by their report—was not hailed with universal satisfaction.

"Jes' look at 'em, now," said old man Binney, as he stood in his door, leaning on his stick, to watch them pass,—"a jury o' view. An' who ever viewed a jury a-horseback afore? An' thar ain't but seben on 'em!"—laboriously counting, "five, six, seben. Thar's *twelve* men on a sure enough jury! I counted the panel ez hung Ezekiel Tilbut's fur a-murderin' of his wife. I war thar in town whenst they fetched in thar verdict. I dunno what the kentry be a-comin' ter! Shucks! I ain't a-goin' ter abide by the say-so o' no sech skimpy jury ez this hyar. I'll go ter town an' see old Lawyer Gryce 'bout it, fust."

And with this extremest threat of vengeance he brought his stick down on the floor with so vigorous a thump that it had a certain profane effect; then having from under his bushy gray eyebrows gazed at the diminishing group till it was but a dim speck in the distance, he went in muttering, banging the door as if to shut out and reject the sight. His objection might have been intensified had he known that the days were at hand when legislative wisdom would still further reduce this engine of the law, making it consist of one road commissioner and two freeholders, the trio still proudly denominated a "jury of view."

Others, however, favoring the enter-

prise, cheerfully fell into the line of march; and as the way lengthened the cavalcade grew, mustering recruits as it went.

Disputatious voices suddenly sounded loud on the clear air in front of them, mingled with the thud of horses' hoofs, the jingle of spurs, and now and again the whinny of a colt; and at the intersection of the trail with a narrow winding path there rode into view old "Persimmon" Sneed,—as he was sometimes disrespectfully nicknamed, owing to a juvenile and voracious fondness for the most toothsome delicacy of autumn woods,—arguing loudly, and with a lordly intolerance of contradiction, with two men who accompanied him, while his sleek claybank mare also argued loudly with her colt. She had much ado to pace soberly forward, even under the coercion of whip and spur, while her madcap scion galloped wildly ahead or lagged far in the rear, and made now and then excursions into the woods, out of sight, to gratify some adolescent curiosity, or perhaps, after the fashion of other and human adolescents, to relish the spectacle of the maternal anxiety. Ever and anon the sound of the mare's troubled call rang on the air. Then the colt would come with a burst of speed, a turbulent rush, out of the underbrush, and, with its keen head-tones of a whinny, all funnily treble and out of tune, dash on in advance. The rider of this preoccupied steed was a grizzled, lank, thin-visaged mountaineer, with a tuft of beard on his chin, but a shaven jowl, where, however, the black-and-gray stubble of several days' avoidance of the razor put forth unabashed. He shook his finger impressively at the jury of view as he bore down upon them.

"Ef ye put this hyar road through my land," he said solemnly, "I'll be tee-totally ruined. The cattle-thievin' that'll go on, with the woods so open an' the roads so convenient, an' yit no travel sca'cely, will be a scandal ter the



jay-bird. I won't hev so much lef' ez the horn of a muley cow!"

And with this extreme statement he whirled his horse and rode on at the head of the cavalcade in dignified silence. He was not a dweller in the immediate vicinity, but hailed from the Cove, — a man of substance and a large cattle-owner, pasturing his herds, duly branded, on a tract of unfenced wilderness, his mountain lands, where they roamed in the safe solitudes of those deep seclusions during the summer, and were rounded up, well fattened, and driven home at the approach of winter. He was the typical man of convictions, one who entertains a serious belief that he possesses a governing conscience instead of an abiding delight in his own way. He had a keen eye, with an upward glance from under the brim of his big wool hat, and he looked alert to descry any encroachment on his vested rights to prescribe opinion. The jury of view were destined to find it a doubtful boon that the road law interposed no obstacle to prevent their hearing thus informally the views of those interested.

Persimmon Sneed's deep feeling on the subject had been evinced by his dispensing with the customary salutations, and one of the jury of view, with a mollifying intention, observed that they would use their best judgment to promote the interests of all parties.

"Ai-yi!" said Persimmon Sneed, ruefully shaking his head. "But s'pose ye hev got mighty pore jedgmint? Ye'll be like mos' folks I know, ef ye hev. I'd ruther use my own best jedgmint, a sight."

At which another of the jury suavely remarked that they would seek to be impartial.

"That's jes' what I kem along fur," exclaimed Persimmon Sneed triumphantly, — "ter show ye edzac'y whar the bull's eye be. Thar ain't no use fur this road, an' ye air bound ter see it ef ye ain't nowise one-sided and partial."

The jury relapsed into silence and rode steadily on.

The true raw material of contradiction lay in three younger men among the spectators, contumacious, vehement, and, albeit opposed to the road, much inclined to spoke the wheel of old Persimmon Sneed, however that wheel might revolve.

"I got caught on a jury in a criminal case with him wunst," Silas Boyd, a heavy, thick-set, tall, dark young fellow with a belligerent gray eye and a portentously square jaw, said *sotto voce* to his next comrade. "I hev sarved on a jury with him, — locked up fur a week 'thout no verdic'. He ain't got no respec' fur no other man's say-so. An' he talks 'bout *his* oath ez ef he war the only man in Tennessee ez ever war swore on the 'Holy Evangelists o' Almighty Gawd' in the court-house. He fairly stamped on my feelin's, in that Jenkins case, ter make me agree with him; but I could n't agree, an' it hung the jury, ez they say. I wisht they hed hung the foreman! By Hokey, I despise a hard-headed, 'pinionated man."

"Look at his back," rejoined Jeremiah Sayres, a man given to theory, and who had a light undecided tint of hair and beard and scraggy mustache, and a blond complexion burned a permanent solid red by the summer sun. "I'd know his dispositions by his back." He waved his hand at the brown jeans coat that draped a spare and angular but singularly erect back, which scarcely seemed to move in response to the motions of the mare pacing briskly along. "What sorter back is that fur a man risin' fifty year old? — straight ez my ramrod, an' ez stiff. But, Silas, ef ever ye git the better o' him, ye hev got ter break it."

"I hearn his las' wife married him ter git rid o' him," put in the third, Peter Sims, given to gossip. "She 'lowed he warn't nigh so tarrifyin' 'roun' his own house, a-feedin' the peegs, an' ploughin' an' cuttin' wood, an' sech, *occupied some*

*hows*, ez he war a-settin' up in his Sunday best at her house, with nuthin' ter do, allowin' she *hed* ter marry him, whether or not, 'kase he would n't hev 'No' fur a answer."

"An' look at it now!" exclaimed Silas Boyd, unexpectedly reinforced by the matrimonial phase of the question. "That thar man hev bodaciously argued an' contradicted two wimmin out'n this vale o' tears. An' everybody knows it takes a power o' contradiction to outdo a woman. He oughter be indicted for cold-blooded murder! That's what!" He nodded vindictively at the straight jeans-clad back in advance of him.

Over and again the party called a halt, to push about in search of a practicable seven-foot passage amongst crags and chasms, and to contend with the various insistence touching devious ways preferred by the honorary attendants, who often seemed to forget that they themselves were not in the exercise of a delegated jury duty. Tangles impeded, doubts beset them, although the axe by which the desired route had been blazed out aforetime by the petitioners had been zealous and active; but the part of a pioneer in a primeval wilderness is indeed the threading of a clueless labyrinth, and both sun and compass were consulted often before the continued direction of the road could be determined and located.

In such cases, to the lovers of the consistent in character, the respective traits of old Persimmon Sneed and Silas Boyd were displayed in all their pristine value; for although their interests were identical, both being opposed to the opening of the road, the dictatorial arrogations of the elder man and the pugnacious persistence of the younger served to antagonize them on many a minor point in question, subsidiary to the main issue, as definitely as if they were each arrayed against the other, instead of both being in arms under the "No Road" banner.

"Mighty nigh ez interestin' ez a dog-fight," said Jeremiah Sayres in an aside to one of the jury.

Midday found them considerably advanced on their way, but brought to a halt by an insistence on the part of Silas Boyd that the road should be diverted from a certain depression showing marshy tendencies to the rugged slope where the footing was dry but difficult.

"That's under water more 'n haffen the winter, I'll take my everlastin' oath. Ef the road runs thar, that piece will take enough mendin' in a season ter keep up ten mile o' dry road," he argued vehemently.

"Water ain't dangersome, nowise," retorted the elderly Persimmon, with a snarling smile. "Healthier 'n whiskey, my frien', — *heap* healthier 'n whiskey."

Boyd's serious countenance colored darkly red with wrath. Among the aggressive virtues of old Persimmon Sneed were certain whiskey-proof temperance principles, the recollection of which was peculiarly irritating to Silas Boyd, known to be more than ordinarily susceptible to proof whiskey.

"I be a perfessin' Baptis', Mr. Sneed," he retorted quickly. "I got no objection ter water, 'ceptin' fur the onregenerate an' spurners o' salvation."

Now Persimmon Sneed had argued the plan of atonement on every possible basis known to his extremely limited polemical outlook, and could agree with none. If any sect of eclectics had been within his reach, he would most joyfully have cast his spiritual fortunes with them, for he felt himself better than very many conspicuous Christians; and as he would have joyed in a pose of sanctity, the reproach of being a member of no church touched him deeply.

"I ain't no ransomed saint, I know," he vociferated, — "I ain't no ransomed saint! But ef the truth war known, ye ain't got no religion nuther! That lee-

tle duckin' ez ye call 'immersion' jes' diluted the 'riginal sin in ye mighty leetle. Ye air a toler'ble strong toddy o' iniquity yit. That thar water tempered the whiskey ye drink mighty leetle, — mighty leetle!"

The Christian grace of Silas Boyd was put to a stronger test than it might have been deemed capable of sustaining. But Sneed was a far older man, and as nothing short of breaking his stiff neck might suffice to tame him, Silas Boyd summoned his self-control, and held his tingling hands, and gave himself only to retort.

"I would n't take that off'n ye, Mr. Sneed, 'ceptin' I be a professin' member, an' pity them ez is still in the wiles an' delusions o' Satan."

What might have ensued in the nature of counterthrust, as Persimmon Sneed heard himself called by inference an object of pity, the subsidiary group were spared from learning, for at that moment the sound of steps heralded an approach, and Ben Hanway came into the circle, and sought to claim the attention of the party, inviting them to dine and pass the nooning hour at his house. His countenance was adjusted to the smile of hospitality, but it wore the expression like a mask, and he seemed ill at ease. He had been contending all the morning with Narcissa's freakishness, which he thought intensified by the presence of the valley man, who was returning the civility of that ill-omened visit, and who, by reason of the abnormal excitements of the day, had been received with scant formality, and was already upon the footing of a familiar friend. Selwyn stood smilingly in the way hard by, speaking to those of the men as they passed who gave his presence the meed of a start and a stare of blank surprise, or a curt nod. Narcissa hung in the background, standing beneath a great oak; her chin was a little lifted with a touch of displeasure; the eyelids drooped over her brown eyes;

her hands, with her wonted careless gesture and with a certain mechanical effort to dispel embarrassment, were raised to the curtain of her white sunbonnet, and spread its folds wingwise behind her red hair. Sundry acquaintances among the honorary attendants paused to greet her as they passed, but old Sneed's disapprobation of a woman's appearance on so public an occasion was plainly expressed on his features. For all the Turks are not in Turkey. She followed with frowning, disaffected eyes the procession of men and horses and dogs and colts wending up to the invisible house hidden amongst the full-leaved autumn woods.

"Well, that's the jury of view; and what do you think of them?" asked Selwyn, watching too, but smilingly, the cavalcade.

"Some similar ter the cor'ner's jury. But *they* hed suthin' ter look tormented an' tribulated 'bout," said the girl, evidently disappointed to find the jury of view not more cheerful of aspect. "But mebbe conversin' a passel by the way with old Persimmon Sneed is powerful depressin' ter the sperits."

Selwyn's face grew grave at the mention of the coroner's jury.

"I'm afraid that poor fellow missed something good," he said.

Still holding out her sunbonnet in wide distention, she slowly set forth along the path, not even turning back, for sheer perversity, as she saw Ben look anxiously over his shoulder to descry if she followed in the distance.

"Thar ain't much good in life nohow. Things seem set contrariwise." Then, after a moment, and turning her eyes upon him, for she had an almost personal interest in the man whose tragic fate she had first of all discovered, "What sorter good thing did he miss?" she asked, as she settled her sunbonnet soberly on her head.

"Well" — Selwyn began; then he hesitated. He had spoken rather than

thought, for he thought little, and he was not used to keeping secrets. Moreover, despite his courageous disbelief in his coming fate, he must have had some yearnings for sympathy and the sense of nearness; the iron of his exile surely entered his soul at times. The girl, so delicately framed, so flower-like of face, seemed alien to her rude surroundings and the burly, heavy, matter-of-fact folk about her. Her spirituelle presence did away in a measure with the realization of her limitations, her ignorance, and the uncouth conditions of her existence. Even her dress seemed to him hardly amiss, for there then reigned a fleeting metropolitan fashion of straight full flowing skirts and short waists and closely fitting sleeves, — a straining after picture-like effects which Narcissa's attire accomplished without conscious effort, the costume of the mountain women for a hundred years back. The sunbonnet itself was but the defensive appurtenance of many a Southern city girl, when a-summering in the country, who esteems herself the possessor of a remarkably beautiful complexion, and heroically proposes to conserve it. Unlike the men, Narcissa's personality did not suggest the distance between them in sophistication, in culture, in refinement, in the small matters of external polish. She seemed not so far from his world, and it was long since he had walked fraternally by the side of some fair girl, and talked freely of himself, his views, his plans, his vagaries, as men, when very young, are wont to do, and as they rarely talk to one another. He had so sedulously sought to content himself with the conditions of his maimed and closing existence that the process of reconciling the habit of better things was lost in simple acceptance. He was still young, and the sun shone, and the air was clear and pure and soft, and he walked by the side of a girl, fair and good and not altogether unwise, and he was happy in the blessings vouchsafed.

After a moment he replied: "Well, I thought he might have made a lot of money. I thought I might go partners with him. I had written to him."

Her face did not change; it was still grave and solicitous within the white frame of her sunbonnet, but its expression did not deepen. She did not pity the dead man because he died without the money he had had a chance to make. She evidently had not even scant knowledge of that most absorbing passion, the love of gain, and she did not value money.

"Somehow whenst folks dies by accident, it 'pears ter me a mistake — some-hows — ez ef they war choused out'n time what war laid off fur them an' their'n by right." Evidently she did not lack sensibility.

"Yes," he rejoined, "and you know money makes a lot of difference in people's lives there in the valley towns. Lord knows, 't would in mine."

He swung his riding-whip dejectedly to and fro in his hand as he spoke, and she pushed back her sunbonnet to look seriously at him. He was a miracle of elegance to her, but the fawn-colored suit which he wore owed its nattiness rather to his own symmetry than the cut or the cloth, and he had worn it a year ago. His immaculate linen, somewhat flabby, — for the mountain laundress is averse to starch, — had been delicately trimmed by a deft pair of scissors around the raveling edges of the cuffs and collar, and showed rather what it had been than what it was. His straw hat was pushed a trifle back from his face, in which the sunburn and the inward fire competed to lay on the tints. She did not see how nor what he lacked. Still, if he wanted it, she pitied him that he did not have it.

"Waal, can't you-uns make it, the same way?"

She asked this sympathetically. She was beginning to experience a certain self-reproach in regard to him, and it

gave her unwonted gentleness. She felt that she had been too quick to suspect. Since Ben's report of the reconnoitring interview on which she had sent him in Con Hite's interest, she had dismissed the idea that Selwyn was in aught concerned with the stranger's sudden and violent death; and she did not incline easily to the substituted suspicion that the dead man was a "revenuer," and that Selwyn had written him to recommend the investigation of Con Hite, whose implication in moonshining he had some cause to divine.

Narcissa had marked with displeasure Ben's surly manner to the valley man, connecting it with these considerations, and never dreaming that it was her society which the inhospitable brother grudged him.

"I ought never ter hev set Ben after him," she thought ruefully. "He 'll hang on ter him like a bulldog." But aloud she only said, "You kin make the money all the same."

"Oh, I 'll try, like a little man!" he exclaimed, rousing himself to renewed hope. "I have written to another scientific fellow, and he has promised to come and investigate. I hope to Heaven he won't break his neck, too."

She too marked the word "investigate," which had so smitten Ben's attention, and marveled what matter it might be in the mountains worth while investigating, and promissory of gain, if it were not the still-hunt, as it were, of the wily moonshiners. But yet her faith in Selwyn's motives and good will, so suddenly adopted, held fast.

"Con Hite mus' l'arn ter look out fur hisse'f," she thought fretfully, for she could not discern into what disastrous swirl she might be guiding events as she took the helm. "He 's big enough, the Lord knows."

The little log cabin on the slope of the ascent had come into sight. They had followed but slowly; the horses were already tethered to the rails of the

fence, and the jury of view and its escort had disappeared within. A very spirited fracas was in progress between the visiting dogs and the inhospitable home canines, and once Ben appeared in the passageway and hoarsely called his hounds off.

"I ain't a-goin' ter hurry," Narcissa remarked cavalierly. "Let Ben an' aunt Minervy dish up an' wait on 'em. They won't miss me. 'Thar's nuthin' in this worl' a gormandizin' man kin miss at meal-times, — 'ceptin' teeth."

Selwyn made no comment on this touch of reprisal in Narcissa's manner. If old Persimmon Sneed had deemed her coming forth to meet them superfluous, she in her own good judgment could deem her presence at table an empty show.

"I ain't a-goin' in," she continued. "Ye kin go," she added, with a hasty afterthought. "Thar's a cheer sot ter the table fur you-uns. I'm goin' ter bide hyar. They 'll git done arter a while."

She sat languidly down on a step of a stile that went over the fence at a considerable distance from the house, and Selwyn, protesting that he wanted no dinner, established himself on the protruding roots of a great beech-tree that, like gigantic, knuckled, gnarled fingers, visibly took a great grasp of the earth before sinking their tips far out of sight beneath. The shade was dense; the sound of water trickling into the rude horse-trough on the opposite side of the path that was to be a road was delicious in its cool suggestion, for the landscape, far, far to see, blazed as with the refulgence of a summer sun. The odor of the apple orchard, densely fruited, was mellow on the air, and the red-freighted boughs of an old winesap bent above the girl's head as she sat with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand. She gazed dreamily away at those vividly blue ranges, whither one might fancy summer had fled, so little affinity had their aspect with the network of inter-

mediate brown valleys, and nearer garnet slopes, and the red and yellow oak boughs close at hand, hanging above the precipice and limiting the outlook.

"Yes," he said, after a moment's cogitation, while he absently turned a cluster of beech-nuts in his hands, "I'll try it, for keeps, you may bet, — if you were a betting character. There's lots of good things going in these mountains; that is, if a fellow had the money to get 'em out."

He looked up a trifle drearily under the brim of his straw hat at the smiling summertide of those blue mountains yonder. Oh, fair and feigning prospect, what wide and alluring perspectives! He drew a long sigh. Is it better to know so surely that winter is a-coming?

"An' the sense, too," remarked Narcissa, her eyes still dreamily dwelling on the distance.

He roused himself. The unconscious flattery inference was too slight not to be lawfully appropriated.

"Yes, the sense and the enterprise. Now, these mountaineers," — he spoke as if she had no part among them, forgetting it, indeed, for the moment, — "they let marble and silver and iron, and gold too, all sorts of natural wealth, millions and millions of the finest hard-wood timber, lie here undeveloped, without making the least effort to realize on it, without lifting a finger. They have got no enterprise in the world, and they are the most dilatory, slowest gang I ever ran across in my life."

A dimple deepened in the soft fairness of her cheek under the white sunbonnet.

"They got enterprise enough ter want a road," she drawled, fixing her eyes

upon him for a moment, then reverting to her former outlook.

He was a trifle embarrassed, and lost his balance.

"Oh, I'll want a road, too, after a while," he returned. "All in good time." He laughed as if to himself, a touch of mystery in his tone, and he took off his hat and jauntily fanned himself.

"Sorter dil'tory yerse'f now; 'pears ter be a ketchin' complaint, like the measles."

Perhaps she secretly resented the reflection on the mountaineers, for there was a certain bellicose intention in her eye, a disposition to push him to his last defenses.

"No; but a body would think a fellow might get enough intelligent coöperation in any promising matter from right around here without corresponding all over the country. And they don't know anything, and they don't want to learn anything. Now," convincingly, "what would any of those fellows in there say if I should tell them that I could take a match" — he pulled a handful of lucifers from his pocket — "and set a spring afire?"

She gazed at him in dumb surprise.

"They'd say I was lying, I reckon," he hazarded. With an ebullition of laughter, he hastily scrambled to his feet and unhitched his horse; then, as he put his foot in the stirrup, he paused and added, "Or else, 'Better leave it be, sonny,'" with the effrontery of mimicry. "'Mought set the mounting afire.'"

He forthwith swung himself into the saddle, and, with a jaunt wave of the hand in adieu, fared forth homeward, leaving her staring after him in wide-eyed amazement.

*Charles Egbert Craddock.*



## SECOND THOUGHTS.

I THOUGHT of leaving her for a day  
 In town, it was such iron winter  
 At Durdans, — the garden frosty clay,  
 The woods as dry as any splinter,  
 The sky congested. I would break  
 From the deep, lethargic country air  
 To the shining lamps, to the clash of the play,  
 And, to-morrow, wake  
 Beside her, a thousand things to say.  
 I planned, — oh, more, I had almost started;  
 I lifted her face in my hand to kiss, —  
 A face in a border of fox's fur,  
 For the bitter, black wind had stricken her,  
 And she wore it, her soft hair straying out  
 Where it buttoned against the gray leather snout.  
 In an instant we should have parted;  
 But at sight of the delicate world within  
 That fox-fur collar, from brow to chin,  
 At sight of those wonderful eyes from the mine, —  
 Coal pupils, an iris of glittering spa,  
 And the wild, ironic, defiant shine  
 As of a creature behind a bar  
 One has captured, and, when three lives are past,  
 May hope to reach the heart of at last, —  
 All that and the love at her lips combined  
 To show me what folly it were to miss  
 A face with such thousand things to say,  
 And beside them such thousand more to spare,  
 For the shining lamps, for the clash of the play.  
 Oh, madness! Not for a single day  
 Could I leave her. I stayed behind.

*Michael Field.*

## LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN was at first a disappointment. I went home discouraged. The place was spoiled, I thought. About the fine inn were cheap cottages, — as if one had come to a second-class summer resort; while the lower slopes of the mountain, directly under Lookout Point on the side toward the city, were given

up to a squalid negro settlement, and, of all things, a patent-medicine factory, — a shameful desecration, it seemed to me. I was half ready to say I would go there no more. The prospect was beautiful, — so much there was no denying; but the air was thick with smoke, and, what counted for ten times more, the eye it-

self was overclouded. A few northern warblers were chirping in the evergreens along the edge of the summit, between the inn and the Point, — black-polls and bay-breasts, with black-throated greens and Carolina wrens; and near them I saw with pleasure my first Tennessee phœbes. In the street car, on the way back to Chattanooga, I had for my fellow-passengers a group of Confederate veterans from different parts of the South, one of whom, a man with an empty sleeve, was showing his comrades an interesting war-time relic, — a bit of stone bearing his own initials. He had cut them in the rock while on duty at the Point thirty years before, I heard him say, and now, remembering the spot, and finding them still there, he had chipped them off to carry home. These are all the memories I retain of my first visit to a famous and romantic place that I had long desired to see.

My second visit was little more remunerative, and came to an untimely and inglorious conclusion. Not far from the inn I noticed what seemed to be the beginning of an old mountain road. It would bring me to St. Elmo, a passing cottager told me; and I somehow had it fast in my mind that St. Elmo was a particularly wild and attractive woodland retreat somewhere in the valley, — a place where a pleasure-seeking naturalist would find himself happy for at least an hour or two, if the mountain side should insufficiently detain him. The road itself looked uncommonly inviting, rough and deserted, with wild crags above and old forest below; and without a second thought I took it, idling downward as slowly as possible, minding the birds and plants, or sitting for a while, as one shady stone after another offered coolness and a seat, to enjoy the silence and the prospect. Be as lazy as I could, however, the road soon gave signs of coming to an end; for Lookout Mountain, although it covers much territory and presents a mountainous front, is

of a very modest elevation. And at the end of the way there was no sylvan retreat, but a village; yes, the same dusty little suburb that I had passed, and looked away from, on my way up. *That* was St. Elmo! — and, with my luncheon still in my pocket, I boarded the first car for the city. One consolation remained: I had lived a pleasant hour, and the mountain road had made three additions to my local ornithology, — a magnolia warbler, a Blackburnian warbler, and a hairy woodpecker.

There was nothing for it but to laugh at myself, and try again; but it was almost a week before I found the opportunity. Then (May 7) I made a day of it on the mountain, mostly in the woods along the western bluffs. An oven-bird's song drew me in that direction, to begin with; and just as the singer had shown himself, and been rewarded with an entry as "No. 79" in my Tennessee catalogue, a cuckoo, farther away, broke into a shuffling introductory measure that marked him at once as a black-bill. Till now I had seen yellow-bills only, and though the voice was perhaps a sufficient identification, a double certainty would be better, especially in the retrospect. Luckily it was a short chase, and there sat the bird, his snowy throat swelling as he cooed, while his red eye-rings and his abbreviated tail-spots gave me full warrant for setting him down as "No. 80."

As I approached the precipitous western edge of the mountain, I heard, just below, the sharp, wiry voice of a Blackburnian warbler; a most splendid specimen, for in a moment more his orange-red throat shone like fire among the leaves. From farther down rose the hoarse notes of a black-throated blue warbler and two or three black-throated greens.

Here were comfortable, well-shaded boulders and delightful prospects, — a place to stay in; but behind me stood a grove of small pine-trees, out of which

came now and then a warbler's *chip*; and in May, with everything on the move, and anything possible, invitations of that kind are not to be refused. Warbler species are many, and there is always another to hope for. I turned to the pines, therefore, as a matter of course, and was soon deeply engaged with a charming bevy of northward-bound passengers, — myrtle-birds, palm warblers, black-throated blues (of both sexes), a female Cape May warbler (the first of her sex that I had seen), magnolias, bay-breasts, and many black-polls. It makes a short story in the telling; but it was long in the doing, and yielded more excitement than I dare try to describe. To and fro I went among the low trees (their lowness a most fortunate circumstance), slowly and with all quietness, putting my glass upon one bird after another as something stirred among the needles, and hoping every moment for some glorious surprise. In particular, I hoped for a cerulean warbler; but this was not the cerulean's day, and, if I had but known it, these were not the cerulean's trees. None but enthusiasts in the same line will be able to appreciate the delight of such innocent "collecting," — birds in the memory instead of specimens in a bag. Even on one's home-beat it quickens the blood; how much more, then, in a new field, where a man is almost a stranger to himself, and rarities and novelties seem but the order of the day! Again and again, morning and afternoon, I traversed the little wood, leaving it between whiles for a rest under the big oaks on the edge of the cliffs, whence, through green vistas, I gazed upon the farms of Lookout Valley and the mountains beyond. A scarlet tanager called, — my second one here, — wood-thrush voices rang through the mountain-side forest, a single thrasher was doing his bravest from the tip of a pine (our "brown mocking-bird" is anything but a skulker when the lyrical mood is on him), while wood

pewees, red-eyed vireos, yellow-throated vireos, black-and-white creepers, and I do not remember what else, joined in the chorus. Just after noon an oven-bird gave out his famous aerial warble. To an aspiring soul even a mountain top is but a perch, a place from which to take wing.

All these birds, it will be noticed, were such as I might have seen in Massachusetts; and indeed, the general appearance of things about me was pleasantly homelike. Here was much of the pretty striped wintergreen, a special favorite of mine, with bird-foot violets, the common white saxifrage (dear to memory as the "Mayflower" of my childhood), the common wild geranium (cranesbill, which we were told was "good for canker"), and maple-leaved viburnum. One of the loveliest flowers was the pink oxalis, and one of the commonest was a pink phlox; but I was most pleased, perhaps, with the white stonecrop (*Sedum ternatum*), patches of which matted the ground, and just now were in full bloom. The familiar look of this plant was a puzzle to me. I cannot remember to have seen it often in gardens, and I am confident that I never found it before in a wild state except once, fifteen years ago, at the Great Falls of the Potomac. Yet here on Lookout Mountain it seemed almost as much an old friend as the saxifrage or the cranesbill.

I ate my luncheon on Sunset Rock, which literally overhangs the mountain side, and commands the finest of valley prospects; and then, after another turn through the pines, where the warblers were still busy with their all-day meal, — but not the new warbler for which I was still looking, — I crossed the summit and made the descent by the St. Elmo road, as before. How long I was on the way I am unable to tell; I had learned the brevity of the road, and, like a school-boy with his tart, I made the most of it. Midway down I caught sudden sight of an olive bird in the upper branch of a tree, with something black about the

crown and the cheek. "What's that?" I exclaimed; and on the instant the stranger flew across the road and up the steep mountain side. I pushed after him in hot haste, over the huge boulders, and there he stood on the ground, singing, — a Kentucky warbler. Seeing him so hastily, and on so high a perch, and missing his yellow underparts, I had failed to recognize him. As it was, I now heard his song for the first time, and rejoiced to find it worthy of its beautiful author: *klurwée, klurwée, klurwée, klurwée, klurwée*; a succession of clear, sonorous dissyllables, in a fuller voice than most warblers possess, and with no flourish before or after. Like the bird's dress, it was perfect in its simplicity. I felt thankful, too, that I had waited till now to hear it. Things should be desired before they are enjoyed. It was another case of the schoolboy and his tart; and I went home good humored. Lookout Mountain was not wholly ruined, after all.

The next day found me there again, to my own surprise, for I had promised myself a trip down the river to Shellmound. In all the street cars, as well as in the city newspapers, this excursion was set forth as most enjoyable, a luxury on no account to be missed, — a fine commodious steamer, and all the usual concomitants. The kind people with whom I was sojourning, on Cameron Hill, hastened the family breakfast that I might be in season; but on arriving at the wharf I found no sign of the steamer, and, after sundry attempts to ascertain the condition of affairs, I learned that the steamer did not run now. The river was no longer high enough, it was explained; a smaller boat would go, or might be expected to go, some hours later. Little disposed to hang about the landing for several hours, and feeling no assurance that so doing would bring me any nearer to Shellmound, I made my way back to the Read House, and took a car for Lookout Mountain. In it I sat face

to face with the same conspicuous placard, announcing an excursion for that day by the large and commodious steamer So-and-So, from such a wharf, at eight o'clock. But I then noticed that intending passengers were invited, in smaller type, to call at the office of the company, where doubtless it would be politely confided to them that the advertisement was a "back number." So the mistake was my own, after all, and, as the American habit is, I had been blaming the servants of the public unjustly.

I was no sooner on the summit than I hastened to the pine wood. At first it seemed to be empty, but after a little, hearing the drawling *kree, kree, kree*, of a black-throated blue, I followed it, and found the bird. Next a magnolia dropped into sight, and then a red-cheeked Cape May, the second one I had ever seen, after fifteen or twenty years of expectancy. He threaded a leafless branch back and forth on a level with my eyes. I was glad I had come. Soon another showed himself, and presently it appeared that the wood, as men speak of such things, was full of them. There were black-polls, also, with a Blackburnian, a bay-breast, and a good number of palm warblers (typical *palmarum*, to judge from the pale tints); but especially there were Cape Mays, including at least two females. As to the number of males it is impossible to speak; I never had more than two under my eye at once, but I came upon them continually, — they were always in motion, of course, being warblers, — till finally, as I put my glass on another one, I caught myself saying, in a tone of disappointment, "Only a Cape May." But yesterday I might as well have spoken of a million dollars as "only a million." So soon does novelty wear off. The magnolia and the Blackburnian were in high feather, and made a gorgeous pair as chance brought them side by side in the same tree. They sang with much freedom; but the Cape Mays kept silence, to my deep regret, notwith-

standing the philosophical remarks just now volunteered about the advantages derivable from a bird's gradual disclosure of himself. Such pieces of wisdom, I have noticed, when by chance they do not fall into the second or third person, are commonly applied to the past rather than the present; a man's past being, in effect, not himself, but another. In morals, as in archery, the target should be set at a fair distance. The Cape May's song is next to nothing, — suggestive of the black-poll's, I am told, — but I would gladly have bought a ticket to hear it.

The place might have been made on purpose for the use to which it was now put. The pinery, surrounded by hardwood forest, was like an island; and the warblers, for the most part, had no thought of leaving it. Had they been feeding in the hard wood, — miles of tall trees, — I should have lost them in short order. At the same time, the absence of undergrowth enabled me to move about with all quietness, so that none of them took the least alarm. Not a black-throated green was seen or heard, though yesterday they had been in force both among the pines and along the cliffs. A flock of myrtle warblers were surprisingly late, it seemed to me; but it was my last sight of them.

The reader will perceive that I was not exploring Lookout Mountain, and am in no position to set forth its beauties. It is eighty odd miles long, we are told, and in some places more than a dozen miles wide. I visited nothing but the northern point, the Tennessee end, the larger part of the mountain being in Georgia; and even while there I looked twice at the birds, and once at the mountain itself.

At noon, I lay for a long time upon a flat boulder under the tall oaks of the western bluff, looking down upon the lower woods, now in tender new leaf and most exquisitely colored. There are few fairer sights than a wooded mountain

side seen from above; only one must not be too far above, and the forest should be mainly deciduous. The very thought brings before my eyes the long, green slopes of Mount Mansfield as they show from the road near the summit, — beauty inexpressible and never to be forgotten; and miles of autumn color on the sides of Kinsman, Cannon, and Lafayette, as I have enjoyed it by the hour, stretched in the September sunshine on the rocks of Bald Mountain. Perhaps the earth itself will never be fully enjoyed till we are somewhere above it. The Lookout woods, as I now saw them, were less magnificent in sweep, but hardly less beautiful. And below them was the valley bottom, — Lookout Valley, once the field of armies, now the abode of peaceful industry: acres of brown earth, newly sown, with no trace of greenness except the hedgerows along the brooks and on the banks of Lookout Creek. And beyond the valley was Raccoon Mountain, wooded throughout; and behind that, far away, the Cumberland range, blue with distance.

A phœbe came and perched at my elbow, dropping a curtsy with old-fashioned politeness by way of "How are you, sir?" and a little afterward was calling earnestly from below. This is one of the characteristic birds of the mountain, and marks well the difference in latitude which even a slight elevation produces. I found it nowhere in the valley country, but it was common on Lookout and on Walden's Ridge. Then, behind me on the summit, another northern bird, the scarlet tanager, struck up a labored, rasping, breathless tune, hearty, but broken and forced. I say labored and breathless; but, happily, the singer was unaware of his infirmity (or can it be I was wrong?), and continued without interruption for at least half an hour. If he was uncomfortably short-breathed, he was very agreeably long-winded. Oven-birds sang at intervals throughout the day, and once I heard again the black-

billed cuckoo. Yes, Hooker was right: Lookout Mountain is Northern, not Southern. But then, as if to show that it is not exactly Yankee land, in spite of oven-bird and black-bill, and notwithstanding all that Hooker and his men may have done, a cardinal took a long turn at whistling, and a Carolina wren came to his support with a *cheery, cheery*. A far-away crow was cawing somewhere down the valley, no very common sound hereabout; a red-eye, our great American missionary, was exhorting, of course; a black-poll, on his way to British America, whispered something, it was impossible to say what; and a squirrel barked. I lay so still that a black-and-white creeper took me for a part of the boulder, and alighted on the nearest tree-trunk. He goes round a bole just as he sings, in corkscrew fashion. Now and then I caught some of the louder phrases of a distant brown thrush, and once, when every one else fell silent, a catbird burst out spasmodically with a few halting, disjointed eccentricities, highly characteristic of a bird who can sing like a master when he will, but who seems oftener to enjoy talking to himself. Lizards rustled into sight with startling suddenness; and one big fellow disappeared so instantaneously — in “less than no time,” as the Yankee phrase is — that I thought “quick as a lizard” might well enough become an adage. Here and there I remarked a chestnut-tree, the burs of last year still hanging; and chestnut oaks were among the largest and handsomest trees of the wood, as they were among the commonest. The temperature was perfect, — so says my penciled note. Let the confession not be overlooked, after all my railing at the fierce Tennessee sun. It made all the pleasure of the hour, too, that there were no troublesome insects. I had been in that country for ten days, the mercury had been much of the time above 90°, and I had not seen ten mosquitoes.

I left my boulder at last, though it

would have been good to remain there till night, and wandered along the bluffs to the Point. Here it was apparent at once that the wind had shifted. For the first time I caught sight of lofty mountains in the northeast; the Great Smokies, I was told, and could well believe it. I sat down straightway and looked at them, and had I known how things would turn, I would have looked at them longer; for in all my three weeks' sojourn in Chattanooga, that was the only half-day in which the atmosphere was even approximately clear. It was unfortunate, but I consoled myself with the charm of the foreground, — a charm at once softened and heightened, with something of the magic of distance, by the very conditions that veiled the horizon and drew it closer about us.

It is truly a beautiful world that we see from Lookout Point: the city and its suburbs; the river with its broad meanderings, and, directly at our feet, its great Moccasin Bend; the near mountains, — Raccoon and Sand mountains beyond Lookout Valley, and Walden's Ridge across the river; and everywhere in the distance hills and high mountains, range beyond range, culminating in the Cumberland Mountains in one direction, and the Great Smokies in another. And as we look at the fair picture we think of what was done here, — of historic persons and historic deeds. At the foot of the cliffs on which we stand is White House plateau, the battlefield of Lookout Mountain. Chattanooga itself is spread out before us, with Orchard Knob, Cameron Hill, and the national cemetery. Yonder stretches the long line of Missionary Ridge, and farther south, recognizable by at least one of the government towers, is the battlefield of Chickamauga. Here, if anywhere, we may see places that war has made sacred.

The feeling of all this is better enjoyed after one has grown oblivious to the things which at first do so much to cheapen the mountain, — the hotels, the



photographers' shanties, the placards, the hurrying tourists, and the general air of a place given over to showmen. Much of this seeming desecration is unavoidable, perhaps; at all events, it is the part of wisdom to overlook it, as, fortunately, by the time of my third visit I was pretty well able to do. If that proves impossible, if the visitor is of too sensitive a temperament, — to call his weakness by no worse a name, — he can at least betake himself to the woods, and out of them see enough, as I did from my boulder, to repay him for all his trouble.

The battlefield, as has been said, lies at the base of the perpendicular cliffs which make the bold northern tip of the mountain, — Lookout Point. I must walk over it, though there is little to see, and after a final look at the magnificent panorama I descended the steps to the head of the "incline," or, as I should say, the cable road. The car dropped me at a sentry-box marked "Columbus" (it was easy to guess in what year it had been named), and thence I strolled across the plateau, — so called in the narratives of the battle, though it is far from level, — past the Craven house and Cloud Fort, to the western slope looking down into Lookout Valley, out of which the Union forces marched to the assault. The place was peaceful enough on that pleasant May afternoon. The air was full of music, and just below me were apple and peach orchards and a vineyard.

In such surroundings, half wild, half tame, I had hope of finding some strange bird; it would be pleasant to associate him with a spot so famous. But the voices were all familiar: wood thrushes, Carolina wrens, bluebirds, summer tanagers, catbirds, a Maryland yellow-throat, vireos (red-eyes and white-eyes), gold-finches, a field sparrow (the dead could want no sweeter requiem than he was chanting, but the wood pewee should have been here also), indigo-birds, and chats. In one of the wildest and roughest places a Kentucky warbler started

to sing, and I plunged downward among the rocks and bushes (here was maiden-hair fern, I remember), hoping to see him. It was only my second hearing of the song, and it would be prudent to verify my recollection; but the music ceased, and I saw nothing. At the turn, where the land begins to decline westward, I came to a low, semicircular wall of earth. Here, doubtless, on that fateful November morning, when clouds covered the mountain sides, the Confederate troops meant to make a stand against the invader. Now a wilderness of young blue-green persimmon-trees had sprung up about it, as about the Craven house was a similar growth of sassafras. I had already noticed the extreme abundance of sassafras (shrubs rather than trees) in all this country, and especially on Missionary Ridge.

With my thoughts full of the past, while my senses kept watch of the present, I returned slowly to the "incline," where I had five minutes to wait for a downward car. It had been a good day, a day worth remembering; and just then there came to my ear the new voice for which I had been on the alert: a warbler's song, past all mistake, sharp, thin, vivacious, in perhaps eight syllables, — a song more like the redstart's than anything else I could think of. The singer was in a tall tree, but by the best of luck, seeing how short my time was, the opera-glass fell upon him almost of itself, — a hooded warbler; my first sight of him in full dress (he might have been rigged out for a masquerade, I thought), as it was my first hearing of his song. If it had been also my last hearing of it, I might have written that the hooded warbler, though a frequenter of low thickets, chooses a lofty perch to sing from. So easy is it to generalize; that is, to tell more than we know. The fellow sang again and again, and, to my great satisfaction, a Kentucky joined him, — a much better singer in all respects, and much more becomingly dressed; but I gave

thanks for both. Then the car stopped for me, and we coasted to the base, where the customary gang of negroes, heavily chained, were repairing the highway, while the guard, a white man, stood over them with a rifle. It was a strange spectacle to my eyes, and suggested a considerable postponement of the millennium; but I was glad to see the men at work.

Two days afterward (May 10), in spite of "thunder in the morning" and one of the safest of weather saws, I made my final excursion to Lookout, going at once to the warblers' pines. There were few birds in them. At all events, I found few; but there is no telling what might have happened if the third specimen that came under my glass — after a black-poll and a bay-breast — had not monopolized my attention till I was driven to seek shelter. That was the day when I needed a gun; for I suppose it must be confessed that even an opera-glass observer, no matter how much in love he may be with his particular method of study, and no matter how determined he may be to stick to it, sees a time once in a great while when a bird in the hand would be so much better than two in the bush that his fingers fairly itch for something to shoot with. From what I know of one such man, I am sure it would be exaggerating their tenderness of heart to imagine observers of this kind incapable of taking a bird's life under any circumstances. In fact, it may be partly a distrust of their own self-restraint, under the provocations of curiosity, that makes them eschew the use of firearms altogether.

My mystery on the present occasion was a female warbler, — of so much I felt reasonably assured; but by what name to call her, that was a riddle. Her upper parts were "not olive, but of a neutral bluish gray," with light wing-bars, "not conspicuous, but distinct," while her lower parts were "dirty, but unstreaked." What at once impressed me

was her "bareheaded appearance" (I am quoting my penciled memorandum), with a big eye and a light eye-ring, — like a ruby-crowned kinglet, for which, at the first glance, I mistook her. If my notes made mention of any dark streaks or spots underneath, I would pluck up courage and hazard a glorious guess, to be taken for what it might be worth. As it is, I leave guessing to men better qualified, for whose possible edification or amusement I have set down these particulars.

While I was pursuing the stranger, but not till I had seen her again and again, and secured as many "points" as a longer ogling seemed likely to afford me, it began thundering ominously out of ugly clouds, and I edged toward some woodland cottages not far distant. Then the big drops fell, and I took to my heels, reaching a piazza just in time to escape a torrent against which pine-trees and umbrella combined would have been as nothing. The lady of the house and her three dogs received me most hospitably, and as the rain lasted for some time we had a pleasant conversation (I can speak for one, at least) about dogs in general and particular (a common interest is the soul of talk); in illustration and furtherance of which the spaniel of the party, somewhat against his will, was induced to "sit up like a gentleman," while I boasted modestly of another spaniel, Antony by name, who could do that and plenty of tricks beside, — a perfect wonder of a dog, in short. Thus happily launched, we went on to discuss the climate of Tennessee (whatever may be the soul of talk, the weather supplies it with members and a bodily substance) and the charms of Lookout Mountain. She lived there the year round, she said (most of the cottagers make the place a summer resort only), and always found it pleasant. In winter it was n't so cold there as down below; at any rate, it did n't feel so cold, — which is the main thing, of course. Sometimes when she

went to the city, it seemed as if she should freeze, although she had n't thought of its being cold before she left home. It is one form of patriotism, I suppose, — parochial patriotism, perhaps we may call it, — that makes us stand up pretty stoutly for our own dwelling-place before strangers, however we may grumble against it among ourselves. In the present instance, however, no such qualifying explanation seemed necessary. In general, I was quite prepared to believe that life on a mountain top, in a cottage in a grove, would be found every whit as agreeable as my hostess pictured it.

The rain slackened after a while, though it was long in ceasing altogether, and I went to the nearest railway station (Sunset Station, I believe) and waited half an hour for a train to the Point, chatting meanwhile with the young man in charge of the relic-counter. Then, at the Point, I waited again — this time to enjoy the prospect and see how the weather would turn — till a train passed on "the broad gauge" below. Just beyond Fort Cloud it ran into a fine old forest, and a sudden notion took me to go straight down through the woods and spend the rest of the day rambling in that direction. The weather had still a dubious aspect, but, with motive enough, some things can be trusted to Providence, and, the steepness of the descent accelerating my pace, I was soon on the sleepers, after which it was but a little way into the woods. Once there, I quickly forgot everything else at the sound of a new song. But *was* it new? It bore some resemblance to the ascending scale of the blue yellow-back, and might be the freak of some individual of that species. I stood still, and in another minute the singer came near and sang under my eye; the very bird I had been hoping for, — a cerulean warbler in full dress; as Dr. Coues says, "a perfect little beauty." He continued in sight, feeding in rather low branches, — an exception to his usual habit, I have since found, — and sang

many times over. His complaisance was a piece of high good fortune, for I saw no second specimen. The strain opens with two pairs of notes on the same pitch, and concludes with an upward run much like the blue yellow-back's, or perhaps midway between that and the prairie warbler's. So I heard it, I mean to say. But everything depends upon the ear. Audubon speaks of it as "extremely sweet and mellow" (the last a surprising word), while Mr. Ridgway is quoted as saying that the bird possesses "only the most feeble notes."

The woods of themselves were well worth a visit: extremely open, with broad barren spaces; the trees tall, largely oak, — chestnut oak, especially, — but with chestnut, hickory, tupelo, and other trees intermingled. Here, as afterward on Walden's Ridge, I was struck with the almost total absence of mosses, and the dry, stony character of the soil, — a novel and not altogether pleasing feature in the eyes of a man accustomed to the mountain forests of New England, where mosses cover every boulder, stump, and fallen log, while the feet sink into sphagnum as into the softest of carpets.

Comfortable lounging-places continually invited me to linger, and at last I sat down under a chestnut oak, with a big, broken-barked tupelo directly before me. Over the top of a neighboring boulder a lizard leaned in a praying attitude and gazed upon the intruder. Once in a while, some loud-voiced tree-frog, as I suppose, uttered a grating cry. A blue-gray gnatcatcher was complaining, — snarling, I might have said; a red-eye, an indigo-bird, a field sparrow, and a Carolina wren took turns in singing; and a sudden chat threw himself into the air, quite unannounced, and, with ludicrous teetering motions, flew into the tupelo and eyed me saucily. A few minutes later, a single cicada (seventeen-year locust) followed him. With my glass I could see its monstrous red eyes and the orange edge of its wing.

It kept silence ; but without a moment's cessation the musical hum of distant millions like it filled the air, — a noise inconceivable.

I would gladly have sat longer, as I would gladly have gone much farther into the woods, for I had seen none more attractive ; but a rumbling of thunder, a rapid blackening of the sky, and a recollection of the forenoon's deluge warned me to turn back. And now, for the first time, although I had been living within sound of locusts for a week or more, I suddenly came to trees in which they were congregated. The branches

were full of them. Heard thus near, the sound was no longer melodious, but harsh and shrill.

It seemed cruel that my last day on Lookout Mountain should be so broken up, and so abruptly and unseasonably concluded, but so the Fates willed it. My retreat became a rout, and of the remainder of the road I remember only the hurry and the warmth, and two pleasant things, — a few wild roses, and the scent of a grapevine in bloom ; two things so sweet and homelike that they could be caught and retained by a man on the run.

*Bradford Torrey.*

### HALF A DOZEN STORY-BOOKS.

WE are familiar with the ingenious liar who persists in his tale till he convinces himself ; by somewhat the same process of keeping a straight face while narrating the most humorously improbable stories, Mr. Stockton, after imposing his fiction on the public, has at last succeeded in imposing on himself. There is a difference between making believe very hard and making one's self believe. The author of *Mrs. Lecks* and *Mrs. Aleshine* converted a farcical tale into genuine comedy by force of his unlaughing humor ; he has taken a Count of Monte Cristo invention, and, by force of direct, plain narrative, dispossessed the reader of the sense of extravagance, and made him realize to himself the actual emotions of ordinary men and women when placed in extraordinary situations. It would be unkind to give the argument of *The Adventures of Captain Horn*,<sup>1</sup> for the turns which the story takes are so dexterous that the pleasure of reading is much like that which awaits the

traveler in Norwegian fiords : precipitous walls shut one in, when, *presto!* a few turns of the screw, and the steamer is in a broad, open sea, making straight for another invisible passage out. That the story could be told by one who had read it, and made enthralling to a group of listeners, means that the great strength lies in the successive situations ; yet the *raconteur* would probably feel that he had failed in conveying the real charm of the story, since he would find it difficult to convey his impression of the capital discrimination in the main characters, each of whom is humorous in the modern and the ancient acceptation of the term. It is likely that Mr. Stockton, knowing that he was handling material in which the possibilities of a riotous imagination are great, exercised more than his ordinary self-control, and pitched most of his scenes in a low key, in order to protect himself as well as the reader ; and therefore it is, as we have said, that he came to have that kind of belief in his tale which in a measure awed him, and stole from him any disposition to treat his people with undue levity.

<sup>1</sup> *The Adventures of Captain Horn.* By FRANK R. STOCKTON. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

There is one short, striking passage which confirms this notion. It is enough to premise that Captain Horn, at the head of his small shipwrecked company, has come into the knowledge, by actual sight, of a stupendous hoard of wealth secreted by the Incas of Peru in early historic days. There comes a time when he is compelled to make up his mind how much he can safely bear away.

"The captain was a man," says Mr. Stockton, "who, since he had come to an age of maturity, had been in the habit of turning his mind this way and that as he would turn the helm of his vessel, and of holding it to the course he had determined upon, no matter how strong the wind or wave, how dense the fog, or how black the night. But never had he stood to his helm as he now stood to a resolve. 'I will bring away a couple of bags,' said he, 'to put in my trunk, and then, I swear to myself, I will not think another minute about carrying away any more of that gold than what is packed in these guano bags.'"

Accordingly, when he had filled his bags, he replaced the covering of the cavern, and sealed it as hermetically as possible. Then follows the eloquent passage to which we have referred: "It was like leaving behind a kingdom and a throne, the command of armies and vast navies, the domination of power, of human happenings; but he came away."

It is this conception of the moral force underlying his subject which stays Mr. Stockton from playing with his theme, though his innate and irrepressible humor saves him from mere nervous intensity. It is curious to see how, by throwing the weight upon character, in this tale, rather than, as Dumas does, upon incident, our author is enabled to deal with most extravagant passages of adventure, and yet keep his imagination well within bounds. Nor should one omit as a factor in the success a most skillful joiner work, by which the parts are ingeniously fitted together, so that one is

never called on to take an unreasonably long step. Once only, so far as we can see, has Mr. Stockton failed to make a natural connection. It was a simple matter for Edna, after her marriage, to remain Miss Markham to Ralph and Mrs. Cliff, but what precaution could she take against being publicly recognized as the captain's wife by Mok, and especially by Cheditafa? There is no evidence that she guarded this point, carefully as she guarded all others.

Mr. Stockton, by sheer force of his peculiar genius, succeeds in portraying his neighbors under circumstances of the most romantic and improbable character, preserving their natural modes whether among savages or among civilized folk. Mr. Fuller also deals with every-day people, but he takes them, as most find them, under no extraordinary circumstances, and he is interested in their behavior when they are subject to one of those great currents of human endeavor which are so common as to attract notice only when one concentrates attention upon some single chip which is borne along on the stream. As in his previous novel, *The Cliff Dwellers*, the scene of this new story<sup>1</sup> is laid in Chicago, and, like that, opens with a passage in which the keynote is cleverly struck. The title discloses the main theme to be exploited, and as the reader watches the old carry-all conveying the Marshall family from the railway station through the choked streets, and listens to the rambling conversation of its occupants, he learns quickly to discriminate the speakers, and to forecast with no great difficulty the general direction which the story will take, as the Marshall family, its elders rich and homely, the younger set ambitious of social success, makes its way out of humble surroundings into such glory as overhangs the upper seats in the Chicago world.

The raconteur, in this case, would find

<sup>1</sup> *With the Procession*. By HENRY B. FULLER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.



it hard to tell over again the story, or to find very interested listeners, for the novelist simply has selected ordinary incidents in the social and business life of his characters as material for disclosing their several natures and the modes by which they work out their little destinies. It is an old story, this of social success hardening the susceptible nature of a young girl; of a ruling authority in society keeping for private delectation a bit of her old, indestructible self; of wealth sometimes expanding, sometimes contracting, the lines of life; and of the machine which keeps all the wheels in motion, finally itself getting out of repair and stopping short. Mr. Fuller has shown a deft touch in the handling of his material; he has fancy, and he has, above all, an artistic sense which forbids him to bear on too hard; the individualizing of his several figures is produced by a number of little touches, and the reader becomes well acquainted with each. There is no violence for the sake of producing tragic effects, and the skeleton which needs to be brought out of the family closet is not shown under a lime-light. All is dexterous, felicitous even, and the author goes about his work with a half-mocking smile, as one who could, if he would, open some very unpleasant chambers, but is too fastidious for this. It is impossible not to recognize an airy facility in this writer's work, and to admire the sketch of a large, elemental plan; yet when all is said, is there imagination in it? Rather, is there not a graceful fancy hinting at imaginative possibilities? For the reserve shown let us be thankful, for the care which he takes not to build too substantial structures out of fragile material; yet all this lower success makes us impatient to see work from his hand which will not suggest so palpably the dilettante in novel-writing.

<sup>1</sup> *An Errant Wooing*. By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON. New York: The Century Company. 1895.

We are not disposed to waste similar regrets over Mrs. Burton Harrison's work. Her latest book which we have seen, *An Errant Wooing*,<sup>1</sup> continues the effect which her previous books produced, that of an agreeable entertainment over the manners and customs of the polite world, here or abroad, without any serious attempt at an artistic whole. In this tale, the easy admixture of travel scenes adds to the liveliness of the narrative and also to the discursiveness of the plan, so that one is looking at a moving panorama rather than at a composed picture. The reader is not greatly concerned as to which of the men Paulina is finally to marry; for if his attention is at any time seriously bent on this problem, he is pretty sure to be called away in a moment by some bit of adventure or amusing excursion which interests him quite as much. In brief, the attractiveness of the book is in its introduction to a well-bred society, where mere frivolousness is as much out of place as too much self-sacrifice, and one travels about, and bides in English country houses, and has his little laugh at the humors of the several situations without any disposition to quarrel with his company or to find them oppressively clever. The mild suspense in which he is kept is something of an illusion, which he accepts good naturedly out of politeness to the author; and he is quite willing to travel with the show, though he knows very well that it is only a question of time, as the saying is, when the company will be disbanded.

No such idle entertainment occupies Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her business is to lay out the dead souls of Bessie Costrell<sup>2</sup> and her kinsfolk. John Bolderfield, a miserly laborer, had, after fifty-six years of toil, accumulated a hoard which would suffice, as he reckoned, to keep his little soul and body together,

<sup>2</sup> *The Story of Bessie Costrell*. By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.



after he should have done one more piece of work in another village; but when the time to leave his lodgings came, he was in great perplexity of mind what to do with his strong-box. He yielded finally to the blandishment of his niece, Bessie Costrell, who was vain and eager to make an impression on her neighbors, and the box was deposited with her and her husband, Isaac, a grim leader in the little Independent chapel of the village. Then John Bolderfield went away, and there came a day when Bessie, who had suddenly come into possession of a small legacy, and on the strength of it had run into debt, was tempted to break into John's box. From taking little to taking more, her miserable career slid along; she drank and spent her money lavishly. Then, one night, just as the neighbors were beginning to notice the singular coins of an early mintage which Bessie was dispensing, she was surprised at the box by a vicious son of her husband, who filled his pockets with what remained of the hoard, and left her bleeding on the stairs. The neighbors, with darkening suspicion, began to ferret out Bessie's misdoing; Isaac Costrell, filled with righteous vindictiveness, turned upon her; and John Bolderfield came back to the village, after a long sickness, gloating over his hoard and the luxury it was to bring him, only to find his lifelong dream quenched in utter darkness. The end of all was that the wretched Bessie took her own life, and the two men lived on, each in his narrow way.

"Yet in truth," says Mrs. Ward at the end of this dismal tale, "during the years that followed, whenever he was not under the influence of recurrent attacks of melancholia, Isaac did again derive much comfort from the aspirations and self-abasements of religion. No human life would be possible if there were not forces in and around man perpetually tending to repair the wounds and breaches that he himself makes. Misery provokes pity; despair throws

itself on a divine tenderness. And for those who have the 'grace' of faith, in the broken and imperfect action of these healing powers upon this various world, — in the love of the merciful for the unhappy, in the tremulous yet undying hope that pierces even sin and remorse with the vision of some ultimate salvation from the self that breeds them, — in these powers there speaks the only voice which can make us patient under the tragedies of human fate, whether these tragedies be 'the falls of princes,' or such meaner, narrower pains as brought poor Bessie Costrell to her end."

A flourish at the end of a story does not compensate for the story itself, and Mrs. Ward innocently points out in this passage the prime defect of the tragedy she has recorded. She has, indeed, in one or two places touched the incidents with the revelation of character, and thus dignified a miserable scene; but for the most part she has simply told a revolting story, apparently overlooking the fact that all she tells is properly only a prelude to the tragedy. The real tragedy is in the lives of John Bolderfield after he loses his treasure, and Isaac Costrell after his wife kills herself, unforgiven; and no fine writing about these two men in the last paragraph of the book can make up for the unpleasant details which lead up to it. When Mrs. Ward says, "There speaks the only voice which can make us patient under the tragedies of human fate," she reminds her impatient readers that it is the absence of this voice in her book, or at best but its very faint sound, which makes her story scarcely more than a very well written newspaper-dreadful. One cannot help thinking what a different thing George Eliot would have made of this incident, touching it here and there with humor, humanizing it throughout, and making Mrs. Ward's excellent final sentence underlie the whole instead of serving as a tag.

There is a pleasure in turning from a piece of unrelieved human misery to an

unpretentious narrative of life, where the burden which rests on the story is not a crime, but a blunder. Mr. Bliss Perry has given the clever name of *The Plated City*<sup>1</sup> to a novel which has to do with the people of a Connecticut manufacturing town, chiefly concerned in the production of plated ware. One is reminded from time to time how thin is the genteel covering to the social world of Bartonvale. The central motive of the story, however, is the racial instinct which in the Anglo-American mind precludes any social equality with a person having a taint of the negro in him or her. The notion that the mother of Tom Beaulieu, the favorite ball-player of Bartonvale, and his half-sister Esther, was a quadroon, though never clearly demonstrated, and finally passing over into the notion that she was a New Orleans creole, is at the bottom of the woes of Tom and the social exclusion of Esther. It turns out that Tom is the nephew of the magnate of the place, and Esther has the love of the most interesting and most impervious young man of the town, so that the racial difficulty is gradually eliminated from the story, but it furnishes, nevertheless, the immediate cause of the important situations.

It is not quite certain that Mr. Perry has succeeded in making his purpose in the story clear. Possibly he would have us consider how interwoven are the threads of life, carefully as we may try to keep them apart; possibly he intended a mild satire on a society which stood on no important ancestral basis, yet insisted strenuously on keeping itself clear of the skirts of a supposititious quadroon. Perhaps — but this is almost an audacious hypothesis — he was content simply to tell a slightly involved story, and tied a number of knots for the purpose of untying them. What one discovers is a fairly well constructed tale, with

natural characters and occasional passages of quickened movement; the ball-playing scene in New York where Tom is defeated by his friends, and the strike when Dr. Atwood chivalrously takes Esther under his protection, being noticeable. What one misses is the convergence of the lines of the story toward some definite end of consequence; for though the death of Dr. Atwood has in it a pathos, and the visit of Norman Lewis to Newgate has a moment or two of moving power, neither is exactly a culminating point, since the reader has not been greatly impressed by Dr. Atwood's devotion to Mrs. Thayer, and the notion of Norman Lewis's inward struggle comes rather unexpectedly when the reader has been taught to regard him as securely fixed on his own base, and has been carefully trained to see in Esther a most beautiful and winning girl. To speak plainly, the author seems to have intended that the cloud of race prejudice should hang heavily over the story, giving a notion of dignity to the actions of those who contemned it, but he has so diverted the attention and confused the issue that one is not greatly disturbed by the cloud, and sees it dissipated with no sense of any victorious energy scattering it.

In her volume of tales of New England life,<sup>2</sup> Miss Brown has kept away from plated cities or any composite society. Her village of Tiverton and the neighboring market town of Sudleigh furnish scene enough for the play of her country folk, and in the varying fortunes of the figures she brings forward there is room for a wide gamut of emotional notes. In her first sketch, *Number Five*, she introduces the reader to a few of the village worthies in a careless, happy fashion, and in her last, *Strollers in Tiverton*, she gives free vent to a mood which now and again is present in the dozen

<sup>1</sup> *The Plated City*. By BLISS PERRY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

<sup>2</sup> *Meadow-Grass*. Tales of New England

Life. By ALICE BROWN. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1895.

stories which make up the rest of the volume, — a mood which is the stirring of gypsy blood in the veins. There is a character, Dilly Joyce, who is a potential witch, and it is clear that Miss Brown's heart goes out to her as to scarcely any other of her creations; yet not in Dilly Joyce alone, nor in Molly McNeil or Nance Pete, does she betray her love of freedom and sunshine and the wind of heaven, but throughout the book there is a motion, a light, joyous tread, which gives Meadow-Grass a subtle attraction not to be found, we venture to say, in any other collection of New England tales. Mrs. Stowe sometimes catches the spirit, but there is a carelessness about her work which does not heighten the art. Miss Jewett never quite parts with that air of fine breeding which gives grace and beauty to her work, and makes her characters the objects of a compassion born of fuller knowledge than they possess of themselves. Mrs. Slosson has caught at the grotesque side of New England life and interprets it with a poetic charity. Miss Wilkins has the genius which concentrates the very essence of the life in her marvelously pointed sketches. Mr. Robinson has fixed one or two types of outdoor human life with precision and a hearty sympathy with traditional masculine rusticity. But it has remained for Miss

Brown to enter this same general field of New England country life, and without producing any new variety of tale, or scarcely any new character, to use familiar material, and yet illumine it with a new light. We cannot define it any more closely than by saying that the genuine humor which pervades the best of her work is closely identified with a love of sunshine, of growing things, and of movement in nature and the corresponding changes of light and shade in the human soul. There is a little story in this volume, *Farmer Eli's Vacation*, which is a masterpiece. The emotion which may exist under an impassive exterior is brought to light with a grace, a restraint of words and dignity of art, yet with a naturalness of narrative, that leave nothing to be desired. Nor will one readily forget the inimitable stories already printed in *The Atlantic*, *Hearts-ease*, and *Joint Owners in Spain*. Now and then, as in *Bankrupt*, and *At Sudleigh Fair*, Miss Brown possibly forces a note too much, and seems to fall back a little on conventional resources; but the entire effect of the book is of a natural beauty, springing spontaneously and finding most apt expression. Above all, as we have intimated, there is a true wild-wood flavor, a rusticity which is not a mere foil to civility.

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## A STUDY OF EXPLORATION IN NEW FRANCE.

FIVE years after the discovery by Columbus, John Cabot, in behalf of England, was sighting the gloomy headlands of Cape Breton. Cortereal appeared in the neighborhood in 1501 seeking lands for the Portuguese crown. Two or three years later, at intervals, there came to Newfoundland certain Norman, Breton, and Basque fishers, and, erecting little huts and drying-scaffolds along the rocky

shore, sowed the first seed of that polyglot settlement of French, Portuguese, Spanish, and English which has come down to our own day almost uninterruptedly. By 1511 these fishermen appear to have known the mainland to the west; for in the map of Sylvanus, in his edition of Ptolemy, that year, we find a delineation of the "Square Gulf," which answers to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In

1520 Fagundus visited these waters for the Portuguese, and four years later Verazano was making for the French an exploration of the coast between North Carolina and Newfoundland. Whether or not Cartier (1535) was the first to sail up the St. Lawrence "until land could be seen on either side," no man can now tell; apparently, he was the first to leave a record of doing so. Progress up the river was checked by Lachine Rapids, and he spent the winter on Montreal Island.

France and Spain were just then engaged in one of their periodical quarrels, and adventurers were needed to fight battles at home, so that it was six years before any attempts were made to colonize the river-lands to which Cartier had led the way. In 1541, a Picard seigneur named Roberval, enjoying the friendship of Francis I., was commissioned as viceroy of the new country beyond the Atlantic, with Cartier as his chief pilot and captain-general, and a choice selection of jail-birds for colonists. Cartier started off before his chief, built a fort at Quebec, and, after a long and miserable winter, picked up a quantity of glittering stones which he took to be gold and diamonds, and gladly set sail for home. Tradition has it that Roberval met him near the mouth of the river, but was unable to induce him to return to his cheerless task of founding a state in an inhospitable wilderness, with convicts for citizens. Roberval, however, proceeded to Quebec with his consignment of prison dregs, and throughout another protracted winter the flag of France floated from the little intrenched camp which Cartier had planted on the summit of the cliff. Roberval's principal occupation appears to have been the disciplining of his unruly followers, a work in which the gibbet and the lash were freely employed. He also essayed explorations up the river; but the rude task was not to his liking, and, with what remained of his battered band, he followed Cartier to France.

It is commonly said that Canada was abandoned by the French between the going of Roberval and the coming of Champlain. But though little was done toward colonizing on the St. Lawrence, Newfoundland was by no means neglected. Its fishing industry grew apace. The rules of the Church, prescribing a fish diet on certain holy days, led to a large use of salted fish throughout Catholic Europe, and by 1578 no less than a hundred and fifty French vessels alone, chiefly Breton, were employed in the Newfoundland fisheries, while a good trade with the mainland Indians, as far south as the Potomac, had now sprung up. The island colony proved valuable as a supply and repair station for traders and explorers, and thus served as a nucleus of both French and English settlement in America.

It is difficult for us of to-day to realize that at any time in the world's history enlightened folk should have thought good colonists could be made out of the sweepings of the jails and gutters of the Old World. But in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that fallacy was quite generally entertained by would-be founders of states across sea; it required the lessons of more than a hundred years of disastrous experiments to teach discerning men that only the best of the middle class and the masses can successfully plant a new community in the wilderness. The experiences of Cartier and Roberval on the St. Lawrence, and of Laudonnière in Florida (1564), were of no avail in influencing governmental policy at Paris. In 1590, the Marquis de la Roche was sent out with the usual dissolute crew to succeed Roberval as the king's agent on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Leaving part of his ill-favored gang on the desert Sable Isle, off Nova Scotia (where, early in the century, Baron de Léry had vainly attempted to plant a colony), La Roche set forth to explore the mainland for a site. A wild storm blew his vessels to France,

and the wretched skin-clad survivors of the band which he had left behind were not rescued until thirteen years had elapsed. Their tale of horror long rang in the ears of France.

In 1600-1603, Chauvin and Pont-gravé made successful trading voyages to the St. Lawrence. Samuel de Champlain was one of the party which in the latter year followed in Cartier's track to Montreal. The same season, a Calvinist named De Monts was given the vice-royalty and fur-trade monopoly of Acadia, and in 1604 he landed a strangely assorted company of vagabonds and gentlemen on an island near the present boundary between Maine and New Brunswick; but in the spring following they settled at what is now Annapolis, Nova Scotia, thus planting the first French agricultural settlement in America. Five years later, Champlain reared a permanent post on the rock of Quebec, and New France was at last, after a century of experiments, fairly under way. The Jesuits soon came; by the time the Mayflower had reached Massachusetts Bay French influence had penetrated far inland, and painted savages from Lake Superior, a thousand miles westward, had begun to feel the power of Onontio, to trade with him, to drink of his "milk," and to partake of his bounty.

Across the stage of New France, each in their fashion, swept a motley throng of players, fishermen, priests, nuns, soldiers, politicians, *voyageurs*, *coureurs de bois*, — self-seeking adventurers in the main, but most of them chivalrously zealous for church and king. A romantic drama, that of the French *régime*, not without its scenes of squalor and moral degradation, but on the whole a series of *tableaux* which for life and color and dramatic force have not elsewhere been equaled in American history.

We have been made familiar with it all, in a large way, through the glowing pages of Parkman, and doubtless for generations to come men will turn to him

as the chief interpreter of this old régime of transplanted and belated mediævalism. Nevertheless there was much to tell, and new points of view to take, after Parkman had finished; the monographists are only now turning seriously to the detailed cultivation of the fertile field he broke. It is, however, not New France itself which most interests the student of American history, fascinating and instructive though the story may be; it is the many-sided influence of New France on the American colonies, on the character and temper of the American people, on the savage allies of New France who were the enemies of our forbears, on the borderers who met and dealt with French Creole settlements far in the continental interior.

New France was for nearly a century and a half virtually master of the vast wilderness drained by the interlocking water systems of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The history of no State on the northern border, from Maine to Minnesota, of no State bordering on the Ohio and the Mississippi, is complete without its chapter on the French occupation, and few of these commonwealths are without some waterside hamlet which can trace its story back to the old forest days when trader, friar, and commandant ruled supreme over a gay retinue of *habitans* and *voyageurs* who secretly cared little whether *fleur de lis* or union jack floated over the palisade, so long as their fiddles were in tune and beaver waxed plenty.

Many of our popular historians treat this French episode in American history quite inadequately; they look upon the story of the States as summed up in the political strivings of the coast colonies, in the Revolutionary War, and in the expansion from tide-water westward, failing to appreciate the fact that the French régime was part and parcel of our growth. It is evident, however, that popular ignorance of the lasting influence of New France on United States history is not



long to endure. Parkman broke the field, and is year by year being more widely read as an American classic; several of the more competent of the histories published in the last four or five years have given fair treatment of this important episode; the monographists have not been idle, as witness the several excellent articles in the fourth volume of Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*; and now Dr. Winsor comes to the fore with two stout octavos of his own.<sup>1</sup>

Upon first opening them, one would be disposed to consider these volumes as a revamp of the material from different workshops grouped in the *Narrative and Critical History*; there is the same familiar wealth of early maps, and the arrangement seems not unlike that of the former publication. But examination soon proves that we have here an entirely fresh study, on original lines, bearing no resemblance to the other, save that one readily recognizes the same masterly touch that gave editorial coherency to the great coöperative work. The two volumes before us are but the pioneers in a contemplated series; yet, as both cover and are chiefly devoted to the wilderness explorations undertaken for New France, they may properly be considered together.

Dr. Winsor's method is, we think, unique. In the main, it is a study of geographical exploration in the interior of North America, made direct from a critical examination of the maps of the period. As a thread on which to hang these, the author gives us a running historical sketch, which is in itself of great value, because of his searching analysis of the evidence on which his statements are founded. Possessing the

critical faculty in a high degree, and enjoying almost unexcelled opportunities for research, he finds it possible to reject from the testimony many a flaw that has long been accepted as sound doctrine, to fortify much of what has been hitherto regarded as doubtful, and to introduce many new links in the chain. His treatment of the contemporary illustrations, chiefly maps, which number over a hundred in each volume, is in the same vein, giving us an authoritative history of each important chart, and a thorough examination of its merits and demerits as a document illustrating the geographical knowledge of its time. It is a far cry from the map of Sylvanus (1511), in which Newfoundland, Cuba, and Hayti are close neighbors, to that of Jeffreys (1753), which is concerned chiefly with problems as to the River of the West and the Pacific coast. In skillfully tracing for us the historical connection between the two, as reflected in the slow evolution of cartographical knowledge, our author unfolds two and a half centuries of American history, rich in interest for the philosopher, the scientist, and the statesman.

It could hardly be expected that, in an undertaking of so wide a scope, Dr. Winsor should safely pass all the pitfalls of local antiquarianism. To have done so would have been more than human. Many of the fields he crosses have been, or are being, exhaustively mined by sectional historians, who, reveling in detailed knowledge of the minutiae, rejoice in tripping the giants who stalk that way. An instance of local error, one of the few which we have noticed, is the phrase, in Cartier to Frontenac, page 198, where the author is referring to the rumors concerning the Mississippi

<sup>1</sup> *Cartier to Frontenac. A Study of Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America, in its Historical Relations, 1534-1700. With full Cartographical Illustrations from Contemporary Sources.* By JUSTIN WINSOR. Bos-

ton and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

*The Mississippi Basin. The Struggle between England and France, 1697-1763.* By JUSTIN WINSOR. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.



which had reached the ears of the Jesuit Allouez : —

“ Later in the same month [September, 1665], Allouez was at the bay where the modern town of Ashland stands, and on the principal island near the inlet, which the French named La Pointe, he founded the mission of the Holy Spirit, with a village of Chippewas near by, and built a bark chapel for his altar.”

Now, it is well established by historians of the Lake Superior region, and has been pointed out in monographs by Verwyst, Neill, and others, that the mission of Allouez was on the mainland, some seventeen miles to the southwest of La Pointe (or Madelaine) Island. The name La Pointe du St. Esprit, given by Allouez to his mission, had reference to the long sand-point of Chequamegon, which, the principal topographical feature of the neighborhood, hems in Chequamegon Bay on the east. Gradually, the entire region of Chequamegon Bay came to be known to fur-traders, in a general way, as La Pointe, and specifically the name was applied to each of the successive French missionary and trading settlements on the bay shore. Late in the seventeenth century, when the French commandant Le Sueur removed his headquarters to Madelaine Island, as being more secure from Indian attack than a mainland post, the designation La Pointe was naturally removed thereto, to be in turn applied to the later mainland station of the Englishman Henry, and once

more and finally to the island, upon the coming of the Scotch-Irish trader Johnston. Dr. Winsor has been misled into placing Allouez on Madelaine Island, by the shameless persistence with which guidebook writers, though frequently set right, continue to declare that a dilapidated little log chapel, unmistakably built on the island in 1835, by Father (afterwards Bishop) Baraga, is the original mission house of the Jesuits Allouez and Marquette. Such minor slips as this, however, are inevitable in a work covering so broad a field, and cannot be said to detract from its value. To the general reader, the error is of little consequence, and the specialist will not be led astray.

In the successful performance of his great task, Dr. Winsor has again rendered an important service to American letters. These two volumes well deserve to stand side by side with those of the master, Parkman. The latter has given us in the choicest English the story of New France writ large ; Winsor has painstakingly gathered from all the archives of Christendom the materials for a more detailed treatment of the theme, sifting and weighing them for the ready use of future builders. He has done more than this implies : he has given us New France from a fresh point of view, that of the explorer and map-maker, and his work deserves the credit which belongs to one who has found a new field and worked it well.

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#### COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*History and Biography.* *Memoirs of Barras*, Member of the Directorate, edited by George Duruy. Translated by C. E. Roche. Vol. I. The Ancient Régime and the Revolution. Vol. II. The Directorate up to the 18th Fructidor. (Harpers.) While the *Memoirs* dealing with the Revolution

from every conceivable point of view can hardly be counted, and those relating to the Consulate and Empire are only less numerous, there is a singular dearth of personal records of the political and social history of the Directorate, and this fact gives to the *Memoirs* of Barras a peculiar value

which, under other circumstances, the well-known character of the author would hardly bestow upon them. Though all future historians of the time will have to take serious account of the work, it is easy to foresee the perplexity it will entail upon the conscientious student. He will probably agree with M. Duruy that M. de Saint-Albin faithfully reproduced the thought of Barras, though the language is that of the scribe (all readers of to-day will regret that the latter felt it his duty to embellish overmuch the illiterate but forcible narrative of his friend), but there will have to be careful discrimination between notes on passing and recollections of long-past events, and, a more serious matter, between the degrees of truth or falsehood in certain reminiscences. It is an irony of fate that the work which has been awaiting publication for more than sixty years should at last have been issued under the editorship of an ardent Bonapartist, but his impassioned plea for his hero was hardly called for, as the greatness and littleness of Napoleon are now tolerably well understood by those who care for historical accuracy, and the malignant hatred of the Director towards the man of whom he had once been the patron will be evident to the dullest reader. The most vividly interesting portion of these volumes is the ex-Terrorist's account of the 9th Thermidor, in which he was so important an actor. He had retained one quality of a son of the Crusaders, courage; and it was owing to that, perhaps, more than to his unscrupulous ability that he was alive on that momentous day. — *Sónya Kovalévsky: Her Recollections of Childhood*, translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood; with a *Biography* by Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello, translated from the Swedish by A. M. Clive Bayley; and a *Biographical Note* by Lily Wolffsohn. (Century Co.) Miss Hapgood is inclined to explain the trouble and unrest of Madame Kovalévsky's life by the union in her of "a masculine mind with a feminine heart." To us, it seems rather feminine weaknesses and foibles which helped to make it impossible that any real content, not to say happiness, should long abide with her. In her story we do not fail to find that Russian melancholy with which we have all become familiar, as well as the contest between mediævalism and an

extreme modern spirit, fantastic and fanatical by turns. It is a history possessing in many ways a quite exceptional interest. Madame Kovalévsky was not only a great mathematician, but, if we may judge from the fragment of autobiography here given, had no mean gifts as a clever and graphic writer; and her friend continues and completes the tale so sympathetically and truthfully that there is little dissonance between the two parts of the memoir, which together give an exceedingly lifelike portrait. It is an illustrative fact, the secondary place which maternal feeling appeared to hold in Sónya's nature; for mother love gives rather than takes, and the woman, at once so strong and so weak, whose exacting, jealous temperament continually craved exclusive devotion, never herself learned that the best part of love is self-sacrifice. — *The Poet among the Hills*, Oliver Wendell Holmes in Berkshire, by J. E. A. Smith. (George Blatchford, Pittsfield, Mass.) Mr. Smith has traced Holmes's connection with Pittsfield, where he lived for seven years, the occasional poems he read, the verses suggested by his life, and the family relations which he held with the place. He has rescued some interesting memorabilia, and has executed his task with enthusiasm and good taste.

*Travel.* *Churches and Castles of Mediæval France*, by Walter Cranston Larned. (Scribners.) Mr. Larned modestly styles his book a record of a traveler's impressions of some of the great monuments of France, and expresses the hope that it may lead others to follow in his footsteps. As he has a genuine enthusiasm for his subject, and shows considerable skill in transmitting his impressions to the reader, his book will without doubt prove a pleasant companion to many tourists, who will probably like his agreeable historical commentary none the less that it is sometimes a little obvious and conventional. The writer has imagination, and is more successful in reviving the associations of the past than in treating the architectural aspects of his theme. There are occasional happy bits of description, but his love of Gothic architecture surpasses his technical knowledge of it. The illustrations, from photographs, are well selected and well printed, and add distinctly to the value of the book. — *A Vagabond in Spain*, by C. Bogue Luffmann.

(Imported by Scribners.) It was as a veritable tramp that Mr. Luffmann journeyed for nearly five months in Spain; for the most part, the vagrant's rest-house his only hotel, the succor doled out by the alcalde his only means of sustenance. He claims that in no other way could he really see the life of the people; but the reader is not quite sure, when he finishes the book, that the game, so far as he is concerned, was altogether worth the candle. At least, the experiences of certain other travelers, who did not play the vagabond, and encountered only in a positive degree the discomfort, dirt, vile food, and viler odors of which this writer had a superlative share, have proved, on the whole, more entertaining and enlightening. This is not to say that Mr. Luffmann's itinerary does not in a measure possess both qualities, and that he does not give us at times graphic sketches of lower-class Spanish life for which we are grateful; but he hardly possesses the gift, either as observer or as writer, of making the fullest use of his exceptional opportunities. It is unfair to compare him with Borrow, yet it is his misfortune that the comparison will be made. — Our *Western Archipelago*, by Henry M. Field (Scribners), gives an account of a journey across the continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway, a tour of the islands of southern Alaska, and the return through Washington, Oregon, Montana, and Yellowstone Park. Dr. Field is so old a traveler and narrator that he knows what to see and how to describe, while the book has a freshness and simplicity of style which we are not apt to associate with the mature judgment of experience. Although he kept to the beaten track, his journey was not entirely without adventures of a mild type (such as riding down the Rocky Mountains on a cow-catcher), into most of which he pretends to have been drawn by the exuberant spirits of his young traveling companion, but which he himself seems to have enjoyed with all the enthusiasm of youth. Besides describing what he saw and heard, he makes several excursions into the field of history, and gives accounts of the building of the Canadian Pacific, the founding of the Hudson Bay Company, the Vigilantes of Montana, etc. He also devotes a chapter to Mr. William Duncan and his Indian mission at Metlakatla. There are twelve full-page illustrations from pho-

tographs and drawings. — *Pony Tracks*, written and illustrated by Frederic Remington. (Harpers.) In a breezy, unconventional style which suits his subject, Mr. Remington tells of his travels in the wild West with soldiers, cow-punchers, Indians, Mexicans, on the plains and among the mountains. The author rode a pony most of the time (a high horse never), but occasionally trusted himself in a canoe, or even in a stage-coach. From his associations with all sorts of men under so many circumstances, he has acquired an intimate knowledge of the life of the Far West such as falls to the lot of few writers. The pleasures and hardships of frontier army life occupy a large part of the book, and the reader can hardly help having an increased respect for the brave men who ride the ponies. Of the illustrations, it is only necessary to say that there are seventy of them, and all are by Mr. Remington. — The third issue of Macmillan's *Miniature Series* in paper is Goldwin Smith's *A Trip to England*.

*Fiction.* *Terminations*, by Henry James. (Harpers.) Readers of *The Yellow Book* and *Scribner's Magazine* will be already familiar with the first three of these tales, while the fourth appears for the first time. One finds again all those qualities of infinite elaboration, exquisite care, and utter disregard of his reader's time which in any other writer must at once be designated Henry-Jamesiness. In *The Death of the Lion* and *The Middle Years* there is an atmosphere of refined satire, — a little drowsy, perhaps, but dear to many nostrils, and welcome enough in days when many forget that letters were once called "polite." In *The Altar of the Dead*, Mr. James carries us into a sombre and fantastic land where Daisy Miller never came. — *A Daughter of the Soil*, by M. E. Francis. (Harpers.) This is the most elaborate tale the author has yet given us, but in no other respect can it take precedence of her two earlier books. Her *North Country* rustics are as delightful as ever, and the picture of the farmer's daughter who is the heroine, if somewhat idealized, is, on the whole, life-like and charming. But the plot is of a well-worn kind, and the gentleman who marries and deceives Ruth is such a contemptible creature that we should hardly acquiesce in his final rehabilitation if we

were ever made really to believe in his existence. For the rest, the story, though so conventional in certain points, is steadily readable, and always gracefully told. — *The Time Machine, an Invention*, by H. S. Wells. (Holt.) Tales of travelers into the future are not uncommon, and are often sufficiently dreary, with their ineffective visions of a perfected humanity, or perhaps merely of the triumph of some writer's special fad. It is seldom that any essay of the kind shows the originality, the imagination, and the excellent workmanship of this story, in which the hero discovers that time is the fourth dimension of space, and constructs a machine on which he journeys in it, arriving at the year 802,701, and afterward venturing still farther till he reaches the very twilight of the earth. Reversing the usual experience, he finds mankind in their decadence, and is glad to return to the world's youth. The narrative of his adventures is singularly graphic and un-failingly interesting, while the introduction and postscript thereto are exactly in the right manner. The author is artist enough always to give an air of truth to his fantasy, and never to weaken his work by over-elaboration or diffuseness. — *The Burial of the Guns*, by Thomas Nelson Page (Scribners), is a volume of short stories. Mr. Page is one of those writers, all too few among us, whose style may always be praised for its simplicity. There is an austere and honest quality in it, a note of utter sincerity and a lack of all affectation, which gives peculiar force to his English and adapts it admirably to the matter in hand. In the first sketch, *My Cousin Fanny*, we are given a realistic portrait of a lady ; three other tales relate stirring incidents of the war ; while *Miss Dangerlie's Roses* is a bit of social satire told in a very quiet manner. Indeed, quietness and good breeding mark this book, as they do all of Mr. Page's work. — *Hero Tales of Ireland*, by Jeremiah Curtin (Little, Brown & Co.), is a worthy successor to its author's *Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians*, and *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland*. Many of these stories were first printed in *The Sun*, by Mr. Dana, who recognized their value, and thus materially assisted Mr. Curtin in his labor of collecting them. The book will find its own readers ; for those who love the marvels of old romance, which "make the jaws

of the hearers fall apart," cannot pass it by, while students and delvers in folk-lore will prize it as a contribution to their knowledge fresh from original sources. The former will appreciate Mr. Curtin's idiomatic English rendering of the tales ; the latter will be grateful for his scholarly painstaking. — *An Old Man's Romance*, by Christopher Craigie. (Copeland & Day.) This is a simple old-fashioned love-story, told with something of the deliberate manner which charmed us in *The Reveries of a Bachelor*. With a flavor of sweetness and devotion about it, and depending as it does on sincerity and unspoiled sentiment for its effect, it is a refreshing change from much of the murderous and unwholesome fiction in present vogue. — *Water Tramps, or The Cruise of the "Sea Bird,"* by George Herbert Bartlett. (Putnam's.) A story of four young men who, having imprudently squandered their substance during the spring, find themselves without the means to take a summer vacation after their usual fashion. They conceive and carry out the plan of hiring a yacht and catching bluefish for a living, till their money comes in on the 1st of September. A large part of the book is taken up by their endeavors to escape their friends while engaged in the nefarious occupation of selling fish. This volume can safely be placed in the hands of the most innocent young man. — *An Island Princess*, by Theo Gift, has been brought out in the Hudson Library. (Putnam's.) — *Grania*, by the Hon. Emily Lawless, has been added to Macmillan's Novelist's Library. — Other paper-covered reprints are, Hardy's earliest novel, *Desperate Remedies*, and a translation of Daudet's *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

*Literature.* *New Studies in Literature*, by Edward Dowden (Houghton), is a collection of miscellaneous essays, all more or less touched with the spirit of democracy and mild revolution in which Professor Dowden is wont to indulge. In his work on Shakespeare we have this temperate critic at his best, perhaps ; though in the present volume, as well as in its earlier companion, he is a diligent if not a luminous expositor of certain thoughts and tendencies which appeal to him in various authors. One feels he is a pleasant annotator rather than a piercing or subtile apprecia-

tor ; a little apt, too, to see facts through his own glasses at times. His *New Studies* include essays on George Meredith and Robert Bridges, the poetry of John Donne, a long five-part essay on Goethe, Coleridge, Edmond Scherer, *Literary Criticism in France*, and *The Teaching of English Literature*. — *English History in Shakespeare's Plays*, by Beverley E. Warner, M. A. (Longmans.) In his commentaries on the ten chronicle plays, Mr. Warner, who writes with intelligence and enthusiasm, aims to show Shakespeare as an illustrator and illuminator of English history. He supplements his studies with brief but sufficient notes regarding the chronicles and "foundation plays" followed by the poet, and also gives the chronology of each reign. It is curious to consider how few works have been specially devoted to this aspect of the perennially absorbing subject, and the measure of success Mr. Warner has achieved makes it probable that his volume may be favored by being placed in courses of study with those of Courtenay and Reed, whose books are now out of print, and exceedingly difficult to obtain outside of great libraries. The author does not indulge in new and startling theories, and usually follows safe and conservative guides, Shakespearean and historical. As with many other commentators, his views of the design and underlying moral of the *Histories* are sometimes those of a Victorian rather than an Elizabethan observer, even if the latter be Shakespeare. For the sake of readers still in a state of pupillage, we wish the discrepancies between drama and history could, in a few cases, have been a little more emphasized, as also the dubious authorship of certain of the plays. It is, for instance, well to make very clear the incalculable difference between Henry V. and the three parts of Henry VI. — *The Elizabethan Hamlet. A Study of the Sources, and of Shakespeare's Environment, to show that the Mad Scenes had a Comic Aspect now Ignored*. By John Corbin. With a Prefatory Note by F. York Powell. (Elkin Mathews, London ; Imported by Scribners.) Whatever we may think of Mr. Corbin's theory, we should be grateful that at least it is a result of intelligent and conscientious study, and not one of those crude fantasies which our country produces in such abundance, set forth by writers whose ignorance of Shakespeare's

work and world is both invincible and inconceivable. That, in all probability, insanity, coarsely and brutally treated, formed an element in the lost play of Hamlet, as in many another which was accepted as comic by the auditors thereof, may be conceded, as well as the fact that Elizabethan playwrights (often) worked in a "hasty and haphazard way." But a study of our Hamlet will show to all who choose to see that it was not produced in any such careless fashion ; neither was Shakespeare, except in his earliest work, tied and bound by the conventions of his time. If he had been, he would not have been Shakespeare, but only one of those others who are now to most of the world little more than names. After all, it is just possible that we, in our wisdom, find in Hamlet only what its author intended we should, and that its meaning was not altogether hidden from the judicious in that fortunate audience which Mr. Corbin holds in such scant esteem, to whom it came as a contemporary word. — *The Arthurian Epic*, by S. H. Gurteen (Putnams), is announced as a *Comparative Study of the Cambrian, Breton, and Anglo-Norman Versions of the Story*, and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. It must not be mistaken for an exhaustive work in research ; it is rather the excursion of an amateur into the realms of scholarship. Mr. Gurteen has collected for popular use a few of the varying legends of the Arthurian cycle, and pointed out where these have been followed, and where abandoned, by the English poet. — The fourth and concluding volume of H. E. Watts's *Don Quixote* (Macmillan) contains, among other treasures, the delightful account of Sancho Panza's government. — *The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, by James Morier. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. With an Introduction by the Hon. George Curzon. *Standard Novels*. (Macmillan.) The book which Scott called the *Oriental Gil Blas* is still, after seventy years, a marvelously faithful picture of the unchanging Persian life, while simply as a story of adventure it has extraordinary interest and vitality. Not only is the verisimilitude of the environment and varied experiences of Hajji Baba perfect, but that entertaining knave never for a moment speaks or thinks otherwise than as a Persian. Mr. Curzon's introduction is excellent from every point of



view. — Hajji Baba has also been reprinted in the series of English Classics, edited by W. E. Henley. (Methuen & Co., London; Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) This edition is in two handsome volumes, and contains a portrait of Morier after Maclise. The introduction, by E. G. Browne, is quite in accord with that of Mr. Curzon in its estimate of the unique value of the book. — A new volume in the uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's novels is the ever delightful *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. Mr. Macbeth Raeburn again furnishes an etching, this time a bit of water view, and the map of Wessex is repeated. (Harpers.)

*Poetry and Art.* *Intimations of the Beautiful*, by Madison Cawein (Putnams), is the fifth or sixth goodly volume that its author has issued since Mr. Howells launched him upon the perilous career of a young poet, two or three years ago. It cannot be said to show any marked advance upon its predecessors. There is the same abundance of fancy, the same occasional novelty of phrase, and, one must add, the same disbelief in the saving grace of simplicity. Mr. Cawein is a trifle too clever, and inclined to work his Muse a little too hard. Ladies are more spontaneous, more entertaining, when they are not overburdened with duties. — *Poems*, by Lionel Johnson (Copeland & Day), is a pretty volume on hand-made paper, printed at the Chiswick Press. If Mr. Johnson's range were limited to the mild platitudinous sentiments of such lines as those *To Leo XIII.*, one would think of his career with slight hope. The future hardly belongs to mediævalism, either in art or in religion; and if a poet will content himself with tradition alone, he may as well crawl away at once into the little pigeon-hole prepared for him under dust of ages. But Mr. Johnson is capable of better things. His poem on *Laleham*, with its memories of Arnold, has not a little of that master's clear and plaintive tone. In England, too, has some graceful and finished stanzas, while *The Dark Angel* and *Cadgwith* are not without a touch of the plangent sorrow of the world, and the valor to front it undismayed. — *Poems* of Paul Verlaine, translated by Gertrude Hall. (Stone & Kimball.) If Miss Hall has not succeeded in making Verlaine at home in English, she has at least succeeded in making a book of graceful and often striking verses. With her own lyric gift it

could hardly be otherwise. — *Modern Art*, edited by J. M. Bowles. (L. Prang & Co., Boston.) This periodical, formerly published in Indianapolis, has been translated to Boston. The number which has fallen in our way contains for its chief paper a delightfully outspoken article on *Meeting-Houses or Churches*, by Ralph Adams Cram, though Mr. Cram, with an artist's eye, heightens his contrasts by drawing extremes. The decorations in this number are for the most part in the hammered-brass style, and some of them are very good indeed.

*Science and Philosophy.* *The Helpful Science*, by St. George Mivart (Harpers), is a scientist's plea for a revival of interest in philosophy. In the history of the world, there have always been, the author points out, alternating periods of idealism and materialism; and the present culmination of the scientific spirit, after three or four hundred years of physical research and physical modes of thinking, demands and foretells a return of faith, or at least a return of something more positive than mere skepticism. — *The Sexuality of Nature*, an Essay proposing to Show that Sex and the Marriage Union are Universal Principles, Fundamental alike in Physics, Physiology, and Psychology, by Leopold Hartley Grindon. Second American edition. (Massachusetts New-Church Union.) When Mr. Grindon writes of the sexuality of animals and plants, every one must agree with him; but when he carries this principle into the inorganic world, and finds a sexual union in the mutual attraction of oxygen and hydrogen and in the falling of the rain upon the earth, he will meet with doubters. And in psychology, we can as readily see the difference between man and woman in mental and moral as in physical characteristics; but when the author gets into metaphysics, and pronounces wisdom male and goodness female, we shall not all be as ready to follow him. His exaltation of man as literally the immediate end and aim of creation is a comforting belief, though not strictly in accord with the views of modern science. The book is ingenious and interesting, and is of course in harmony with the Swedenborgian philosophy. — *Life and the Conditions of Survival. The Physical Basis of Ethics, Sociology, and Religion.* Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. (Kerr, Chicago.) These four-



teen lectures are all constructed on the lines of the present tendency to carry the light of the theory of evolution into the mental and moral worlds. They range from the practical to the abstruse through such subjects as Sanitation, Solar Energy, Locomotion and its Relation to Survival, Habit, Cosmic Evolution as related to Ethics, The Origin of Structural Variations. The writers, for the most part experts in the topics they treat, have approached their work in a scientific spirit, and the results are generally interesting. — Walt Whitman, his Relation to Science and Philosophy, by William Gay. (Mason, Firth & McCutcheon, Melbourne.)

*Nature.* Game Birds at Home, by Theodore S. Van Dyke. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) In his preface Mr. Van Dyke remarks that "to the majority of sportsmen the love of nature is the principal element in the love of hunting." However open to question that may be as a general statement, the reader of this book cannot doubt that its author is a genuine lover of Nature. Like every true devotee of the goddess, he is a close observer, and not only birds, but trees, flowers, woods, meadow, and stream, all receive his attention. It is an anomalous state of mind that permits a man to

kill what he loves, and yet there can be no doubt that many sportsmen have a real affection for the game they shoot which the most tender-hearted member of the S. P. C. A. can neither share nor understand. Mr. Van Dyke writes in a pleasant and reminiscent strain from a forty-years' experience with American game birds of all kinds and in all parts of the country. There are chapters on Bob White, The Woodcock, The Ruffed Grouse, Days among the Ducks, The Wild Goose, Salt-Water Birds, The Wild Turkey, etc., but no attempt at systematic biography, although here and there we find interesting notes on the habits of the various species. — Part XII. of Nehrling's *Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty* (George Brumder) gives excellent biographies of the song sparrow, swamp sparrow, towhee, cardinal, and some other finches. The author's enthusiasm is so refreshing that we can forgive him for laying a little too much stress on the beauty of the towhee's call-note; but why does he speak so slightly of this bird's song? In New England, at least, it is something more than "a number of rather monotonous, guttural notes," and is by no means "scarcely audible among the voices of the woodland choir."

#### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At the Venetian Exposition.

"It is a beginning only, signora," said the little gray-haired Italian to the Englishwoman he was leading slowly from canvas to canvas, "but it is a beginning full of promise for the future. Art is sacred in every age, and Venice," — with an impressive pause, — "Venice shall build her a new shrine."

"It is very nice, I am sure," replied the Englishwoman, who had been carefully averting her eyes from a large picture equally meretricious in sentiment and execution, "very nice indeed; and your rooms are not at all stuffy; and the tea is remarkably good." With which comprehensive art criticism she passed on her way, and the rest of the conversation was lost to me.

There is no doubt that the Venetians are pleased with their Exposition. They crowd to the Public Gardens every afternoon,

paying their two-francs admission fee without murmur, and wandering up and down the pretty rooms with an air of proud possessorship curious to see in a people whose priceless pictures have for centuries been the envy of the civilized world. Even men and women of the people, with yellow silk handkerchiefs tied over their curly hair, join the moving throng, or sit at the little tables spread here and there under the pleasant shade. On the other hand, tourists are noticeably absent, although every hotel in Venice is now filled to overflowing. Perhaps they find enough to occupy them in the Accademia and the Ducal Palace. Perhaps they think two francs a heavy price to pay, when half that money opens to them the finest galleries in Europe. Be this as it may, their numbers are few, and they seem by no means so

content with what they see as are the smiling crowds around them. One circumstance, less insignificant than it appears, adds largely to their manifest dejection. With the customary inaptitude of Italians for affairs, the directors of the Exposition have suffered the supply of catalogues to be exhausted, and in reply to the frenzied inquiries of energetic Americans the official at the gate tranquilly says that a new edition is being printed. He does not mention when this new edition will be attainable. He cannot understand — nor can any of his leisurely countrymen — why next week or the week after will not answer the purpose just as well as this especial afternoon. He smiles and shrugs his shoulders, and probably wonders whether all Americans are born in haste, and go on hurrying madly to their graves.

In the mean while, the unfortunate tourists may be seen wandering about in pitiable perplexity. No well-regulated English or American woman is at home in an art gallery without her catalogue; it is like being in church without a Prayer Book or a Hymnal; and when her catalogue is astray, her irritation mounts to fever heat. Italians have a passion for moving their pictures from one room to another, for no discernible reason, but just as the proprietors of our mammoth shops at home move their goods from one department to another, so that you find books or lawn-tennis sets one day where you found velvets the day before. The Accademia in Venice has recently passed through a migratory period of this kind, and it is a diverting and a pathetic sight to behold the dismay of travelers who can find no single picture where Baedeker or Hare says it ought to be. Their confusion, however, is not without a guiding star; time and patience will unravel even the tangled web woven for them by official ingenuity; but in the Exposition the case is hopeless. A number of the pictures, especially those of the Italian school, are of a highly problematic character; and, in addition to not knowing who painted them, the unlucky visitor without a catalogue remains in painful ignorance as to what they are about. Many are the speculations that I overhear, and wrathful are the comments that accompany them. Why do five women, without any clothes, huddle and sprawl on the coffin of a dead man, scatter-

ing his roses to the wind? Why do three women, without any clothes, roll a large wheel laboriously on the ocean? Why does one woman, without any clothes, stand in a copper basin and twine a green snake about her? These things, it must be admitted, are trying to the curious mind. Even Gerard Munthe's remarkable illustrations of the Norse stories are maddening conundrums to people who have no means of deciphering them; while as for the English artists who take for their inspiration some little-known legend or obscure line of poetry, their pictures are as unintelligible, without a clue, as the fragmentary conversation of Mr. F.'s aunt.

The true vagabond, however, who has wandered long enough over the face of the earth, finds himself very much at home in this little Venetian Exposition, where nearly every painting of merit is familiar to his eyes. Old friends from the Salon, the Royal Academy, the Glass Palace in Munich, the Dresden Exhibition, and last, but not least, from the Chicago Fair, greet him at every step. Here is Carolus Duran's Poet with the Mandolin, which a year ago hung in the Champ de Mars; and here are Millais's pretty, rosy children bringing their dead bird to the old ornithologist, — the kind of picture which England truly loves; here is Dagnan-Bouveret's Madonna, white-robed like a nun, carrying her divine Babe beneath the sun-flecked trees, and Uhde's Flight into Egypt, so touching in its homely simplicity of conception; here are Besnard's portraits, triumphs of uncanny impressionism; and here is Max Liebermann's delightful Market Scene in Haarlem, with its marvelous splashes of paint, and its pink and blue pigs streaked with lines of crimson. It has been months since we parted, in Dresden, from these dear pigs, — which can be recognized as such only when seen from exactly the proper distance, — and our joy at meeting them again is so fervent that we scandalize the decorous groups around us. So we go away, and divert ourselves by examining the pictures which King Humbert has bought, "*pour encourager les autres.*" They are upwards of a dozen in number, principally landscapes and marines or simple studies of domestic life. All of them are very large canvases, and the thought forces itself upon our minds that if his Majesty repeats this

reckless generosity in the yearly expositions to come, the walls of the Quirinal will be as amply lined as are the walls of the Doges' Palace. He has established his precedent on a dangerously lavish scale.

Outside, in the pretty garden, groups of people are enjoying the pictures after the fashion of the English lady, — drinking their tea or coffee, and chatting indolently with friends. The sunlight filters down upon them with a soft radiance, and the wind from the sea brings with it an unchilled freshness, the gentle breath of the Adriatic. We too will worship art after these pleasant rites; but before we go, we steal back for one last look at the Haarlem pigs, and I overhear a hardy pun from an Englishman whose wife is examining the picture with strained and feverish attention. "It is so curious, Herbert," she says wonderingly. "When I stand where you are, I can see plainly that they *are* pigs; but when I go a little closer, they just seem to resolve themselves into paint." "Into pigment, dear," is the jocose reply; and as she turns her admiring and reproachful eyes upon him, we deem it best to go.

English News-  
papers and  
Political Edu-  
cation.

— In Boston, a few days ago, I came across a news item in one of the evening papers which to me seemed somewhat curious. It was to the effect that bids had been received at the city hall for publishing the proceedings at the meetings of the city council, and that the bid of one of the morning journals, whose owners were willing to undertake the work for \$9500 a year, had been accepted. From the same paragraph I ascertained that the work had previously been done by one of the evening papers; and as I was a little concerned to see the nature of the service rendered for this comparatively large payment from the city treasury, I turned up the files, and found that, on the day following the last meeting of the city council, there was published a report of its proceedings extending to six or seven columns. It was evidently a report which had been prepared, not by the newspaper's own reporters, but by the minuting clerk of the council, with the aid of two or three shorthand writers. The report was set in a fashion which printers would describe as solid; the whole page was marked by the absence of cross-headlines

and other devices of the reporters' and printers' arts designed to make newspaper reading easy and attractive.

Apart from this solidity and baldness, the report was of much the same kind as a morning paper in Manchester or Leeds would present to its readers on the day following the meeting of the city council, and which would be regarded in the newspaper office as valuable news, always furnished by the paper's own reporters, and to make room for which much other news, looked upon as of a less interesting character, would be thrown aside. To me, this divergence between the English and the American point of view as to what constitutes news seems significant, and appears to afford some key to the different ways in which municipal and national politics are regarded in England and in the United States. In England, all intelligence concerning the municipal life of a city is looked upon as news of first value, and eagerly and systematically collected. English editors would be greatly surprised if they were invited to send in bids for publishing the reports of the city council. They publish them already, and to the fullest extent, not because any subsidy is paid for this service by the municipality, but because newspaper readers demand news of this kind; and if one paper does not furnish it, they will turn to another which does.

In their general news columns, the newspapers of Manchester and Birmingham, of Edinburgh and Glasgow, are as cosmopolitan as those of London. They furnish their readers with almost as much foreign intelligence as those of London; oftentimes longer parliamentary reports are given in them than in London papers. They give quite as much attention to art and literature; and with respect to two or three of the important papers in the provincial cities, their advertising space is of equal value with that of the morning papers published in the metropolis. Notwithstanding these claims on their space, the Manchester and Glasgow papers often publish reports of the town council extending almost to a page, and give proportionately large space to the proceedings of the school board. Every speech is not given verbatim. Except in debates of first importance, the speeches are cut down a little; but in this work of summarizing the speeches from shorthand notes, the

speaker's own words are preserved, and the reports are as absolutely free from a partisan bias and from any ideas of the reporters as are the verbatim reports published in the official journal of Boston.

It has long been a canon in English journalism that, whatever may be said on the editorial page about public men and public movements, the intelligence with regard to them on the news pages shall be free from any party prejudices. Not only are speeches, either in full or in summary, given in the speaker's own words and without any trace of party color, but in the better class newspapers, in those which seek to act up to the higher traditions of modern English journalism, even headlines with a partisan tinge are not permitted. A reporter who is attending a Liberal meeting, as the representative of a Liberal newspaper, is perhaps a little disposed to overestimate the numbers and the enthusiasm in writing his introductory lines. There the difference between the reports in the Liberal and Conservative papers comes to an end. If both papers report the speeches with anything like fullness, from the point of view of people who were not at the meeting, but who desire to know what was said and done there, one report will be as good as another. The chances are that both papers will have the same report, either supplied by the same news agency, or due to the fact that the reporters of the two papers form themselves into a corps, and write the report of the more important speeches in duplicate.

The editorial writers of the Tory paper will criticise the arguments of the Liberal speakers on the editorial page; but on its news pages the Tory paper will act as fairly towards a Liberal meeting of any importance as the Liberal paper. The Liberal paper may give a longer report, but, except for this, there will be little difference in the actual news values of the two reports.

The line between editorial writing and reporting is sharply drawn in English newspapers. Reporters are not permitted to diverge into editorial comment. If a political speaker makes a startling admission or a significant statement, the reporter does not attempt to emphasize it. It goes in with the rest of his story, and will get what attention it demands only on the editorial page. This method of handling speeches characterizes the local weekly newspaper pub-

lished in a small town, as well as the *Standard* or the *Scotsman*. It characterizes all political work. Parliamentary proceedings are reported in this way; so are the speeches of members of Parliament made in the constituencies; and, as has already been indicated, the reporting of the municipal councils is done in accordance with the same traditions. It is not pretended that these traditions go further back than the era of modern British journalism. Everybody knows how, in the early days of parliamentary reporting, Dr. Johnson was careful that the Whigs never got the best of it in the reports he wrote. But since the *Reporters' Gallery* at Westminster became an established institution, since the reporters ceased to be there on sufferance, and especially since shorthand reporting became general, these traditions as to the duties of the editorial writer and those of the reporter have been firmly established, and it will need a great inroad on the love of fairness characteristic of the English people to break them down.

It might have been supposed that the increasing hurry of modern life would make some change as to the fullness and the non-partisan nature of the reports of political speeches, in and out of Parliament. It has brought about some innovations. In parliamentary work, it has led to what is known as the sketch, which tells the story of a sitting at Westminster in a column or a column and a half. This is usually written in a partisan tone; it is generally tuned to the politics of the editorial page. The sketch, however, has not supplanted the shorthand writer's report, — it has only supplemented it; and even the sketch need not be read by those who want a short but not a partisan report. To meet their need, a colorless summary is published; so that students of English parliamentary proceedings may read them in full from the shorthand writer's notes, take the story of them as it is given by the writer of the sketch, content themselves with the bare and colorless outline published under the heading of the *News of the Day*, and, finally, have the proceedings at Westminster interpreted and commented upon from a partisan point of view on the editorial page.

It is hardly possible to overestimate the good effect on public life which results from the way in which men in public life are gen-

erally regarded by the English press. A man who is in politics, either local or national, comes in for his share of criticism, — he cannot escape it ; but he always knows where and under what conditions it will be meted out to him ; and if criticism oversteps the line, and degenerates into misrepresentation or libel, he knows where he is certain of his remedy. He is not the butt of every reporter with whom he may come into contact. From one source of annoyance and injustice he is almost free : he does not find his language willfully distorted in what is put forward as a report of his speech. He may suffer, at times, from an unworkmanlike summary of his speeches ; but this is the only risk he runs, so far as the news columns of the newspapers are concerned.

English reporters are apt to rely too much on shorthand writing. They are not as sprightly as American reporters. But the great use to which English reporters put shorthand, and the wholesome dread they have of using any but a man's actual words in reporting his speeches, tend to give English reporting the reputation for accuracy which it now generally enjoys. Accuracy and fairness are the first requisites with an English reporter doing political work. Consequently, when English people read a report of a speech in Parliament, an address of a member to his constituents, or a discussion in the city council, they know and feel that they are reading what the speaker actually said, and not what the reporter thinks he said, or imagines he should have said. They get the speech standing quite apart from any opinions about it or comments upon it ; and with this before them, they are able to form their own judgments of the question under discussion, and of the attitude of the speaker towards it. Speeches so reported have an undoubted educational value, and a good and far-reaching effect on municipal and national political life.

T. B. Aldrich's  
Queen of  
Sheba One  
Hundred  
Years Ago.

— Believing as we may that when T. B. Aldrich wrote his *Queen of Sheba* he had never heard of a lunatic in *Hallowell, Maine*, who called herself by that name one hundred years ago, I am moved to tell the Club of a discovery I made recently in turning over the early annals of *Maine* in the *Baxter Library* at *Portland*. In looking up missing links

in the pedigree of a historical personage, I came upon the account of a woman who bore such a strong resemblance to *Ruth Denham*, of *Aldrich's* story, when temporarily insane, it seemed as if I had unearthed the previous existence of a creation of fiction, — had tracked it to its source.

The *Queen of Sheba* of *Hallowell* used to wander about the country "in a happy mood . . . with an air of conscious command." The impression she made upon those she met could not have been unlike that of poor *Ruth Denham* upon *Edward Lynde*, when, loaded with "that confounded saddle," he first saw her on a country road in northern *New Hampshire*. Drawing herself up haughtily, she told him precisely what the *Hallowell* lunatic would have told under similar circumstances, — that she was the *Queen of Sheba*, adding nothing more ! Now, if *Edward Lynde* had ever heard of the *Queen of Sheba*, — and no doubt she wandered over that very road one hundred years before, — how naturally he would have concluded that he had seen the ghost of the lunatic !

We get an idea of the imperious character of the *Hallowell Queen* in the story that is told of the excitement she caused upon a memorable occasion, — when the first term of the court was held in *Hallowell*, in 1794. The little town was crowded with sight-seers. Every morning, at the beat of the drum, the famous jurists and legal dignitaries marched in procession to the meeting-house, where court was held, — the court-room being too small, — three sheriffs in cocked hats, swords, and long white staffs ; the court-crier, no doubt, adding wonderfully to the impressiveness of the occasion. One day the *Queen of Sheba* made her way to the judge's bench, — no one daring to oppose her, — "her head uncovered, her bearing composed and dignified." To the consternation of the judges and the entertainment of the crowd, she calmly took her seat close to the presiding judge ; nor was she to be convinced that she was out of place. Her removal by a sheriff was not easily effected, but with no sacrifice of dignity on her part. There is no record — more's the pity — that she was ever restored to her right mind.

Possibly the Ghost of to-day is not such a hopeless degenerate, after all. Who knows but It will have a wonderful renaissance



when It has adjusted Itself to Its new rôle of appearing in fiction ? Not a bad outlook, all in all, for the novel of the twentieth century.

— A bust of Henry Mürger is at last to be set up

“ Dans le Luxembourg, plein de roses,”

as he himself sang of the public garden which remains the central breathing-space of the Latin Quarter. Some surviving poet among his friends — François Coppée or Catulle Mendès — will inaugurate the modest memorial with a discourse of personal sentiment, after the French fashion. Perhaps he will forget to say that the world-wide renown of the Quartier Latin itself is due to the author of *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. The name even, I believe, goes back only to Balzac, a generation before. There may be traces of a *civitas Latina* in documents of the time when the old University of Paris ruled its own side of the river, and had its own police to check the youthful spirits of its twenty thousand students, more cosmopolitan and squalidly lawless than the twelve thousand of to-day.

Mürger came at the crisis of this century's student squalor of body and ferment of mind. Railways had not then leveled up the poor scholar to respectability. He came *en diligence* from the provinces, with barely the money needful for his course of studies, but with the full determination to live what he imagined was the Parisian life. The result was “Bohemianism,” to which Henry Mürger gave name and fame. It is now a thing of the past, except for the ignoble *rosserie* which young dilettanti affect in their race for notoriety. Robert Louis Stevenson, who had walked the modern Quarter, pronounced even the *grisette* “an extinct mammal.” The student may still spend more than his allowance along the broad, well-lighted Boul' Mich' (Boulevard Saint-Michel) ; but its cafés are splendid, and his lodgings, near at hand, are in that latest apartment-house style which Bohemia never knew. And at the end of each term he goes off by train to pass his vacation in the bosom of his family, where he takes a bath of respectability and replenishes his purse.

When Mürger, with Aurélien Scholl, who still lives to bear brilliant witness of that other Paris in his *chroniques* of to-day, Bouvin the painter, and Champfleury the

future authority on art, went to dine with Schanne, — the “Schannard” of the *Vie de Bohème*, — each one brought his own cutlet with him. Maradant, one of the brotherhood, was late on a certain day, and was freely criticised in his absence. Schanne took up his defense. “You're jealous of Maradant, because his family allows him twenty sous a day.”

Armand Baschet, another of the group, was son of a physician who was able to make both ends meet for his son as well as for himself. They said of him with respect, “Armand's father has a château on the banks of the Loire, and an acre-lot in the cemetery.”

The air was still heavy with the vapors of Romanticism. When Mürger's first book was accepted, the publisher refashioned his name. Until then he had been plain “Henri Murger,” — both being French names, and the latter pronounced regularly, *Murgé*. The publisher gave an exotic look and sound by introducing the English *y* and German *ü*, and insisting on the rolling of the final *r*, as if *Murgère*. But with all his *Petits Pavés* and *Chanson de Musette* and *Vacances de Camille*, Henry Mürger gained little fame and less money. He sold his *Vie de Bohème* outright for five hundred francs. As is usual, the reading public recognized its truth to nature only when the life it portrayed was already passing away.

By that time poor Henry Mürger was beyond conversion. His comrade Schanne married the daughter of a Paris toy-maker, and settled down to business like the veriest *bourgeois*. Mürger, glad to escape from a quarter where unpaid debts and debt-making facilities were evenly balanced, crossed the river to the heights of Montmartre.

Mimi Pinçon, whose real name was Anaïs (like so many of her kind, without a family surname), followed him faithfully until his death, a few years later. In the Bohemia where their lives were passed, her influence over him was for good, “pure womanly.” Of an evening, he sat in the cafés of the boulevard, along which he was now recognized as the founder of a new school of literature and life, and addressed by the title dearest to the heart of the French man of letters, *cher maître*. Late in the night he would sup with kindred



spirits, at their expense or on credit. His favorite *restaurateur* had an infallible means of drawing at least a promise to pay from his impecunious company. Locking the door of the room where they were dining, he ensconced himself in their midst with his violin, playing interminable music until they had signed notes allowing him to touch their royalties. Meanwhile, Mimi was at home, and starved as best she might. Mürger staggered back to the little room in the early morning, to find her anxiously watching over him when he awoke toward noon. With a brave smile on her pinched lips, she encouraged him to renewed effort. "Come, come, *remue-toi* ; work at something." She did not say that only three francs were left on the chimney-piece for all their household expenses.

He was not, in those waking hours, without a clear insight into the heedless, unmanly ways of his life. When he went for an advance to the Society of Dramatic Authors, which had placed the drama in which faithful, starving Mimi still thrills the audience of the Comédie-Française, he found all his royalties attached. Butcher and baker and many a less honorable creditor were lying everywhere in wait for him. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* gave him three thousand francs for a romance. But his affairs did not look up the more. At last he was obliged to leave Mimi to face these bourgeois enemies of Bohemian life alone, while he slept on a bench in the anteroom of a friend. There he gave, one morning, the lesson of his life's experience to the young Catulle Mendès, who was just up from Toulouse to conquer Paris with romances and plays. "Had I followed the counsel given me in the cruel words of that sincere morning," says the latter, now that he has published his own hundredth volume, "I should have been spared much pain."

"Ah ! I know well what you think. What matters distress, when you have glory ? My son, there is no such thing as

glory. I am known, yes ; famous, if you wish. When I pass, people name me. Under the Odéon galleries, young men who have nothing with which to buy my books turn their pages at the stall. All that does not give the pleasure you might think beforehand. . . . I tell you the truth, and I counsel you to go away and to stay far from us forever. Do you know why I tore up your manuscripts ? Because you perhaps have talent. I could not have kept myself from telling you so, and I should have been the cause of a dreadful life and a useless one. For of what use are we, except to serve our own despair ? . . . Oh, I know well that what I say to you will be fruitless. If you have talent, some one who is not less sad, — for we are all sad, each like the other, — but one who is less convinced of the need of doing this present duty, will say to you, 'That is good, very good. You must work, young man.' Oh, the criminals ! Have no talent at all, — that is the grace I wish you !"

A few weeks later he was taken to the hospital, and then to a lowly tomb in the cemetery of Montmartre. His last words had been, "No music ! no noise ! no Bohemia !" A friend who helped to secure a resting-place for his remains came back, some days after, with one of those wreaths of bead-and-metal immortelles which the scoffing Parisian uses in his only act of piety, the remembrance of his dead. The day was dark and rainy. Kneeling in the mud by the little black wooden cross, which had painted on it the name of Henry Mürger, was a mourning figure, heavily veiled. She stole away at the arrival of a stranger. When friends had time to think and wonder what would become of the faithful Mimi, it was found that she had already disappeared in the shadows of that Bohemia which the young still imagine to be another Arcady, but in which Mürger and its other denizens experienced only short-lived joys with a lifelong *mélancolie man-sardière*.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY has suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Henry Oscar Houghton, the senior member of the publishing house which has issued the magazine since 1874. Mr. Houghton's connection with THE ATLANTIC dated, indeed, from its inception; for when Phillips, Sampson & Co. proposed to issue a magazine which should be representative of the best in current American literature, they went to the man to print it who had already shown that he would be satisfied with nothing but the best in the art of printing. At that time Mr. Houghton was not a publisher. When, in the course of events, he became the proprietor of the magazine, he disclosed to its conductors the breadth of his sagacious mind, as he entered heartily into any plan which looked to the enlargement of its scope as a literary miscellany and an exponent of the most pronounced American ideas in the discussion of public affairs. He was a strong advocate of education in its broadest view, and he constantly urged the magazine in this direction. Above all, the Editor desires here to honor the magnanimity with which this publisher gave the largest liberty to those who were charged with its conduct.

American literature had no truer friend in the publishing fraternity than Mr. Houghton. His steadfast and wise action in promoting international copyright is best known to the few men who with him carried that measure to a conclusion. This was a more public exhibition of his spirit, but the temper which governed him in his own business was one of faith in American literature, and a robust determination to further it by maintaining a high ideal. The confidence with which he embarked on great enterprises was an evidence of the faith that was in him, and the scrutiny which he gave to his ventures was a mark of the rigor of his literary conscience. The contribution of such a personality and career to the building of a nation's literature is not easily measured.

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